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ART. I. — *Means of ascertaining the Genuineness and Integrity of Ancient Writings.*

1. *A History of the Transmission of Ancient Books to Modern Times; or a Concise Account of the Means by which the Genuineness and Authenticity of Ancient Historical Works are ascertained; with an Estimate of the Comparative Value of the Evidence usually adduced in support of the Claims of the Jewish and Christian Scriptures.* By ISAAC TAYLOR. 8vo. London. 1827.

2. *The Process of Historical Proof Exemplified and Explained; with Observations on the Peculiar Points of the Christian Evidence.* By ISAAC TAYLOR. 8vo. London. 1828.

WE have placed the titles of these books at the head of this article, not with the intention of entering into any minute analysis of the respective works to which they belong, but for the purpose of recommending them to our readers, and as introductory to an inquiry, we propose to institute, into a particular branch of the "Process of Historical Proof."

The former of these works, namely that relating to the "Transmission of Ancient Books," is the most succinct and comprehensive statement of the subject in the English language, with which we are acquainted. It makes no pretension,

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as the author himself says, "to communicate information to those who are already conversant with matters of antiquity, literary or historical, and whatever might seem recondite, or whatever is still involved in controversy, has been avoided. Nor has the author loaded his pages with numerous references, which, though easily amassed, would have increased the size of the volume without being serviceable to the class of readers for whom he writes." The only work in English, to be named in comparison with this treatise, is that of Mr. Astle.* And this, though very elaborate and trustworthy, and superbly embellished with *fac-similes* of ancient manuscripts, and in all respects, a learned and valuable work, is yet too minute in its details to be of general interest, and too expensive to be within the reach of the great mass of scholars in this country.

The design of the latter of these books, Mr. Taylor states, as follows: — "After exemplifying, in a signal instance, the ordinary process of historical proof, I have endeavored to suggest hints for analyzing, with fairness and freedom, the Christian Records, viewing them merely as the materials of history." And "instead of taxing the attention of the reader, by placing before him a set of abstract principles of evidence, or of distracting his attention by adducing a multiplicity of instances, he proposes to select a single instance, and to exhibit, link by link, the entire chain of proof by means of which the *absolute certainty* of events alleged to have taken place nearly five hundred years before the birth of Christ, may be satisfactorily established. He selects the history of Herodotus, and the principal events of the Persian war, as affording fair samples of this species of reasoning, in the two departments of literary and historical proof."

This design, we think, is carried forward to a very successful issue. The genuineness of the work of Herodotus is satisfactorily established, and the argument from the genuineness to the authenticity of the history very well put. But the parts of the treatise which strike us as particularly valuable, are the chapters on the "Use of Ethical Writings as the Materials of

* The Origin and Progress of Writing, as well Hieroglyphic as Elementary, Illustrated by Engravings taken from Marbles, Manuscripts and Charters, ancient and modern; also some account of the Origin and Progress of Printing. Second edition, with additions. By Thomas Astle, Esq., F. R. S., F. A. S.; and Keeper of the Records in the town of London. 4to. London. 1803.

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History;" the application of the argument in proof of the "Authenticity of the Apostolical Epistles;" and the "Hints towards an analysis of the Christian Evidences." This last chapter alone contains *stock* enough of elementary thoughts, to furnish a large number of those, too often, dull and innutritive books, which are continually inflicted on the Christian public, under the title of Evidences of Christianity.

In general the statements are clearly made, and the arguments arranged in lucid and logical order. There is, however, we must say, a tendency in some instances, which we need not stop to particularize, to over-statement, and to an assumption of the tone and bearing of an advocate, which are unwise and out of place, and only serve, with a careful thinker, to invalidate the strength of the author's positions. And the style too, and with this remark we leave the unwelcome task of excepting to the great and prevailing value of the works, is often too elaborate, ornate, rhetorical and intensive for our taste, and particularly so, in a subject of cool and dispassionate inquiry. The strength of all arguments, in such cases, lies in the facts, and the more simply these are stated, and the more they are left to tell their own stories, the better.

The specific design to which we now propose to address ourselves does not allow us to indulge in any further remarks on these volumes. And we dismiss them with a grateful acknowledgment of the interest and instruction we have derived from their perusal, and with an earnest recommendation of them to all who wish to see the subjects, of which they profess to treat, learnedly and ably discussed.

That branch of the "process of historical proof," on which we now proceed to offer some remarks, is the method of ascertaining the Genuineness and Integrity of writings purporting to be ancient.

Many of the facts and arguments involved in this inquiry are, of course, adverted to, in all research pertaining to the age and authenticity of classical manuscripts, charters, records, and similar monuments of antiquity; and are particularly brought into view, in all attempts to authenticate the claims of the sacred Scriptures. But within the last three hundred years,* the subject has assumed the form of a distinct science,

* Father Mabillon in his epistolary dedication to Colbert of the first edition of his great work "*De Re Diplomatica*," (fol. Paris, 1681,) says of the

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under the name of *Diplomatics*, or the *Diplomatic Science*, and has called to its aid, particularly on the continent of Europe, a vast amount of laborious and learned investigation. It is an inquiry, it must be confessed, not very inviting in its first aspect, but will be found, nevertheless, to connect itself, in its results, with very interesting topics of illustration.

But whatever may be thought of the interest of the inquiry, it is one of inherent and manifest importance. The comprehensive language of Mr. Taylor on this point is strictly true, — "that the credit of literature, the certainty of history, and the truth of religion are all involved" in the discussion before us. And it has, as Mr. Astle justly observes, a direct "influence on politics, morality, literature, canon and civil law, and even on divinity itself. The divine and lawyer labor to little purpose, unless they can show that the testimonies which they adduce, are accompanied by all the necessary marks of authenticity. For if the rules of criticism adopted by learned antiquarians were arbitrary, and the epochas established by them false, ancient writings would be of as little authority as fictions; and were it impossible to ascertain the dates or ages of documents, all their labors would be idle and fruitless, and their productions really be, what ignorance has often asserted them to be, nothing better than the works of mere sportive fancy." None, it may be supposed, at this day, will adopt the very strange, though ingeniously supported, theory of the French Jesuit Hardouin,† that all the remains of the Greek and Roman writers, with the exception of the works of Cicero, Pliny's Natural History, Virgil's Georgics, and the Satires and Epistles of Horace, were forged and imposed upon the world by some Italian monks of the thirteenth century. Yet the remark is probably true, that, "from a want of acquaintance with the facts and principles on which a rational conviction of

science, that before his time, "tamen jacebat illa inculta sine regulis, sine legibus, præter eas a quas pro suo quisque captu ac genio confingebat. And Father Montfaucon, in his splendid Palæographia Græca (fol. Paris, 1708,) observes of the subject matter of his book, — "Certi rem utilitate non minus, quam ipsa *novitate* jucunditateque acceptam fore."

† John Hardouin, born at Quinper in Bretagne, 1646 or 7. The work referred to in the text, is his *Chronologiæ ex nummis antiquis restitutæ Prolusio de Nummis Herodiadum*. Among other strange things, he asserts that Horace and Virgil are two allegorical writers, who under the names of Lalage and Æneas, have shadowed forth Christianity, and the life of its author. He publicly recanted his errors, and afterwards repeated them in other forms. He died at Paris, 1729.

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the Genuineness and Integrity of ancient writings is to be founded, many persons, otherwise well informed, feel that they have hardly an alternative between a simple acceptance, or an equally indiscriminate suspicion of the whole."

Nor is the inquiry as abstruse and difficult as is often apprehended. It is true, that when carried into minute details, it involves much recondite and various learning. But the general facts and principles, which are connected with the transmission of ancient literature to modern times, apart from any controverted application of them to particular writings, are easily understood and appreciated. They are the same in kind as we are conversant with, and constantly recognise and act upon, in every-day life. Now, it is these general facts and principles which are admitted by all inquirers, and which are not embarrassed by controversies, and considered as separate from all minute criticism, or specific applications, that we shall proceed to lay before our readers. And this we shall attempt to do in the plainest and simplest manner possible. We are not ambitious of that cheap parade of learning which is furnished by numerous quotations and references, and take leave to say, on this point, once for all, that we shall avail ourselves of all the resources within our reach, and, in an especial manner, of the first named book of Mr. Taylor, without any particular acknowledgment, unless some circumstance may seem to render such an acknowledgment expedient. Any show of learning that we may be, or may seem, to be guilty of, we shall refer to the foot notes, that the most plain and "way-faring" of our readers need not stumble thereat.

We have one further preliminary remark to make, before entering upon the subject. We advert to a distinction, the neglect of which has always involved the discussion before us, in perplexity and confusion. The inquiry we propose to pursue is concerning the *genuineness* of ancient records; not concerning their *authenticity*. These two subjects are entirely distinct in their nature, and are to be determined by entirely different modes of proof. Writings are said to be *genuine*, when it can be satisfactorily established that they were written by the *persons*, and of course, at the *time* assigned, and that they have *not undergone any material change* in the course of transmission to us. Writings, on the other hand, are said to be *authentic*, when they can be shown to be trust-worthy in regard to the facts they state. Evidence in support of the former

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proposition will prove that the writings in question are not *forged*, either in the whole or in part; and evidence in support of the latter proposition will show that they are not *falsehoods* or *fictions*. It is plain, moreover, that these propositions *may* be entirely independent of each other. Thus, it may be ascertained that a certain writing or record was written by the person whose name it bears, but, at the same time, it may be conclusively shown that he is not entitled to the least credibility in his statements. It may be proved that he is overcredulous, or that he is a romancer or a falsifier. And again, it may be established that a writing or record contains a credible statement of facts, though, at the same time, it may be proved, that it could not have been written by its alleged author, or even at the time alleged. Thus, for example, an ancient book called the Cyopædia, is attributed, on satisfactory evidence, to a certain Greek who lived at Athens, about four centuries before the Christian Era; but it will be admitted, probably, that it is entitled to little more credit, as a record of facts, than one of the Waverley novels. Its *genuineness* is well enough established; its *authenticity* is not. So too, we can have no doubt, that a book, now familiarly known, entitled Telemachus, was written by a certain author, named Fenelon, an Archbishop of Cambray, and in the seventeenth century, but no one believes that the events therein described, really took place. It is a *genuine*, but not an authentic production. And on the other hand, a book may have come down to us from a former age, which from independent sources of proof, we may be satisfied contains an accurate statement of certain facts or events, but whose author is unknown. This would be an *authentic*, but not a genuine production.

We have said that these questions are not *necessarily* connected with each other. There may be instances, however, in which the admission of genuineness involves also the admission of authenticity. If, for example, there be found in ancient writings, of an *epistolary* character, admitted to be genuine, certain allusions to facts, as familiarly known both to the writer and his correspondents, and these too, of a character that do not admit the supposition of mistake or artifice; these allusions are to be taken as a sufficient proof of the reality of the facts, and this, for the plain reason, that they cannot be accounted for on any other supposition. Thus, if the genuineness of the

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Apostolic Epistles be admitted, it must also be admitted that the writers had the power of working miracles, and of enabling others to do so, since they refer to these as facts well known and admitted by both parties, and it is inconceivable that they should have thus written, if the facts did not exist. This point is very well illustrated and enforced in chapter sixth of the "Process of Historical Proof," by Mr. Taylor, and applied afterwards in chapter thirteenth, with peculiar and irresistible power to the alleged "gift of tongues."*

Now, as we have already observed, it is to the question of *genuineness* of ancient writings, that our remarks will be confined. And our precise object is to furnish as satisfactory a reply as our resources and limits may permit, to the following inquiry, namely; — What are the facts and arguments by which it is determined, that books and writings purporting to be ancient, were really written by the authors to whom they are severally attributed, and in consequence in the age assigned, and that they have not suffered material corruption, in the course of their subsequent transmission to our times?

The remains of ancient literature exist in two distinct forms, that of printed books, and that of manuscripts. Our reply in answer to the question we have now stated, will have reference to this fact.

And let it be supposed, in the first place, that we knew nothing of the manner in which the literary remains of antiquity have been transmitted to us, but that they existed now only in the form of printed books, and there were not such a thing as an ancient manuscript in existence, what proof should we then possess of the Genuineness and Antiquity of these writings? We answer, proof of a very satisfactory character. And it is that which is furnished by internal evidence alone, that is, evidence found in the writings themselves. And this is of several kinds.

1. That a work, purporting to be ancient, exists, furnishes a presumptive argument of some force, that it is what it professes to be; since, whatever we may think of the alleged depravity of the human race, a regard for the truth, and a tendency to believe in the trust-worthiness of others, are instinctive principles of our natures. Hence, if a writing exists, claiming to be the work of a former age, this fact alone, is to be taken

* See also Marsh's Michælis Int. &c, Vol I. Chap. ii. Sec. 1.

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as we have said, as presumptive evidence in its favor, sufficiently strong to throw the burden of proof upon him who calls its genuineness in question. This presumption is strengthened by the concurrence of any of the following circumstances; and, in the same degree, as they are united in support of the genuineness of any book, the evidence becomes more and more conclusive, until it rises to moral certainty.

2. There may not be discoverable in the work any motive for perpetrating a forgery, or of perpetuating a deception.

3. There may be obvious throughout a document, an expression of honesty, candor, reality and fair-dealing, analogous to the *impressions* we receive from individuals with whom we are personally acquainted in common life, and which are irreconcilable with the supposition that a deception should be systematically attempted in regard to the antiquity or any other claim of the book.

4. Various copies of the same work may exist in various and distant parts of the world, in different versions or translations, and of different dates; and if the work in question is not one of a didactic or imaginative character, but derives its importance solely from its being a statement of *facts*, and if these facts are of an ancient period which the author declares that he himself had known either personally, or from credible authority; — then this general adoption and estimation of the book can only be accounted for on the ground that the writer is worthy of credit, and that his writing, in all important respects, is what it purports to be.

5. There may be nothing monstrous or improbable, or all circumstances considered, any thing unlikely to take place, related in the narrative. And if the production be such, as might naturally be expected from the known character, means of information, object, and condition of the reputed author, this would be an additional proof of its genuineness. And this conclusion would be still further strengthened, if what at first seemed incongruous, either in regard to the character and opinions of the writer, should be found, on more thorough examination, to be fitting or necessary to the work in question.

6. A book may exhibit a minute accuracy in its allusions to the existing persons, events, manners, and circumstances of the times in which it purports to have been written. And all this may be so inartificial as to preclude the idea that it is supposititious. And this argument is greatly fortified, if from the na-

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ture of the case, these allusions could only have been suggested by a personal knowledge of the facts. Theological scholars know how forcibly this remark is illustrated by the allusions in the Gospel Narratives and Apostolical Epistles, viewed in connexion with the varied and eventful history of Judea at the alleged period, and the utter extinction of the whole Jewish polity, which ensued soon after the destruction of Jerusalem and its temple. This criterion, it is true, like many of the rest, is more directly applicable to the authenticity of the history, than to the genuineness of any particular writing or book which contains it. Still, that it is also a strong presumptive proof of the latter, is plain from the fact, that if such allusions were wanting, or if they could be proved to be erroneous, the proof of its spuriousness would be decisive.

7. Documents by various authors, at different times, may be found concurring in the same events, and what is more decisive, not stating these events circumstantially, but implying and proceeding upon them as established and well known facts.

8. The historical succession of events may be supported naturally and consistently. The importance of this rule will be made apparent from considering that if any signal event, or the appearance of any distinguished personage, or the prevalence of any doctrine or controversy, which were known to have taken place in a subsequent period, were antedated or alluded to in the work in question, it would be a decisive proof of its spuriousness. The history of the world is a connected history; and when any important event occurs, it leaves its mark on the age, and not only so, but it is necessarily connected with what precedes and follows it, as well as with the cotemporaneous history of the times.

9. When the friends of the presumed author of a book, and his associates and cotemporaries generally, or those who lived near to his time, do not deny, or do admit it to be his work, it is to be received as an argument in favor of its genuineness, since these are best able, and most interested, to decide upon the subject.

10. It is a confirmation of the same result, if the language and style of the work in question, resemble those which characterise the reputed author in other acknowledged writings of his; since the lines of a man's countenance are scarcely better known, than his prevalent modes of associating and expressing

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his thoughts and sentiments. Every body, almost, understands, and applies, this rule of judging continually. This rule, moreover, as will soon be shown, applies to the use of language generally, in any era, as well as to the style of any particular author.

11. But a very decisive criterion of the genuineness of books reputed to be ancient, is that furnished by References and Quotations. This is well stated by Mr. Taylor, whose language we here borrow. "A single reference found in one author to the works of another, who, in his turn, needs the same kind of authentication, may seem to be a fallacious, insufficient and obscure kind of proof; for this reference or quotation may possibly be an interpolation, or the reference may be too slight or indefinite to make it certain that the work now extant is the same as that mentioned. But the validity of this kind of proof arises from its *amount*, its *multifariousness*, and its *incidental character*. For though a single and solitary testimony may be inconclusive, many hundred independent testimonies, all bearing upon the same point, are much more than sufficient to remove reasonable doubt; and if some of these references are slight and indefinite, others are full, particular and complete. If some are formal and direct, and such, therefore, as might be supposed to have been inserted with a fraudulent design, others are altogether circuitous and incidental. If some have descended to us through the same channels, others are derived from sources as far removed as can be imagined from the possibility of collusion. A work may happen to want this kind of evidence, and yet, on other grounds, possess a good claim to genuineness. But, in fact, almost all existing remains of ancient literature are abundantly authenticated by the numerous and explicit [and undesigned] quotations, or descriptions that occur in other works. And there are very few books that do not contain some direct or indirect allusions to other works; so that the remains of ancient literature, taken as a mass, contains within itself the proof of the authenticity [genuineness] of each part." The completeness and force of this species of evidence, can be estimated only from a minute examination of particular examples. And all illustrations of this description, both the nature and limits of this article oblige us to forego. Those who wish to appreciate duly the validity and strength of this kind of proof, are referred, as a familiar

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example, to the "Horæ Paulinæ, or the truth of the Scripture History of St. Paul," by Paley; which is not only the most original of all his works, but comprises one of the most decisive arguments, of the kind, in the language.

These Quotations and References, we may, however, briefly observe, are of various kinds. Thus they may be *literal*, whether or not ascribed, expressly, and by name, to their author. From these, two things may be ascertained; — First, the existence of the work quoted, at the time in which the writer who makes the quotation, wrote; — and, Second, the identity, and even the correctness of any extant text, so far as these quotations are concerned.

Again, there may be *incidental* allusions. These may be sufficiently obvious to show that one writer was known to the other, and yet so remote and plainly undesigned, as to preclude all suspicion of interpolation or artifice of any kind. In like manner, there may be coincidences of this description, which plainly shew, either that both writers derived their information from the same common source, or that the one copied from the other. And, in the latter case, if the work of the one bears the plain impress of originality, and is in perfect accordance, in style, manner and spirit, with other acknowledged writings of the author, he is to be taken as the original authority, and the other as the quoting party, thereby establishing the previous existence of the work which is quoted from.

And, again, in point of fact, most authors, now generally admitted to be ancient, whose works are extant, have been *distinctly referred to*, named, criticised, commented upon, and described, by subsequent writers. Lists of their productions, summaries of their contents, biographies of the writers, in which their works are mentioned and classed in the order of time, are to be found; by means of which all the important parts of the original works may be identified and compared with the purported copies of them now extant.

Some ancient Treatises again, contain ample quotations from previous authors, together with a *list of all those, in the order of time*, who wrote on some given subject previously to the age of the author.

And again, *Controversies* of every description afford abundant occasion for quotations, and those, too, which being cited for some express purpose, that has long passed away, are beyond all suspicion of having been interpolated.

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13. *Translations*, provided they have been made near to the time assigned as that in which the original author lived, and correspond with the text in question, and have come down to us through means different from those by which the alleged original work has been preserved, afford a conclusive test of genuineness. And if, further, there be several of them in different languages, they render the evidence of Genuineness complete.*

14. There is yet another source of proof, tending to the same result, distinct in itself, yet like the above, derived from internal evidence, or from the writings themselves. This is to be found in the *language* in which the book in question is written. To make this plain, it must be remembered, that "a language is, at once, the most complete, and the least fallible of all historical records." Almost any work of any kind, *in* any language, may be forged, but no man can forge *the* language in which the work is embodied. It bears, and always must bear, the exact "form and pressure" of the times.† "The precise extent of knowledge and civilization to which a people have attained, — nothing more, and nothing less, is marked out in the list of words, of which they have made use. The common objects of nature; the peculiarities of climate; the works of art; the details of domestic life; political institutions; religious opinions and observances; philosophy, poetry and art; every form and hue of the external world; and every modification of thought, find in language their representatives." If we know, therefore, accurately the vocabulary of any language, we are possessed, thereby, of a great mass of facts

* The student on this subject will perceive that hints on this part of our inquiry, have been derived from the following sources. Johannis Clerici Ars Critica, Part III. Sec. II. March's Michaelis, Part I. Ch. II. Less, Geschichte der Religion, pp. 485 — 634. Lardner's truly great work contains specimens throughout, of all these different kinds of quotations.

† Father Mabillon thus poetically alludes to this fact, and thus repudiates the rash hand, which (to prevent Priscian's head from being broken) would dare to reduce the language of ancient writings to grammatical rules. "Ut suus unicuique arti idiotismus constat; sic etiam Rei Diplomaticæ inest proprius loquendi modus, qui magis ex usu pendet, quàm ex Grammaticæ regulis. Sunt quos salebrosus ejusmodi stilus offendit, quem dum ad genii sui captum emendare conantur, idem ferè committunt, atque illi, qui in prato floribus sponte nascentibus consperso, decussis agrestibus flosculis, ocellos, tuberosas, aliaque id genus in fictilibus vasis substituerent. Plus enim delectat nativa illa rerum varietas, quàm affectata in loco peregrino elegantia. — De Re Diplomatica Lib. Sec. Cap. I. p. 54.

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by which to test the genuineness of any work, which is written in that language; and if, in addition to this vocabulary, we are familiar with all the niceties of grammar, construction, idiom, and style, which prevailed in any period of its history, and are able, moreover, to trace the alterations which have taken place in these respects, from age to age, together with the changes that have occurred in the meaning of words and of peculiar modes of expression;—we are furnished with ample means of ascertaining the Genuineness of any work purporting to be ancient. Every age has its peculiarities in all these respects. Language, as such, like every thing else earthly, is in a state of continual change. It has its rise, its progress, and decline. It has, moreover, hues and tones, inversions and affectations, innovations and corruptions, which are peculiar to each successive age of its existence; and thus furnishes, what has been aptly called the "*latent history* of the people through whose lips it passes." Horace says very truly,

* * * "mortalia facta peribunt,
Nedum sermonum stet honos, et gratia vivax.
Multa renascentur, quæ jam cecidêre; cadentque
Quæ nunc in honore vocabula, si volet usus,
Quem penès arbitrium est, et jus, et norma loquendi."

And he who forges any writing, intending to palm it upon the world, as a production of a previous period, must, in consequence, forge all these minute peculiarities of language belonging to the period, to which he chooses to assign his work. This is obviously impossible. Such attempts always fail. They always must fail. The very efforts which are made to give to a pretended work these minute marks of genuineness, only serve, like all other attempts at deception, to furnish to the skilled and practised observer, new means of detecting the imposition. A memorable, though now almost forgotten, instance of the searching power of this test, is furnished by the controversy respecting the alleged poems of Ossian. The unhappy attempt of the eminently gifted Chatterton, to impose his writings on the world, as the works of certain ancient poets, is another case in point. And the critical accuracy of this same test is remarkably and most successfully manifested in the labors of modern scholars, and particularly in those of Germany, in their inquiries into the genuineness and integrity of the text of the ancient classical writers, and of the scriptures.

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Language has, therefore, been well compared to a mirror, which reflects all the communicable ideas of a people who, at at any given time, employ it. And as every change in their condition must involve a corresponding change in their language, and as the events and circumstances which produce this change, are often known or ascertainable, these successive changes occurring in an author, may serve to fix the date of his work. Thus, for example, if there should be a dispute a thousand years hence, concerning the genuineness of a book, in the English language, in which were found particular references, or allusions, more or less distinct, to the power of steam in propelling machinery; or to rail roads; or to certain systems of political economy; or to tariffs; or to mooted maxims of inter-communication between nations; or to the abolition of slavery in the British West India Islands; or to the extinction of Poland as a nation, by the overwhelming power of Russia; or to the fact, that the poor remnant of the natives of North America were removed one step nearer to their final resting place in the Pacific Ocean; or to magnificent enterprises of missionary, and all kinds of philanthropic societies; or to associations or lyceums for mutual improvement; or to the fact that a popular cast is attempted to be given to all science and all literature, so that what was formerly locked up in ponderous folios, and deemed to be wholly inaccessible except to the learned few, is now brought into open day, epitomized, familiarly explained, and sown broad-cast over the land; — if, we say, allusions or references should be made to circumstances like these, as being of recent, prevalent, or peculiar, interest, in a book whose genuineness shall be disputed a thousand years hence, they would clearly indicate the fact, that it was to be ascribed to the first third of the nineteenth century. And if, moreover, these references should be found to coincide accurately with that degree of information, which, from other and independent sources, is ascertained to exist in regard to each of these subjects, at this particular period of time, it would be an additional fact in confirmation of the same result.

Thus, then, in Internal Evidences alone; — namely, in sources of proof derived from books themselves, as well as in the nature and progress of language, there exist rich and available materials for ascertaining the genuineness of books, purporting to be ancient, and this too, though there were not an ancient manuscript in existence.

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II. But it is well known that manuscripts, believed to be ancient, *do* exist, and in great numbers. We pass, then, in the next place, to consider what facts and arguments there are by which the genuineness of these is to be authenticated.

We commence this division of the subject, with two preliminary remarks. One is, — it is obvious, that if in respect to any work regarded as ancient, an unquestionable *autograph* copy, that is, a copy in the hand-writing of the author can be found, all further question in regard to its genuineness is precluded. But there are few such autographs, even of any modern writer; and none of any ancient one. Yet, as we shall presently attempt to shew, such a near approximation can be made to this degree of certainty, by means of the circumstances attending the original writing, and the preservation and transmission of manuscripts, that the genuineness and antiquity of a work is scarcely less certain, than if the first copy in the hand-writing of the author were still extant.

The other introductory remark is this. It is not necessary to trace the history of manuscripts lower down than to the invention of printing; that is, to the beginning of the fifteenth century, because at that time, or shortly after, most of the Greek and Latin, or what are commonly called classic authors, passed through the press. Their existence at the period that this took place is thereby obvious. And as a printed book cannot be materially altered by the pen, or by any other known mechanical means, without detection, it cannot be successfully interpolated or corrupted. It also bears a *date*, or if it do not, the period of its origin can ordinarily be ascertained by other means. And if, as is the fact with almost all the remains of ancient literature, it were issued in different forms, and in diverse places, any material change of the text, without affording at the same time the means of discovery, would be all but impossible. Thus, for example, a certain work, by *Saint Augustine*, entitled "de Civitate Dei," was printed in Italy, (and the second book printed there, as Dibdin* says), in 1467. It was reprinted at Rome, in 1468, and twice subsequently before the close of the year 1470. Now these different printed editions show conclusively in the first place, the existence of a manuscript of this work in the fifteenth century. And if, further, they should be found

* "Introduction," &c. Vol. I. p. 224.

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to agree *in the main*, but to differ from each other in some small matters of a merely verbal kind, it is to be inferred that they were derived from different manuscripts, and not copied from each other; and means also are thus afforded of testing the purity and integrity of any extant text of the book. In ascertaining, therefore, the genuineness of this alleged work of Augustine, we need not follow the proof further down than the concluding part of the fifteenth century. And the same reasoning applies in all analogous cases.

The inquiry then before us, is, — What are the means by which the date of manuscripts, anterior to this period, may be ascertained?

Manuscripts, particularly those of the Hebrews, have been divided into two classes,—namely, *autographs*, or those written by the authors themselves, of which, as we have said, none remain; and *apographs*, or copies made from the former, by subsequent transcriptions. These apographs again have been divided into the *more ancient*, which were of the highest authority among the Jews, but of which no specimen remains; and into the *more modern*, which are still extant. These last are again subdivided into the *rolled*, which are used in the synagogues, and into the *square* manuscripts, which are in private use. M. De Rossi has divided this kind of manuscripts into three classes, viz. 1. *More ancient*, or those existing before the twelfth century; — 2. *Ancient*, or those written in the thirteenth and fourteenth century; — 3. *More recent*, or those written at the end of the fourteenth, or at the beginning of the fifteenth century. It is not necessary, for any purpose we have at present in view, to recognise these distinctions, and we only state them here as an example of the extreme accuracy with which this subject has been examined. Our remarks will have reference to the methods of authenticating the age of ancient manuscripts generally. These are very various.

1. The history of some manuscripts is accurately known. They were considered, as we shall hereafter see, in former times, as extremely valuable. They were, in consequence, so accurately described by successive scholars, as to leave no doubt of their identity; and they were mentioned, moreover, in the catalogues of the libraries to which they belonged. And, if in any instance, they were transferred to other persons, the

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circumstances of such a transference were authentically recorded.

2. Some* manuscripts are *dated* by the persons who copied them, and if there be no reason to question the genuineness of this date, it is obviously decisive of the period to which they belong.

3. Many manuscripts exhibit *marginal notes*, added evidently by a subsequent writer. The age of these notes may, not unfrequently, be settled by means of some allusions to particular persons or events, or by the form of the letter which is used, or by some other means; thereby referring the original writing to an earlier period.

4. The age of a manuscript may be indicated by the *material* of which it is composed; that is, whether it be Soft Leather; or Parchment; or Vellum; or the Papyrus of the Nile; or the Bombycine, or Cotton Paper; since all these different materials were used for manuscript writing in succession, and at periods which are well ascertained. It will be useful in estimating the force of the argument drawn from the materials which were thus used for writing, to give a succinct account of them.

But before proceeding to a consideration of this subject, it may serve to give some completeness to the inquiry, to advert, in passing, to that subsidiary aid which is to be derived from those more durable inscriptions, which were made on harder substances. It is obvious, as almost innumerable specimens of writing of this description exist, and belong to every age, even to the very earliest; and as these, moreover, bear in most cases, some date, or some internal evidence of the period in which they were written, that they furnish examples of the successive changes that have taken place in the forms of letters and modes of writing. And these, being thus authenticated, it is plain, may be used in ascertaining the age of manuscripts, so far as the character of the writing is concerned.

The most ancient remains of writing are those which have

* Authors differ in regard to the numerical proportion of the manuscripts thus dated. Mr. Taylor speaks of such as being "a large proportion." Mr. Horne, on the other hand, says that "by far the greater number of manuscripts have no subscriptions or other criteria [of a like kind,] by which to ascertain their date." Of course, opinions on this point will differ according to the manuscripts consulted.

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been transmitted to us on marbles, metals, and precious stones. The Decalogue was written on two tables of stone; a practice by no means confined to the Jews, but one in use among the Oriental nations, and also by the Greeks and Romans. Had Voltaire not been ignorant of this fact, he would have spared the ridicule, which he has attempted to cast upon that part of the Pentateuch where a command is given to write the law upon stones. The laws of the Greeks were engraven on tables of brass, called *Cyrbes*. The Tables of Isis, yet preserved in the royal collection at Turin, exhibit the practice as employed among the Egyptians. It is said that "more than three thousand tables of brass, kept in the capitol, were destroyed by a fire in the reign of Vespasian."*

Wood was also used for writings or inscriptions, in very early periods of the world. *Table books*, or tables of solid wood, called *Codices*, (whence the term *Codex* for manuscripts written on any material, has passed into common use), were employed chiefly for legal instruments, and a system of laws is called, to this day, a *code*, from this circumstance. These table books were known to the Jews eight hundred years before the Christian era, since Solomon exhorts his son to write his precepts on the tables of his heart.† They were called by the Romans *Pugillares*, and when used for billet-doux, (as was sometimes the case) they were termed *Vitelliani*,‡ — the reasons of which terms are not very evident, while those assigned are sufficiently fanciful. The wood, in the preparation of these tablets, was cut into thin slices finely planed and polished, amounting, in number, from one to five. The writing was at first on the bare wood; afterwards, as we shall presently see, these tablets of wood were over-spread with wax. Table books of ivory were used by the Romans, and were probably not greatly unlike those still used for memoranda, which are written upon with black-lead pencils. Thin sheets of lead were employed for a similar purpose, in like manner as they are used as marks or tallies, at the present day. These are called by Suetonius (in Nerone, chap 20) Chartam plumbeam, — sheet lead. Job perhaps, refers to this practice, (chapter xix. 24,) though a different construction is given to the passage in the admirable translation of that book by Mr. Noyes. "O that they (my words) were graven with an iron pen and lead

* Astle, 198. † Proverbs, iii. 3. See also Isaiah, xxx. 8.
‡ Martial, Lib. II. Ep. 6.

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(or) in the rock forever." Montfaucon (Palæo. Lib. I. 16,) speaks of having seen only one of these leaden books, which consisted of eight leaves, the first and last being used as covers.

But no material employed for books has, perhaps, claims to higher antiquity than *the skin of the calf or goat.* This was so tanned as to be at the same time soft, flexible, and durable; and was usually dyed of a red or yellow color. The skins, thus prepared, were connected together in successive lengths, sometimes extending to more than a hundred feet, and were sufficient to contain an entire book, which formed one roll.* Hence is derived the word *volume* as applied to books in subsequent times. This material appears to have been more frequently used by the Jews and other Oriental people, than by the Europeans. It is evident from Exodus, xxvi. 14, that the Hebrews in the time of Moses, possessed the art of preparing and dying skins; and it is considered not improbable, that the very autograph of the law, by Moses himself, was written on skins of this description. Herodotus says that the Ionians, from the earliest times, wrote upon goat and sheep skins, from which the hair had merely been removed. Diodorus Siculus speaks of the same practice as prevailing among the ancient Persians. Dr. Buchanan took with him, on his return from his learned researches in India, a roll of the Pentateuch,† which he procured from the black Jews of Malabar,

* This is probably the kind of roll referred to in Isaiah, viii. 1; Jeremiah, xxxvi. 2; Ezekiel, ii. 9. And from Ezra, vi. 1, it appears, there was a "house" or library, appropriated to the preservation of these rolls.

† This is the famous *Cambridge* Roll, or *Indian*, or yet more distinctively, the *Malabaric* copy of the Pentateuch. The following facts, which are gathered principally from Mr. Yeates's "Collation" of this manuscript, as condensed by Mr. Horne, may not be without interest, and serve still further to illustrate the nature of this kind of ancient records. It is made of goat skins, and dyed red. It is forty-eight feet in length, and about twenty-two inches, or a Jewish cubit, in breadth. The book of Leviticus, and a great part of the book of Deuteronomy are wanting. It is believed that its original length was not less than ninety English feet. In its present condition it consists of thirty-seven skins,—and contains one hundred and seventeen columns of writing, perfectly clear and legible, and exhibits a beautiful and valuable specimen of the manner and form of the most ancient Hebrew manuscripts among the Jews. The columns are a palm of four inches in breadth, and contain from forty to fifty lines each, have no vowel points, and are written in all other respects according to the very rigid rules prescribed to the Jewish scribes or copyists. We may add, that there is much difference of opinion among the learned, concerning the value of this and other Indian manuscripts. Dr. Kennicott anxiously desired to procure a copy, or a collation, of one of them, for his edition of the Hebrew Bible,

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who, there is strong reason, (as it is thought by some who have investigated the subject,) for believing, are a part of the remains of the first dispersion of that nation by Nebuchadnezzar.*

Parchment, an article well known at the present day, as used for permanent records, is mentioned by the earliest Greek historians, as a material which had been employed, from time immemorial, for books and writings. It was called by the Romans, Pergamena, because its manufacture was improved and carried on to a great extent at Pergamus, a city of Mysia, and particularly in the time of Eumenes, B. C. 200. He is said to have encouraged and perfected the art of preparing it, in consequence of the exportation of the papyrus from Egypt being prohibited, through the jealousy of one of the Ptolemean kings. The term *membrana* was also applied by the Romans to parchment.† The greater part of all manu-

but that privilege was not vouchsafed to him. Quoting from Wolfius, he says that a certain Jew, named Moses Pereyna declared, that some Jews, about eighty in number, flying from the persecution by Titus, passed through Persia to the Malabar coast, where they arrived in safety. Unde constat, says Wolfius, Mstis Malabaricis multum fidei tribuendum esse. Bishop Marsh, too, considers this particular Malabaric manuscript, and others which are derived from the same source, as extremely interesting and valuable, since, though equally taken from the autograph of Moses, as those of the west of Europe, yet they must have descended to these black Jews in the interior of India, by a different channel. Professor Bauer, on the other hand, maintains that these manuscripts are of little importance. For notwithstanding the long residence of the Jews in China, lasting through many centuries, they have no manuscripts older than those of the fifteenth century.

It is a singular fact, illustrative of the prevalence of this method of writing on the skins of animals, that it prevailed amongst a people, so distant from those last mentioned, as the Mexicans. Cortes sent over to his royal master, Charles V. a Mexican writing, in figurative or hieroglyphic characters, whose meaning is, at the present day, wholly unintelligible to the inhabitants of the country whence it came. The material on which they were drawn, is buck-skin, or doe-skin, covered with a sort of plaster or whitening. Soe Noehden's, "Short Account of the Library at Vienna." Class. Journal. Vol. 23.

* Father Mabillon, on the authority of previous writers, unknown to us, whom he quotes, says that the skins of fishes and the intestines of serpents were sometimes used as materials for writing. And in confirmation of this, quotes a marvellous story of some manuscripts destroyed by fire at Constantinople, — "quos inter erat etiam Draconis intestinum, pedes cxx. longum, cui Homeri pöemata, Ilias et Ulyssea, aureis litteris fuerant inscripta, cum historiâ rerum ab Heroibus gestarum;" and adds with delightful simplicity, "et id piscinis illis membranis sane auctoritatem conciliat." *De Re Diplomatica*, — Lib. I. Cap. VIII. p. 312.

† Thus Horace, (Ser. Lib. II. Sat. III.)

> "Sic raro scribis, ut toto non quater anno
> Membranam poscas."

And Quinctilian, while recommending waxen tablets as being preferable

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scripts that are of higher antiquity than the sixth century are on parchment,* or the more delicate material, of the same kind, called vellum. That which was very thin was always preferred; and it was usual with the ancients to stain the parchment or paper, on which fine manuscripts, and the instruments of sovereign princes were written, with purple, dark blue, violet, or other colors. They were sometimes tinged with an oil, expressed from cedar-wood, to preserve them from corruption, and were also made into rolls, and adorned with titles in red ink.† Parch-

in the efforts of original composition, on account of the ease with which erasures and emendations could be made upon them, refers to *parchment* as being best for those whose eyes are weak. This, he says, however, is objectionable as checking the force and flow of thought, in consequence of the necessity of frequently stopping to dip the reeds in ink. "Quæ (i. e. membranæ) ut juvant aciem, ita crebrâ relatione, quoad intinguntur calami morantur manum, et cogitationis impetum frangunt." Inst. Orator. Lib. X. 3. Ed. Spal. Those are over-wise who neglect such little things, on the ground that they are little. With due deference, we recommend to all persons, who have that highest and hardest of all tasks to go through, namely, original composition, heedfully to mind what Quinctilian says on the subject, and we will take leave to fortify our opinion on this point, by the authority of Goethe. "In this mood," says he, that is, when the fit of inspiration was on, "I much preferred the pencil, (a manifest improvement on the waxed tables of the ancients) which gave out its marks more rapidly; for it sometimes happened that the scraping and squirting of the pen awoke me from my night-walking poetizings, distracted me, and stifled a little production in the birth." Goethe's Nachgelassene Werke. Band, VI. xv. We have taken this very literal translation from the Foreign Quarterly Review of this work.

* The most ancient as well as the most accurate manuscript extant of any part of the Greek version of the O. T. is the Codex Cottonianus, written on vellum, in uncial letters. It has been thought to have been written as early as the commencement of the fifth century. It was brought from Philippi, by two Greek bishops, and presented by them to King Henry VIII. It was given by Queen Elizabeth to Sir John Fortescue, her preceptor in Greek. It was placed by him in the Cottonian Library. Hence its name. Another Codex Cottonianus, preserved in the same library, is one of the oldest, if not the oldest, manuscript of any part of the N. T. which is known. It has been referred to the same period as the former. It is written in silver letters on a faded purple ground. The reader who is desirous of seeing a succinct account of these and other manuscripts of the Scriptures, which are held in estimation, is referred to Mr. Horne. Introduction, Vol. II. Part 1.

† All these latter circumstances are refered to in a passage of Ovid.

"Nec te (liber) purpureo vaccinia succo:
Non est conveniens luctibus ille color.
Nec titulus minio, nec cedro charta notetur;
Candida nec nigra cornua fronte geras."
Ovid. de Tristibus, Eleg. ad. librum.

Horace also refers to this anointing of manuscripts with an oil expressed from the cedar tree, as a mark of distinction, in the familiar passage,

"——————— Speramus carmina fingi
Posse linenda cedro." Ars. Poet. v. 331.

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ment has proved to be a substance of great durability. And we may here observe, that there seems to be a kind care of Providence, in thus directing men to commit the most valuable records, and those which, on account of their antiquity, it was most difficult to preserve, to the most durable materials.

Leaves of Trees have been used as a material for writing in most nations, and in the remotest times. The leaves of the Mallow or the Palm were most frequently employed for this purpose, and were often wrought together to extend the surface. The allusion of Virgil* to the Sibyl's leaves, renders it plain that the use of them for writing was well known to the Romans. Juvenal has a reference to the same practice. Diodorus Siculus mentions that the Judges of Syracuse wrote the names of the persons, whom they sent into banishment, upon the leaves of the olive tree. The practice of writing on the leaves of the palm tree is yet prevalent among different eastern nations. It is probable however that this very slight and inconvenient material was confined to the transient purposes of business, social intercourse, or the instruction of the young.

The inner *bark of trees,* and particularly of the Linden, or Teil tree, has been used for writing, in various quarters of the globe, and still serves for this purpose in several parts of Asia. It was so generally used both by the Greeks and Romans, in this manner, that its name became a common term for a book† in both languages; and hence also is derived our term Book, and also Bible.

But no material or preparation appears to have been so frequently employed, particularly by the Greeks and Roman as *Tablets of Wood covered with a thin coat of colored wax.* This was an improvement on the simple wooden tables above referred to. On account of the facility with which erasures

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Pliny says that the books of Numa, were preserved by an essence, called *cedrium,* derived from the cedar tree, though they had lain five hundred years under ground. This story of Pliny is, probably, fabulous enough, yet it serves to show the antiquity of the usage. Cedar chests or boxes were also used by the Romans, as the most safe and durable depositories for manuscripts.

* Insanam vatem aspicies, quæ rupe sub imâ
Fata canit, foliisque notas et nomina mandat.
Æneid, l. iii. v. 444.

† Liber. Βίβλος.

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and alterations could be made in the labors of original composition,* these Table books were continued long after the use of the Papyrus became common. The writing was effected by means of an instrument called a *Style*, † which was a brass or iron needle, or pencil, flattened at one end, for the purpose of making erasures.‡ This is the origin of our word Style, which has, in course of time, been so variously used, that the original meaning of the term is lost in the highly metaphorical, changeable and fantastic significations it has assumed. Some of these Table books were large, and doubtless somewhat heavy, since Plautus represents a boy, seven years old, as engaged in the no very dutiful task of breaking his master's head with one of them. The style, too, was rendered sometimes a very dangerous instrument. Cassianus, a Christian schoolmaster, is said to have been killed by his scholars, armed with these styles, on account of his heresy on religious points. It is also related that Cæsar, when attacked by the conspirators, used his iron style, as a dagger, and thereby inflicted a wound on the arm of Cassius.§ And angry advocates in the public courts, having, on several occasions, made a more fatal use of their styles, than that of pointing their sarcasm, or driving home their invective, the use of iron for the instrument was prohibited, and ivory, bone and wood were substituted.¶

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*The reader of the Latin Classics will recognise continual allusions to these waxen Tablets. Thus, for example, "*mandare aliquid ceris,*" (in the quotation from Quinctilian above,) *to commit to writing.* "*Ceras implere capaces.*" (Juv. Sat. I.) *to crowd the ample pages.* "*Cærite cerâ digni.*" (Hor. Lib. I. Ep. 6.) *Deserving to be disfranchised as citizens.* "*Prima, secunda cera,*" *the first and second page.* "*Ima, extrema cera,*" *the bottom of the page.* And as epistles written on these waxen Tablets, were usually tied together with thread, the seal being placed on the knot, the phrase "*Linum incidere,*" *to break open a letter*, was very common.

† Γραφεῖον. Lat. Graphium. Hence also Γραφιοθήκη, — a case for styles.

‡ Hence the phrase, common among the Romans, "vertere stylum,"— *to blot out.*

§ Suet. in Cæs. c. 82. "Cassii brachium graphio trajecit."

¶ We may here observe that when softer materials than wood or stone were written upon, other materials were used as instruments of writing, such as Reeds and Canes, sticks of the Bamboo, and Pencils made of Hair. These latter, were used for the large Capital Letters, with which manuscripts were begun, and subsequently by the illuminators. Quills of Geese, Swans, and other birds, have been put in requisition, probably since the middle of the seventh century. St Isidore, of Seville, who lived at that time, describing the instruments used for writing, thus solemnly describes the nib of a pen, — "penna avis, cujus acumen dividitur in duo."

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The *Papyrus* of Egypt, or Egyptian Reed, or the Paper rush, was, during many ages, the material most in use for writing. The consumption of this article was so great, as to form a principal branch of commerce in the Mediterranean, during many ages. From this is derived our familiar term *paper*. It was called *charta* by the Romans, and this is probably the origin of the English word *charter*.

The Papyrus, of which the material for writing was made, abounds in marshy places in Egypt, where the Nile overflows and stagnates. It grows like a large bull-rush from fibrous reedy roots, and runs up in several triangular stalks, sometimes to the height of ten cubits.* These stalks are somewhat tapering, and are about a foot and a half in circumference at the thickest part. They have large tufted heads, which being unfit for making paper, the stem only was used for this purpose. Pellicles, or thin coats, being flaked from the stalk, were laid, two or more of them, over each other transversely, and were glued together either with the muddy and glutinous water of the Nile, or with a fine paste made of wheat flour. After being pressed and dried, they were made smooth with a roller, or by a solid glass hemisphere, or by beating with a mallet.† This texture was cut into various sizes, from four fingers' breadth, to that of two feet, and of proportionate length.

* This account is condensed from that of the Papyrus, given by Mr. Astle, who, in turn, derived his, principally from Pliny, L. XIII, C. 2. It differs, in some respects, from a description of the plant by Mr. Taylor. But, perhaps the most elaborate account of the Papyrus, is that of M. le Compte De Caylus, published in L' Acad. Roy. des Inscriptions, Vol. XXVI. He derives, however, the greater part of his facts, confessedly, (see page 268,) from Melchior Guilardin, an eminent physician and botanist, of Koningsberg, in Prussia. Guilardin is also often quoted by Father Mabillon, "*De re Diplomaticâ*," and particularly in Lib. I. C. 8.

† Those of our readers who have seen the beautiful paper invented and manufactured, by a very ingenious lady, of a neighboring town, from the bark of the *Asclepias Syriaca*, or common *Milk Weed*, will have better ideas of the paper made of the Egyptian Papyrus, than can be attained by any description of ours.

This papyrus, is one of those natural productions, which seems to be singularly adapted, in Providence, to supply most of the necessary wants of the people among whom it is indigenous. In addition to the use above mentioned, the Egyptians made cups and other utensils from the lower and harder part; the upper ones were converted into staves, or ribs of boats; the sweet pith was a common article of food; the fibrous part of the stem was made into cloth, sails for ships, ropes, strings, shoes, baskets, wicks for lamps, &c.

We subjoin Pliny's account of the manufacture of the Papyrus, with the corrected text and translation of Caylus, above referred to. "Texuntur omnes tabulâ madente Nili aquâ; turbidus liquor vim glutinis præbet in

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The largest and best was called *Imperial;* the second sort was called by the Romans *Livian*, from the wife of Augustus, and was twelve inches in width. The third kind was called *Sacerdotal* paper, and was eleven inches in size.

According to Varro, the practice of writing on this material was first introduced into Egypt in the time of Alexander the Great. Pliny, however, maintains, that it was used by the Egyptians three centuries earlier. In the seventh century, the Papyrus was superseded by Parchment, but was not entirely disused until the twelfth century. Very few manuscripts of this material are found of later date than the eighth or ninth century, and an instrument of any kind, written on this paper, and dated in the thirteenth century, may safely be deemed a forgery. There is no evidence that it was ever used for manuscripts in England or in Germany.

The Chinese, from very early times, have made a paper from the bark of a tree called *Ku-Chi.* It does not appear to have been used for manuscripts intended to be long preserved, and we may thereby pass it over with this brief reference.

The *Charta Bombycina*, or cotton paper, often improperly called *Silk** paper was, it is generally conceded, an Eastern invention, and manufactured as early, certainly, as the ninth century, and possibly much earlier; and in the tenth† it was commonly used throughout Europe. This invention was afterwards rendered more available for general purposes, by the substitution of old linen or cotton rags for the raw material, by which means the price of the article was reduced, and its quality improved. This is the paper now in use, and it surpasses all other materials for writing, both in respect to ease and convenience.

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re, cùm primò supinæ tabulæ scheda adlinitur, longitudine *Papyri* quæ potuit esse, resegminibus utrimque amputatis; transversa posita crates peragit, premitur deinde prœlis. Tous les papiers sont tissus sur une table par le moyen de l' eau du Nil, dont on les humecte; ce liquide troublé ou limonneux fournit en effet une bonne colle; on forme d' abord sur la table horizontale une feuille de la longueur de la tige du *Papyrus*, autant que les rognures faites de part et d'autre ont pû le permettre, cete feuille est croisée par une autre posée transversalement, ensuite on la met à la presse." Dissertation above referred to by M. le Compte de Caylus. — pp. 305, 306.

* *Silk*, according to Du Halde, cannot be beat into such a pulp, or paste, as to make paper.

† Mr. Astle says, after Montfaucon, that it was not in general use, until the beginning of the thirteenth century, and that a *Latin* Charter or Record on cotton paper, of the tenth century, would be suspected, though a *Greek* one, of that age, may be genuine.

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From this account of the materials which have been successively employed for writing, from the earliest age until the present, it will obviously appear, that the changes which have thus taken place, especially when reviewed in connexion with other evidence, will serve to indicate the age of manuscripts, or, at least, to furnish an important means of detecting fabricated documents, since the different ages of the world, at which these different materials came into use, and continued in use, may be satisfactorily ascertained. As, for example, no one acquainted with the subject, would give the least credence to a purported original, or very ancient, manuscript of the Mosaic Law, which was written on parchment; or one derived from a writing on the leaves or bark of trees, or on tables of wood without or with wax, or on the papyrus; for the plain reason, that all these materials for writing, were invented and used in ages remotely subsequent to the period, when the Mosaic Law was promulgated.

A similar argument is derived from the history of the various *Inks*,* or the substance used for the formation of letters. Much detail on this part of the inquiry may be dispensed with. The Cuttle-fish (Sepia) is said to have originally furnished the ancients with Ink. But this is problematical. Soot of lamps, coal of ivory, various preparations of mercury and of silver, gold, stones, pyrites, gums, woods, and juice of plants, and of almost every color and hue, were used for inks. There were also Encaustic methods of writing, or those done by the agency of fire. There was a purple ink, solely appropriated to the use of the emperors, and called the sacred encaustic. This was afterwards closely imitated, as appears from the subscription sometimes found at the end of Greek manuscripts, comprising the name of the transcriber, with the year, month, day, indiction and sometimes the hour, when the copy was finished. There is a copy of the four Evangelists extant, that is written

* We have, for the most part, followed on this and the following topic, namely, the forms of letters, the account of Mr. Astle, as being very carefully prepared. That of Father Mabillon is much more superficial and sketchy. De Re Dip. Lib. I. cap. X. Those who wish to see this whole subject learnedly and thoroughly treated, in all its parts, are referred to the splendid work of Father Montfaucon, entitled "Palæographia Græca;" fol. Par. 1708. It is confined, however, as the title imports, principally to the usages of the Greeks, in respect to the methods of writing. We shall occasionally make use of this, as we proceed, as we have done already, without a more particular reference.

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upon purple parchment, in letters of gold throughout. It will be seen by this, that the composition now in use for ink, contains little or nothing in common with that which was used by the ancients. It is also true, that we have none equal, in beauty, color or durability, to theirs. This will readily be seen, by comparing any documents, such as wills or records, or other important instruments, which have come down to us, written between the fifteenth and seventeenth century, with those which were the production of the preceding centuries up to the fifth. But what is most important to be noted here is, that those who are accustomed to examine ancient manuscripts, acquire a certain erudite tact, or practical skill, in judging of their age, from the composition, color, and condition of the ink. This, of course, cannot be explained to others. But it is asserted, by those qualified to judge, that it is perhaps more practicable to give to a picture, than to a manuscript, the hue of antiquity, by artificial means.

On similar grounds, again, a knowledge of the *successive changes in the ancient shapes and forms of letters*, as they were introduced by caprice, accident, or convenience, affords an almost certain means of determining the age of manuscripts. An exact uniformity in the forms of even printed letters, or in the general appearance of the printed page, hardly is preserved, even for so long a period as the third of a century. And this is particularly the case in regard to a language that is widely diffused. The style of printing which prevailed soon after the art was carried to that high degree of excellence, to which it very early attained, is well known to book collectors. And the changes which have taken place, from time to time, in this respect, are also known or ascertainable. But in regard to ancient manuscripts, these changes are incomparably more obvious; and by means of ancient inscriptions on marbles, coins, brazen tables and other durable materials, a sufficiently definite idea of the forms of letters, and of the general character of writing prevailing in each century, from the second to the fifteenth, may be obtained. The argument from this source is exceedingly strong, but it can only be fully appreciated from an examination of fac-similes, which cannot, of course, be exhibited here. Those curious on this subject, and who have not access to originals, are referred to the works, above cited, of Mabillon and Montfaucon, and to that of Mr. Astle, which will leave little to be desired so far as the general

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argument is concerned. In Mr. Horne's Introduction, (English copy), there are also some sufficiently well executed examples of the manuscripts of the Greek and Hebrew Scriptures. From these, and other sources at hand, we shall give as succinct an account as possible of this part of the subject.

All ancient modes of writing may be divided into three kinds; *capitals*, *uncials*, and *small letters*. All ancient inscriptions on marbles, brass, and other hard materials, belong to the first, though writing in capitals was not confined to these; manuscript books to the second; and to the third, charters, grants, and other instruments belonging to matters of business. Small letters were rarely used, in manuscript books, before the middle of the fourth century. They were adopted in certain instances before the eighth century. In the ninth, they became much more common, and, in the tenth, entirely superseded the previous forms.

The most ancient manuscripts were written in Capitals. These were in general use for records and important documents from the earliest periods known to us, to the middle of the fifth century. Smaller characters, indeed, were occasionally used for subjects of little importance that required despatch. Capitals have been divided into *square* letters, which are found interspersed among several ancient monumental inscriptions, and are very common on seals until the eleventh and twelfth centuries; the *round*, which were preferred to the former in the thirteenth century; the *sharp*, which consist of oblique and angular lines; the *cubical*, which are very long, and have been sometimes used as initial letters; and the *rustic*, which were bold, careless, and unequal. These last were preserved, with less alteration than took place in other forms, until the tenth or eleventh century.

Uncials are large rounded letters, and, in this way, are distinguished from the capitals just mentioned. The term is supposed to be a corruption, on the part of ignorant monks and schoolmen, of the term initial. This character was first used about the middle of the fifth century, and generally prevailed from the close of the sixth to the middle of the eighth. If a manuscript is entirely in uncials, it is supposed to be of earlier date than the close of the ninth century. And a manuscript in uncials, *without any ornaments*, is deemed to have been of good antiquity. Demi-uncials were characters somewhat approximating to the small letters. These were used in

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Europe in the sixth, seventh and eighth centuries, but discontinued in the ninth.

The manner of writing called by the Greeks Boustrophedon,* that is, backwards and forwards, as the ox ploughs, is very ancient, and of this there are two kinds, the older beginning from right to left, and the more recent from left to right. The Boustrophedon writing is thought to have fallen into disuse, about the fifth century before Christ.

The most ancient Greek manuscripts extant, are written *without division of words, spirits, or any marks of punctuation.* The insertion of Accents is attributed by Wetstein† to Euthalius, an Egyptian bishop, or deacon, A. D. 458. In this he is followed by Michaelis. The Colon and Comma were added by Jerome to the Latin version of the Scriptures, a century earlier. The Note of Interrogation [;] was first used in the ninth century. The blank spaces between the words, and the division into chapters and verses are of no authority. The iota subscriptum is suspicious, and all the accents are spurious. The catch-word, as it is called, or the repetition of the first word of the following page at the end of the preceding, belongs to the twelfth or the following centuries. These are important facts for the student of the Scriptures to know, since if these marks were not used by the Apostles, then as Michaelis justly observes, "no manuscripts and no printed edition will oblige us to receive them; they will be considered as explanations of the ancients, from which we may depart." And again, "the best rule for determining the proper place of a point or stop in the New Testament, is to follow the most approved exegetical rules in explaining each passage." At the invention of printing, the editors placed the points arbitrarily, and Stephens, in particular, varied his points in every edition. And as to the division of verses, these have no higher authority than that of Robert Stephens, A. D. 1551. They were made by him, as his son mentions, while on a journey (inter equitandum) from Lyons to Paris. The biblical student well knows that false constructions have been given to many passages, from a neglect or ignorance of this fact.‡

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* Βουστροφηδόν.

† See Wetstein's Prol. N. T. p. 2. Astle, pp. 60 — 85. Butler's Horæ, Bib. pp. 83, 84. Taylor's Hist. Transm. p. 58.

‡ Marsh's Mich. Int. N. T. Vol. II. Chap. XIII. The whole of this chapter, together with the notes appended by the editor, is particularly worthy of the student's attention.

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To the demi-uncials, succeeded the *Roman* small letters, which were employed, with many changes, until the invention of printing. They resemble the small characters which our printers call Roman. They were occassionally used before the subversion of the Roman Empire, in affairs of business, where despatch was needed. They were afterwards adopted by most European nations, under different forms, and in successive changes. So early as the ninth century, small letters were generally used.

The reader who is curious in these matters, is referred to Mr. Astle's book, chapter fifth, for an account of the various alphabets, which, like the Roman, are supposed to be derived from the Greeks, such as the Gaulish, ancient Gothic, Runic, Coptic, Servian, Russian, Sclavonian, Bulgarian, Armenian, &c., together with admirably engraved specimens; and also to an account, accompanied in like manner with examples, of those letters which are supposed to be derived from the Roman, such as those of the Lombards, in the three different forms of capitals, uncials and small letters, the Visigothic mode of writing, and the Saxon, which in the form of capitals, or of the "Roman" Saxon, or "set" Saxon, or the Saxon "running hand," or "elegant" Saxon letters, prevailed in England, from the fifth to the twelfth century.

A very lucid account is also given by the same author, of the mode of writing in the northern parts of Scotland, and in Ireland; of that called Norman, (which prevailed in England, from the reign of William the First, to the seventeenth century;) and of the kind of writing used also in France and Germany.

In the eighth and ninth centuries, according to Mr. Taylor, a kind of Cursive or Running-hand, which had been for a long time used by notaries and clerks, was adopted by the transcribers of books, who were, on this account, denominated tachygraphi,* or swift writers. Those who were copyists by profession, found so great an advantage in the use of this tachygraphic, cursive, or running-hand, that they resorted to very arbitrary methods of improving it, so that the movements of

* Ταχυγράφοι, called also ὀξυγράφοι and also, sometimes καλλιγράφοι, fair writers, though the latter, as the term imports, were those who made the excellence rather than the rapidity, of their transcription, a leading object. Besides these, there were χρυσογράφοι and κρυπτογράφοι, that is, those who wrote in gold letters and secret characters.

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the pen might not be interrupted. The books of the tenth and subsequent centuries, abound, in consequence, with contractions, abbreviations and hieroglyphics. Words of the most frequent occurrence were indicated by single turns of the pen. Many of these were adopted by the early printers, and perpetuated in after times, as those, whose misfortune it has been to delve over the Greek testaments, printed so late as the close of the last century, may have sad occasion to remember. This mode of rapid transcription having been once adopted, led on to further degeneracy, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries.

Almost all ancient manuscripts, yet further, contain decorations, and many are splendidly embellished with elaborate ornaments. These consist of flowery initials, grotesque cyphers, portraits, and sometimes even historical compositions. They are called *illuminations*,* and almost always exhibit some costume of the times, or some peculiarity, by which the age of the manuscript may be ascertained. A fund of antiquarian knowledge, relating to the middle ages, has been derived from this source.

To this account of the character, used in ancient times, may be added a passing reference to *Monograms*, *Sigla*, or literary signs, *Sigilla* and *Numerals*, all of which are found in manuscripts, and all, like those already alluded to, serve in various instances to determine the age of the document in which they are found. The first *Monograms*, or characters composed of the letters comprising the name of a person, were used by Roman pontiffs, and by persons in civil authority, on the continent of Europe, in very early times. They were rarely, if ever, employed in like manner, in England.

Sigla, or literary signs, or contractions, were verbal abbreviations of a more permanent and well authenticated character than those used by the tachygraphi just mentioned. These, as well as the *Sigilla*, or little figures or images, are found on coins, medals, rings, and on earthern or clay vessels,

* The term *illumination* is derived from the use of minium, for a red color, by the artists; who were hence called *miniatores* or *illuminatores*. There are some beautiful fac-similes of this kind of ornament in Mr. Astle's book, so often mentioned. And there is an example of an illuminated manuscript of the eighth century, preserved in the British museum, which employed the skill of no less than four theologues, each distinguished in his day. Eafrid, bishop of Durham, wrote the text (the Four Gospels); Ethelwold, his successor, illuminated the volume; Bilfrid, an anchorite, covered it richly with gold, silver plates, and precious stones; and Aldred added glosses.

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which were used for the preservation of wine* among the Romans. They are, in an especial manner, found among epitaphs and other monumental inscriptions, on sepulchral urns,† and on the lachrymatories which the ancients frequently deposited with the urns containing the ashes of the dead. The sigla were employed in epistolary correspondence, by the Greeks and Romans, both at the commencement and close of their letters, and also are found in judicial acts and writings. The Romans often employed the initials of words for the words themselves. These are by no means rare in the body of their epistles. Thus, e. g., in those of Cicero, we find specimens like this, S. T. E. T. L. N. V. E. E. Sua. C. V., that is, Si tu et Tullia Lux Nostra valetis, ego et suavissimus Cicero valemus. How exceedingly numerous these abbreviations, or sigla were, will appear, at a glance, by referring to Gerrard's account of them, which is appended to Bailey's Edition of Forcellini's (commonly called Facciolati's) Latin Lexicon.

To these abbreviations may be added another of a very peculiar kind, which was called *Monocondilion.* This appears to have been formed by a continuous stroke of the calamus, by which names, lines, and sometimes whole paragraphs, were represented.‡ Many of the Greek transcribers, according to Montfaucon, strove in the formation of these, to exercise (puzzle?) the reader as much as possible. And in this, as he observes also, they were eminently successful.

It is not necessary for any object we have now in view, to advert more particularly to the changes which have taken place in the practice of writing. They are referred to here, in this general way, for the purpose of showing that the subject has undergone a very thorough scrutiny, so that those, familiar with the process, find little difficulty of ascertaining the date of a

* "Nam præter sigilla obsignandis literis et epistolis, quæ vulgo annulis infigebantur, et magno numero hodieque visuntur in Museis variis; sigilla item innumera supersunt notandis. Dolia quippe vino aliisque liquoribus servandis, testacea sive figlina olim erant." Palœ. 168. Thus Martial describing the Villa of Faustinus, speaks, among other things, of the fragrant old wine there,

"Et multa fragrat *testa* senibus autumnis." Ep. Lib. III. 58.

† See on this subject, Sir Thomas Brown de Hydriotaphiâ, or Urn Burial. See also a very interesting description "De Chyndonachtis inscriptione," Lib. II. Cap. 7, of the Paleog.

‡ Est autem Monocondilion ductus calami, quo magnis, perplexis, continuatis nec intermissis lineis, nomina, lineæ integræ, interdumque plures, unâ serie scribuntur: nos vocamus, *trait de plume.* Paleog. p. 349. Where also are to be found two examples, of these Monocondilia. To the uninitiated they much resemble a nest of worms.

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manuscript from the letter and mode of writing employed. Indeed, it is said by those qualified to judge in this matter, that the architecture of different periods is not more characteristic of the age to which it belongs, than is the style of writing in manuscripts; nor is there less certainty in determining questions in the one, than in the other.

There is another circumstance attending the transmission of manuscripts, not yet referred to, by which the remains of ancient learning have been, in a very peculiar manner, preserved; and by which, also, their antiquity is clearly and decisively proved. We refer to the fact that manuscripts are discovered *beneath* another writing. These are called Palimsesti,* or Palimpsesti, Codices rasi, Rescripti, Rescripts, or in plain English, re-written manuscripts. Before the invention of paper formed of cotton, and when that manufactured of the papyrus of the Nile became scarce, parchment, at all times a costly material, was greatly enhanced in price. At the same period, in consequence of the general decline of learning, the works of the classic writers of an earlier age, were held in little esteem. From these circumstances, the copyists, and particularly the monks, whose libraries often abounded with collections of parchment manuscripts, resorted to the obvious method of erasing, washing out, or in some way *discharging*, the original writing, in order to transcribe thereon in its place, the work of some preferred writer. The changes thus made, would be of course, in accordance with the prevailing taste of the age, or in subserviency to the peculiar objects the operator might have in view. In this way it was, that invaluable manuscripts of the Classical Writings of the best ages of Greece and Rome, and even the Scriptures themselves, have been erased, to make way for the original or borrowed legends of saints, and other absurdities, of the monks of the middle ages. Horace, Virgil, Quinctilian, Fronto, Antoninus Pius, and such as these, were thus made to give place to some narrative of a patron saint, or dreamy meditation, or wire-drawn allegory, or consecrated romance, of some ignorant and benighted monk. And yet to this source, under the guidance of that Hand, which makes the folly, as well as the "wrath of man to praise Him," more perhaps than to any other, we owe some of the richest relics of an-

*Παλίμψηστος, a πάλιν rursum, et ψάω abstergo. The term was by no means uncommon among the Romans, though somewhat differently applied, as appears from Cic. Fam. Ep. 18.

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tiquity, and with them, also, a decisive internal mark of their genuineness. The original writing, notwithstanding all the efforts of the second transcribers to erase it, still retained those traces of itself, which modern art, and eyes trained to the investigation, are enabled to restore. And these rescripts, it is evident, exhibit a double proof of the antiquity of the writing which first occupied the parchment. In the first place, the age of the more recent or monkish writing can be ascertained, (which, in some cases, can be referred to a period as early as the ninth century); and in the next place, it must follow, that the date of the previous writing is much earlier; for it is reasonable to suppose, that very old, and, in consequence, faded or bedimmed manuscripts, would be chosen for the purpose of erasure.

This method of restoring ancient manuscripts has been prosecuted with great, and with continually increasing, success, during the present century. A single individual has done more in thus recovering ancient writings, than any other person, perhaps it is not too much to say, than all other persons collectively, since the Revival of Letters in the fifteenth century; and by his own marvellous achievements in this respect, as well as by the impulse he has given to similar inquiries, it may be confidently hoped, that the most valuable of those remains of antiquity, which the Scholar and Theologian have long regretted, as irrecoverably lost, may be restored. The individual here referred to is Angelo Maio.* He was formerly keeper of the Ambrosian Library, at Milan, but was afterwards removed to the richer store-house of the Vatican Library, at Rome. He found in Pope Leo XII. a patron worthy of such an earnest and devoted laborer as himself. This Pontiff, in a largeness and munificence of spirit, very different from that which prevailed in the tenth century, freely lent his great influence and resources in restoring those very writings, which his predecessors, in the plenitude of their ignorance, strove most earnestly to efface and destroy. It is certainly to be regarded as a happy auspice of these later days, that we have lived in an age, when the priceless treasures of ancient books are issued

* In the twelfth volume of this Journal, there is some account of Maio, and also of the "Institutions of Gaius," and of the exceedingly curious and valuable fragments of Bishop Ulphilas's translation of the Scriptures. They are both Palimpsests.

It is a somewhat remarkable illustration of the rapidity with which he printed and issued these rescript books, that he has, more than once, been delayed by the scarceness of Greek Types in Rome.

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from the Papal press, even more rapidly and regularly, than our forefathers used to receive the appalling anathemas of the Vatican.*

There is one other method, distinct from those above adverted to, by which ancient Manuscripts have been restored, which should not be passed by without some notice, though it is not necessary to give any circumstantial account of it. We refer to the discoveries which have been made, and are continually making, at Herculaneum and Pompeii. These, as is well known, were cities, originally founded by the Greeks, and were destroyed by a volcanic eruption of Mount Vesuvius, in the first century of the Christian era. They are doubtless rich in ancient manuscripts, and in remains of all those Instruments, which were used in writing, at the period of the catastrophe. Indeed, in the small and partial excavations, which were made at Herculaneum alone, more than twenty years since, when Mr. Eustace† was there, eighteen hundred manuscripts, as he tells us, had then been found, and, beyond all question, a vast number still remain buried in the ruins. Some of these have been unrolled and copied; and though they may be of little intrinsic value, yet being of an unquestioned antiquity, they afford a decisive proof, at least, of the forms of letters used at the period, and the methods and materials employed in writing. Here we may remark, again, that we owe the preservation of Ancient Records, to that very circumstance, which in all human estimation, most certainly threatened their

* Still these ancient Papal Bulls of these Servi Servorum Dei, as the Popes modestly called themselves, serve a good use at the present day, in ascertaining the character of the letters in use at the time they were made. Their genuineness is beyond dispute. The most ancient were written in the Roman Running hand; in the eighth century the Lombardic characters prevailed, and a mixture of these was continued to the fifteenth century. These Papal Edicts were called Bulls, as we may mention in passing, not from the tenor of the instrument itself, but from the circumstance of the *Seals* attached to them. These Seals derived their names from the Latin *Bullæ*, which were ornaments, commonly heart-shaped, worn around the neck by boys of the higher ranks among the Romans, until they were seventeen years old, when the custom was discontinued, and the ornaments, together with the prætexta, (in like manner as the dolls of the girls, at the age of fifteen,) were laid aside, and consecrated to the Lares. Persius (Sat. 5. v. 30.) alludes to this.

> "Cum primum pavido custos mihi purpura cessit,
> *Bulla*que succinctis laribus donata pependit."

These Bulls or Seals of the Popes, which were any thing but playthings, were commonly made of lead, but sometimes, by way of distinction, they were of gold. If matters of grace and favor, they were attached by silken strings, if minatory, by hempen cords.

† Classical Tour. Vol. II. p. 23. Am. Edition.

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destruction. It could hardly have been imagined, by those who witnessed the destruction of these devoted cities, that the streams of burning and boiling lava, in which they were engulphed, were designed, in Providence, as the safe depositories of some of the most curious, rare, and authentic, relics of antiquity.

To this account of the Fabrics, Instruments, Inks, and Characters, used in ancient writings, and other circumstances, by which their antiquity is ascertained, it is proper to add, before closing these remarks, some account of the *Copyists*, or persons by whom manuscripts were transcribed, and of the *Places* where the work was done. These are obviously important facts in reference to the question at issue, and our means of information in respect to them are very ample and satisfactory.

Copyists were employed in their appropriate labors, from the earliest times, until ancient writings were handed over, in the language of Mr. Taylor, to the "immortal custody of the press." They were influenced by different motives, and were taken from very different conditions in life. In all the principal cities of Greece and its Colonies, where literature was cultivated, there were great numbers* of *Professional Transcribers*, that is, those who gained their subsistence by copying books. Such laborers, it is rational to suppose, relied for patronage and employment on their fidelity and skill. Among the Romans, they were called *Librarii*.† They were generally of a servile condition, and made a necessary part of the household of every man of rank. Atticus trained up many of his Servi or slaves to this business; and when he dwelt at Athens, employed them in the transcription of Greek authors, for his pecuniary benefit. Cicero purchased many of these. *Notarii*, were originally Stenographers or short hand writers, employed as at the present day, to prepare accounts of trials, pleadings and harangues, from the lips of the speakers. There were also *Notarii Domestici*, Notaries, or Clerks, employed to keep accounts in the families of the nobles, and afterwards *Notarii Ecclesiastici* appointed by the Dignitaries of the Church to attest their acts.

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* Montfaucon gives an alphabetical catalogue of the Greek Calligraphers, which occupies more than fifteen folio pages of his great work above referred to. pp. 94—108.

† Frequent allusions are made to these Librarii, by the Roman writers. Thus, in the Art of Poetry,

"Ut scriptor si peccat idem *librarius* usque."

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But, subsequently, the copying of manuscripts was by no means confined to such as these, nor was it considered, exclusively, as a servile or merely professional employment. Persons of rank and leisure devoted themselves to it. Some created their own libraries by their own personal labors in this way, and when thus directed to purposes of emolument, they were richly repaid, by the great prices that books commanded before the invention of the art of printing. The practice of private copying, was greatly extended by the influence of Christianity. Motives of piety induced many to attend to it, as a means of disseminating the Christian records. The highest Officers of the Church, and even Princes, thought themselves well employed in efforts of this description. But from the third and fourth centuries downwards, learning having declined among the Romans, and Religious Houses being continually more and more multiplied, the practice of transcribing devolved, principally, upon the monks. This labor was peculiarly adapted to the character and condition of this class of religionists. The mental and bodily inertness which a monastic life naturally produced, when united, as it must have been, in individual cases, with some desire and capacity of effort, found, amidst an unvaried round of dead formalities in the labor of copying books, precisely "that field of lethargic assiduity," and busy idleness, and indolent excitement, and unhurrying activity, which it grievously felt the need of. In many monasteries, in consequence, this formed the principal employment of their inmates, and in none, or in a very few, was it wholly neglected. The great value which was placed upon manuscripts came, as has been said, in aid of the same result. Prices, truly immense for that period, were cheerfully given for them. Even so late as the begining of the seventeenth century, in one recorded instance, the sum of 80,000 crowns, was the estimated value of the manuscripts belonging to a single Library.* In addition to all this, an opinion of merit, or of well-deserving, was attached to the labors of transcription. These are frequently subscribed to manuscripts of the middle ages, some notes like this. — "This book, copied by A. B. *for the benefit of his soul*, was finished in the year —. May the Lord think upon him."† From these causes,

* The famous Library of Heidelberg, presented by Maximilian, Duke of Bavaria, to Pope Gregory XV.

† In the Codex Rushworthianus, says Mr. Astle, now preserved in the Bodleian Library, at Oxford, the following note is appended. — "*Macregol*

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together with that spirit of emulation and competition, from which, we may venture to suppose, even these Religious Houses were not wholly free, extreme care and pains-taking diligence were used in transcribing these ancient works. This is obvious, too, from the history of the times, as well as from inspection of the manuscripts themselves. We should in vain look for any writings executed since the invention of printing, of equal extent with those of the middle ages, that would bear any comparison with them, in point of elaborate embellishment, elegance, and scrupulous accuracy. It is no objection to this statement that the copyists were unlearned men. For, in the first place, this was not, as we have said, and shall further show, *universally* the fact; and, in the second place, if it were, it is not to be inferred, on this account, that they were inaccurate or unskilled copyists. On the contrary, their ignorance, so far as the mere act of transcription is concerned, might have befriended them; since here a "little knowledge" is emphatically a very "dangerous thing." This is well illustrated by Father Mabillon, in his very able defence of the fidelity and integrity of ancient manuscripts, who observes, that those compositors at the present day, are not the most correct who understand the language of the work in hand, but on the contrary, are commonly the most faulty. The reason is obvious enough. Those who are conscious of their own ignorance, will depend exclusively on the copy before their eyes, while those who know, or think they know, something of the language and subject matter in hand, but are, at the same time, ignorant of the extent of their ignorance, will be liable to be misled by the side-lights of their own fancied knowledge. And besides this, the transcriptions, in almost all instances, were numerous, and made independently of each other, and it is not to be supposed that they would all err in the same places, and in the same way.*

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depinxit hoc Evangelium. Quicunque legerit et intellegerit istam narrationem, orat pro *Macregol* Scriptore."

Montfaucon (Palæg. App. p. 511,) transcribes a Greek note appended to a manuscript, and a Latin translation, which is as follows: — "Absolutus est hic Liber feriâ quintâ, horâ quartâ, deciâmâ quintâ die mensis Aprilis, Anno 6511 (Christi) 1003. Indictione prima * * * Exaratus manu Basillii Presbyteri et Arte Calligraphi. Quotquot autem legeritis in hoc Libro, *precamini pro me misero.*"

* "——————— Ut Citharædus
Ridetur, chordâ qui semper oberrat êadem."

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In regard to the transcriptions of the Pentateuch, by the Jewish Transcribers, an excess of care was employed. It has been a constant rule with them, that, whatever manuscript is considered as corrupt, shall never be used, but be immediately destroyed; and that a book of the Mosaic Law, wanting but a single letter, or with one letter too much, or with an error in one single letter, written with any thing but pure ink, or written on parchment made with the hide of an unclean animal, or on parchment not purposely prepared for that purpose, or prepared by any but an Israelite, or on skins of parchment tied together by (Jewish) unclean strings, shall be holden to be corrupt, that no word shall be written without a line first drawn on the parchment; none written from memory, or without first being orally, and of set purpose, pronounced by the copyist; that before he writes the name of God, he must pause in deepest attention and reverence, and then wash his pen; that no letter shall be joined to another, and that, if the blank parchment cannot be seen all around each letter, the whole roll shall be deemed to be corrupt. There are settled regulations for the length and breadth of each sheet, and for the space to be left between each letter, each word, and each section; and when a copy has been completed it must be examined and corrected within thirty days after the work is finished, in order that it may be approved or rejected, for the use of the synagogue. All these rules are in full force to this day.*

Nor was the attention of this people confined to the transcription of their Sacred Books. They made also, as Mr. Butler observes, almost incredible efforts to preserve the *genuineness and integrity of the text*. This gave origin to their Massorah, which consists of critical remarks upon the verses, words, letters, and vowel points of the Hebrew Text, — the "most stupendous monument in the whole history of literature of minute and persevering labor." The writers called Masorites, or Massorets, were some Jewish Literati, who lived after the beginning of the Christian era. With unexampled and almost superstitious care, they counted all the verses, words, and letters, of all the twenty-four books of the Old Testament, and of each of these twenty-four books, and of every section of each book, and of all the subdivisions of each sec-

* See But. Horæ Bib. Part I. Sec. IV. who quotes from Maimonides, Carpzov, Crit. Sac. V. T. pp. 371, 372. Horne Int. Vol. II. p. 36.

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tion. They marked the verses where they thought something might have been forgotten; the words they supposed to be changed; the letters which they thought to be spurious; the repetitions of the same verses; the different reading of the words which were redundant or defective; the number of times that the same word is found in the beginning, middle, or end of a verse; the different significations of the same word; the agreement or conjunction of one word with another; the number of words that are printed above; which letters are pronounced; which are turned upside down; which hang perpendicularly; and took the number of each. It was they, in fine, who invented the vowel points and accents, and made very elaborate criticisms on every thing relating to the text, in its most minute particulars.*

It is true that most of the transcriptions which have reached our times, were made in what are called the "dark ages." But we should remember that this is a highly figurative expression, and conveys, unexplained, a very erroneous idea. Dark, indeed, these ages were, compared with former and with later periods in the history of Letters, yet they were never so dark as to be without many "lights of intellect," which, though scattered at different distances, and shining with different degrees of splendor, yet served greatly to relieve and diversify the general gloom. God never "leaves Himself without a witness" in the minds He has created. And those which He intends as Guides and Leaders in the great march of human improvement, are always found in advance of their age, and endowed with a spirit before which all external obstacles give place. Thus in the period which intervened between the reign of Justinian and the revival of Letters, as it is called, in the fifteenth century, —the period commonly called the "dark age," we find many scholars, "born for thought," who were true to their divine instinct and vocation. And in speaking of the general darkness of their era, we should not forget the obligation of gratitude we owe to them, for struggling against the all but overwhelming barbarism of the times, and for res-

* Thus they made the important discovery that the letter Nun in the word Gehon, is the very middle of the Pentateuch; — that in the book of Genesis, there are twelve parascioths, or great sections; forty-three called sedarim, or orders; one thousand five hundred and thirty-four verses; twenty thousand seven hundred and thirteen words; seventy-eight thousand one hundred letters; and that certain words are in the exact middle of the book, &c. Hor. Bib. Part I. Sec. V.

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cuing and handing down to subsequent ages, those rich remains of sacred and profane learning, which, but for their agency, might have been forever lost. Of this description were many in the sixth century, and who are favorably recognised at this day. We need not mention many names. There were Procopius the historian, Hesychius the lexicographer, Priscian the grammarian, and Boethius the last pure Latin poet. The seventh century was the darkest of this period, but produced, nevertheless, some historical books of value. In the close of this, and in the first third of the subsequent century, the Venerable Bede lived, of whom it was proverbially said among the learned, "that though born in the farthest corner of the earth,"* and they might have added, though extremely credulous and fond of legendary tales, "he compassed the world with the line of his genius." Alcuin, of the eighth century, himself a pupil of Bede's, became in turn the beloved and honored instructer of Charlemagne, in rhetoric, logic, divinity and the mathematics; and did much, by his influence, to aid his enlightened monarch and pupil, in the restoration of letters. Maurus, also a disciple of Alcuin, Archbishop of Mentz in A. D. 847, was a renowned instructer in all the great departments of learning before he received the mitre. And, afterwards, in a delightful spirit of filial love for the place of his own early education, he richly endowed a monastery on the Rhine, and made provision therein, for the instruction of two hundred and seventy monks in all the learning then known. King Alfred, himself a man of extraordinary literary accomplishments, and the munificent patron of the University of Oxford; and Photius,† whose book *Myriobiblion* is yet consulted with great interest in ascertaining the genuineness of ancient records, both belonged to this period. From the great number of manuscripts which were executed in the tenth century, it is obvious that much attention was paid to letters, though the original authors of that period, whose books have come down to us, are few. It is not necessary to continue

* He passed his life in the Monastery of St. Peter and St. Paul, on the Tyne, in the Diocese of Durham.

† Photius, who was educated as a layman, was forcibly installed, by Michael III, as Patriarch of Constantinople, (A. D. 858); and that he might pass regularly through the preparatory steps, was made monk, reader, subdeacon, deacon, priest and patriarch in six successive days.

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this list of distinguished scholars, with any particularity, through the succeeding ages. There were Avicenna, Psellus, Lanfranc, Anselm, Suidas, in the eleventh century; Anna Comnena, (with whose name is now associated the melancholy conclusion of the Scotish Novels, and whose Alexiad is pronounced, on high authority, to be "certainly, with all its defects, the first historical work that has as yet proceeded from a female pen,")* Roger Bacon and several distinguished cotemporaries in England, the Tzetzes of Constantinople, and many others who lived in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries; and in the fourteenth, which immediately preceded the bright era of literature, which has since dawned upon the world, we find the constellation of such names as those of Dante, Petrarch, Boccacio, Chaucer and Gower. It is plain from this loose sketch of the learning of these times, that the knowledge of the great writers of antiquity was never wholly lost, and that it existed in parts of the world which were widely separated from each other. Indeed, the Monastic Institutions, which prevailed during this period, were, in some respects, eminently favorable to the cultivation of Letters. They were scattered through every civilized country; and it being one of their standing rules, that their original number of members should be constantly preserved, they would necessarily draw within their own pale, all the talent that might exist in their vicinities. Such was the fact, for where any youth discovered an aptitude for learning, or gave any promise of success in its pursuit, he at once became an object of interest to the heads of the Religious Houses, who had always at heart their literary renown, almost as much as that derived from the possession of consecrated relics. There could, therefore, be scarcely any more eligible situation for a boy of this description, whether of "noble or ignoble blood," than a place in one of them. Beside this, almost all these monastic establishments contained schools for the instruction of the young, and from these the superiors had the opportunity of selecting at will those, whom from any reason, they might deem adapted to further the interests of their houses. The consequence of this peculiar state of things was, that while all taste or care for learning disappeared from among the general mass of men, and while kings and nobles, and even the great body of the

* Mr. Lockhart's "Advertisement" to Robert of Paris.

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clergy were so grossly ignorant as scarcely to be able to write their own names; there were yet, in the seclusion of these then hallowed retreats, some persons whose literary tastes raised them above the mental level of their age, and who knew how to appreciate the stores of ancient literature which were there hoarded up.

Happily also, for the interests of learning, ancient manuscripts were preserved in Places so numerous, and so distant from each other, and invested, moreover, with such a character of sacredness, that they were preserved more safely, more free from change and destruction, than the mutability of human affairs ordinarily permits. The places where these manuscripts were made were exceedingly numerous. Alexandria, under the auspices of the Ptolemies,* Pergamus, under the encouragement of Attalus and his successors, and Constantinople, for a thousand years, were all famous for the production and preservation of manuscripts. The very numerous monasteries of the country immediately in the neighborhood of the Eastern Metropolis, and those of Asia Minor, and the Islands of the Ægean Sea, all contributed to increase the transcripts of ancient writings. Montfaucon gives a catalogue of no less than fifty of these religious houses, which existed in Calabria, and in the kingdom of Naples, which were employed in the same way.† But no spot has been so celebrated for the production of books as Mount Athos,‡ a promontory which stretches out from the coast of

* The Library of Alexandria, before it was burned by the Saracens, was computed to contain 700,000 volumes; — that of Pergamus, belonging to its King, is said to have consisted of 200,000 volumes.

† Paleog. Lib. I. cap. IX. This whole chapter, entitled "De Regionibus et Locis ubi Græca Scriptio frequentata fuit," is rich in information on this point.

‡ The whole of the seventh book of Montfaucon, [*Paleog.*] is devoted to a description of this celebrated spot, by John Comnenus. It is an exceedingly good study for those who think that the love of learning wholly died away at its decline in Greece and Rome. In connexion with this, too, may well be read the whole of the fourth book of Mabillon, entitled, "Ubi agitur de Francoruem Regum Palatiis, villisque regiis, in quibus diplomata condita sunt." Though Mabillon's learned work has especial reference to Charters and public Acts of sovereigns in relation to the Church of Rome, yet, all the numerous facts which he adduces, are obviously available in ascertaining the genuineness and integrity of *Latin* manuscripts generally. In the chapter above referred to, he gives a description in alphabetical order, of one hundred and sixty-three palaces and villas of the French Kings, in the middle ages, whence the Charters were issued.

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Macedonia into the Ægean Sea. The sides of this "holy mount," as it was called, were almost literally crowded with monasteries, the principal employment of whose inmates was the transcription of ancient writings. And passing over to Western Europe, we find it was uniformly a leading object of the numerous monasteries existing there, and especially of those of the British Islands, in like manner, to preserve, multiply and perpetuate manuscripts. Every Church and Religious House of any description, contained its library, and a set of officers, whose express business it was to keep it in order. And attached to every Library, as a matter of course, was the *Scriptorium*, where the elder monks were employed in making copies of books. These places of safe-keeping, these Arks, if we may call them so, in which the remains of ancient learning were preserved, amidst that flood of barbarism which swept over the civilized world during the middle ages, were so exceedingly numerous, and widely separated from each other, that nothing of much importance, once discovered, could be subsequently lost, since whatever might be destroyed in one quarter, would be likely to be perpetuated in another.

The peculiar sacredness which was attached to these Religious Houses, moreover, rendered them places of greater security, than the palaces or fortresses of kings. These were often overthrown, and the whole surrounding country devastated, while the seclusions of the monks, being held in religious or superstitious veneration, were generally respected, even by the fiercest invaders. Or if these Religious Houses were occasionally exposed to the violence of hostile armies, they would be plundered of their chests, plate, jewels, and of almost every thing else, sooner than their manuscripts, since these, though intrinsically precious, were not, in periods of general ignorance, marketable articles. They were of inestimable value to a few who could read and understand them, but would be held in no especial estimation by a horde of Huns, and Goths, and Vandals.

It is a subject of congratulation to ourselves, and we doubt not the sympathy of our readers on the same point, that we have now arrived at a stage in this discussion, whence we may look back upon the ground we have gone over, and gather up the results of our investigations. And if the foregoing statements and course of argument be correct, the following facts have been established.

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I. Even on the supposition, in the first place, that there were *not an ancient manuscript in existence*, and all the purported remains of ancient learning were comprised only in the printed editions in our hands, yet from *internal* evidence alone, it would be sufficiently evident that they, taken as a mass, contain within themselves the proof of the genuineness of each important separate part. These internal evidences are derived from various sources, the principal of which are the following.

1. There are certain internal marks, or characteristics of genuineness *derived from the subject matter* of the works, that could not well be forged.

2. The works in question contain *mutual quotations and references*, of a more or less direct or indirect character, by which a mass of evidence in favor of their genuineness is furnished, which is not open to the suspicion of forgery.

3. *Lists of authors*, in the order of time, who have treated a given subject, are furnished by writers, whose own antiquity is established by the same or other means of proof.

4. *Controversies* involving quotations and references of a particular kind, the history of which has long survived the occasions which called them forth, afford evidences of genuineness, which are above all suspicion of interpolation.

5. *Translations* of purported ancient works, and in more than one language, have come down to us, under circumstances which afford a decisive test of the genuineness of the original.

6. The same result may be ascertained, or at least approximated, by the *history of the language* in which any book is written, since a language necessarily takes its substance and hue from the general mind of the people using it at any given time, and of course, is in a state of continual change from age to age; and the eras of these changes are known.

From these internal sources alone, then, the genuineness of a book, alleged to be ancient, may be ascertained, even though there were not ancient manuscripts in existence.

II. But it is a well known fact that manuscripts, believed to be ancient, do exist in great numbers, and in a vast variety of forms. We may next then, examine these, and inquire whether they do not contain satisfactory proofs of their antiquity.

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1. And here we find, first, the *history* of some manuscripts has been so accurately written and preserved, that we can no more doubt of their genuineness, than of a title deed to our estates.

2. They may contain an express *date*, whose genuineness is beyond question.

3. They may be accompanied with *marginal notes*, whose antiquity is established beyond question, by circumstances peculiar to themselves, thereby referring the text to which they belong to an age earlier than their own.

4. The antiquity of a manuscript may be very satisfactorily settled, from the *material* of which it is composed; — whether for example, it be the *tanned Skins* of certain animals, or *Leaves of certain Plants and Trees*, or *Parchment* and the kindred substance *Vellum*, or the *Papyrus*, or *Cotton* or *Linen;* since all of these substances were employed, in succession, for the purpose of writing, and the ages in which each was principally used, and when each gave place, in turn, to the other, are well known.

5. A similar kind of proof is derived from the *Inks* with which manuscripts were written, since the times, at which different subtances used for this purpose succeeded each other, and the purposes for which certain particular kinds were used, are matters of history.

6. An exceedingly important mode of proof in reference to the same point of genuineness, is derived from the *Forms* of the *Letters* and *the Modes of Writing* which a manuscript exhibits. These were changed from age to age, and the history of the changes is very accurately ascertained. The circumstances also, whether a manuscript contains, or not, a *Division of Words*, *Accents*, *Spirits*, *Points*, or marks of *Punctuation*, are all of importance in this inquiry. And a similar remark is applicable to every kind of *Sigla* or *Literary Signs*, as they are called.

7. The fact that the traces of certain manuscripts are found beneath a more modern writing, in other words, that *Palimpsests* or rescripts exist, is exceedingly curious in itself, and affords a decisive proof of an antiquity at least considerably greater than that of the present form of the manuscript. And this latter is often clearly to be referred to a very remote period.

8. These processes of proof, are all confirmed, by the knowledge that may be possessed of the *Character* and *Condition* of

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Copyists, by which their ability and faithfulness is rendered unquestionable; and by a knowledge also of the *Places* and *Circumstances* in which they were written and preserved.

III. And, finally, in addition to these internal evidences of the genuineness of ancient manuscripts, there is another of a distinct and entirely unquestionable character, derived from a source extrinsical to the manuscripts themselves. We refer to the fact that writings, in great numbers, are found among the the ruins of the cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum, which are known to have been buried in lava, ever since the first century of the Christian era.

It is by these various means that the remains of ancient learning may be traced up to a period, when the original works were generally known, widely diffused and constantly quoted; and when, in consequence, the history of any work may almost as easily be established, as the history of any modern literary productions can be authenticated by us, at the present day. It is thus that we ascertain that the works now in our hands, are the same with those which bore the same names, and were universally received as the works of the alleged authors, at the time of their first appearance fifteen or twenty centuries ago. It is thus "we traverse the long era of general ignorance, that wide gulf which separates the intelligence and civilization of modern times, and we land, as it were, upon the native soil of those monuments of mind, and once more find ourselves surrounded by that abundance of evidence which belongs to an advanced state of knowledge."

Indeed, it is not, in strictness, necessary that we should trace up these reputed remains of ancient Literature, any further than into the depth of the darkness of the middle ages. And the reason is, it is plain from all we know of these times, and of the men of these times, that such works as those ascribed to the historians, poets and orators of Greece and Rome, must have belonged to a former age, and to a different condition of things. It is difficult to conceive of a greater incongruity in literary history, than that works like those of Thucydides and Plato, Cicero and Horace, could have been produced within the cells of monasteries, and still more amidst the ignorance, violence and slavish degradation of the mind, which prevailed without and around them. Ascribe what we may to the imaginative and creative power of human genius, *this* would be plainly, an achievement

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far beyond its utmost reach. If they existed then even so early as the times of Photius, Alcuin or Bede, they *must* have existed long before.

But it may be here asked, are there not omissions, additions, alterations in the text of ancient authors, which have taken place either by design, or negligence in the course of repeated transcriptions? Undoubtedly there are, and in great numbers. These give origin to what are called "Various Readings." They are so numerous, in some cases, as to occupy in critical editions of the Classic Writers, a space five times as great as that filled by the text; and they have frequently given occasion to protracted and angry controversy. But it is here to be remarked that these Various Readings, are, in almost every instance, of a merely verbal kind, and such as deserve the attention of merely verbal critics. Those who are familiar with the German editions of the Greek and Roman writers will need no illustration of this fact. And of a hundred thousand Various Readings in the text of the New Testament, there are not, probably one hundred, which an English reader, who regarded only the true meaning of the passages where they occur, would deem of any importance. And of this hundred he would not find more than two or three, which could materially affect any question of fact, of faith, or of duty. And it should be further remembered, that the fewness of these Various Readings in any text, is no indication of its purity. So far from this, it rather implies either, first, that it has been derived from a very few copies, since each copy that is taken as a model must have, in the nature of the case, errors peculiar to itself; or else, second, that the copies which are extant are derived from some common manuscript, whose faults, of whatever kind, may have been sedulously handed down; so that the last copyist may have only been, like the heirs that Churchill speaks of in an hereditary line of family,

> "A tenth transmitter of a foolish face."

But if, on the other hand, the *unimportant* discrepances of manuscripts are numerous, it affords sufficient proof, at least, that they were written independently of one another, by persons disconnected in place, time, and circumstances. And in the latter case, we possess, obviously, the best means for restoring the text to the original purity, and the best security against willing or unconscious corruption. For though in this case,

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no single copy, can be regarded as strictly correct, yet the true one may be supposed to exist among them, and the acknowledged canons of criticism may be rendered available in ascertaining what it is. On the whole, these Various Readings, taken as a mass, only furnish a more conclusive proof, than we could otherwise have had, of the scrupulous care and fidelity with which the business of copying manuscripts was conducted. There must have been a very high degree of professional integrity, and scrupulous care in the transcribers, in conveying the text of ancient authors, through a period, in some instances, of two thousand years, with alterations so very unimportant, as we find in point of fact to have taken place.*

It should be observed, also, in this connexion, however paradoxical the assertion may seem, that in regard to the knowledge of every thing pertaining to the genuineness of ancient manuscripts, as well as to the knowledge of antiquity generally, we are not receding from remote ages, but constantly advancing towards them. Since the fifteenth century, every successive year, instead of defacing and destroying the remains of ancient literature, has done something to restore and renovate them. This has been effected, partly by the rich and available discoveries which are constantly made of ancient manuscripts, and particularly of rescripts, or palimpsests; partly, by a more accurate knowledge of the Diplomatic Science, and a more efficient application of its principles to well ascertained facts; but, principally, to the invention of the Art of Printing. This not only multiplies the copies of books almost beyond the possibility of total destruction, but by giving to a whole edition an importance vastly greater than can be attached to any single copy, however accurate or beautiful it may be, it has enlisted the labors of learned men, in the preparation of books; and by giving to these labors of theirs a permanent form, has enabled each successive editor to avail himself of all the previous exertion, of all the rest. Such is the fact. In numberless instances, which

* See Taylor's Trans. &c. p. 23. This subject of "Various Readings," has called forth a great display of learning, and critical acumen. Mr. Horne, after discussing it, so far as the Scriptures are concerned, gives a catalogue of no less than fifteen authors who have systematically considered it. The English Reader is referred to a very satisfactory account, by J. D. Michaelis, Int. N. T. in the Translation by Bishop Marsh, (Vol. I. c. VI.) the basis of which was furnished by his father (C. B. Michaelis,) in the Tractatio Critica de Variis Lectionibus N. T. which, though written in his sixty-ninth year, is in the opinion of the son, the best of his productions.

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we need not stop to specify the text of ancient writers, which, in the fifteenth century, was imperfect and corrupt, has been so far amended and restored in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, as to leave little, in regard to its integrity, to be desired. Indeed, by this wonderful invention, all that belongs to the literature of ancient, as well as of modern times, is exempted from that law of decay, which is written on all things else. The monuments of human genius, in every other form, are all crumbling away, and tending to dissolution. No human skill can preserve unimpaired the noble achievements of ancient genius in Architecture, in Statuary or in Painting. Time with "his effacing fingers," silently removes from all their beauty, and gently hands them over to mingle with the common mass of the elements. They will henceforth only live in the ever-living *words*, of those, whose admiration they may have kindled. But the inspirations of genius, once clothed in language, become through the instrumentality of the press, the inheritance of all subsequent times. They are then ἔπεα πτερόεντα indeed, they are winged and irrevocable, in a sense that Homer never dreamed of.

We have now done with the subject matter of this paper, but must ask to be indulged in two parting remarks.

The first is this. From the very rapid, but not we would hope, cursory view, we have now presented of this subject, we think it must be evident, that it is not a slight thing to weigh all the evidence by which the Genuineness of ancient writings is ascertained. And we would infer from this, that where there is reason to suppose, in any particular case, that such an examination has been accurately and conscientiously made, the result should not be rashly called in question; and in an especial manner, it should not be done by those, who have neither the means, nor the capacity, nor yet the inclination, to make the inquiry. All *à priori* arguments are out of place here. The question at issue, is a question of fact, and like all similar questions, is to be tested by the evidence appropriate to the subject. If any manuscript of alleged antiquity exists, it must have had a beginning. And whether this beginning were earlier or later, must be ascertained from the document itself, or from subsidiary evidence connected with it. And yet it is not an unheard of occurrence, to observe persons, who are disposed to call in question the credibility of a most important portion of ancient records, fastening upon some general notions of, what they are pleased to call

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the impossibility of a faithful transmission of them, or upon some unimportant difficulties arising from various readings, or on some other trivial circumstance, and hence leaping to the conclusion, by a general inference, as unphilosophical as it is unjust, that nothing certain can be established respecting their genuineness. In this way cavils are often thrown out, particularly in reference to the early records of Christianity, which not only prove the extreme ignorance of the authors of them, but show clearly a yet more melancholy fact, — namely, that they are too ignorant to know how ignorant they are.

The other remark we would offer in conclusion, has an intimate connexion with this. It will have been perceived, that in this discussion, reference has been principally had to the *classical* remains of antiquity. This course has been advisedly pursued, because we have wished to state the General Principles on which investigations of this kind should be conducted. But here, be it distinctly noted, that these principles are as strictly applicable to *Sacred* as to classical or profane literature; and the advocate for the genuineness of the Christian Records, only asks that the same course of investigation should be pursued in the one case, as in the other. Indeed, it is only when the inquiry is thus carried on, that the immense preponderance of proof, in favor of the Sacred Writings, can be duly appreciated. And we should be unfaithful equally to our own convictions, principles, and feelings, not distinctly to state, as we do state, that, in point of fact, the Genuineness and Integrity of the Christian Scriptures, estimated on the broad principles here laid down, is substantiated by evidence, in a tenfold * proportion, more various, copious and conclusive, than that which can be adduced in support of any other ancient writings whatsoever. In simple justice then, the genuineness of these Records of our Faith cannot so much as be questioned, until the whole body of Classical Literature has been proved to be spurious.

* There have been nearly five hundred manuscripts of the New Testament, entire or in fragments, transmitted to us, which have been wholly, or in part, collated. But this forms only a small portion of these manuscripts, remaining in public or private libraries, which remain to be accurately examined. Horne, Int. Vol. II. p. 52. With this statement may be compared what Heyne, a very competent judge of the matter, says of the manuscripts of the presumed oldest Greek writer extant, namely, Homer. "Cum de iis, quibus editores usi sunt, codicibus nihil illi prodiderint, omninoque criticorum subtilitas hac in parte desideretur, cumque, quicquid diplomatici pronunciant, non minus lubricum sit omne hoc de constituendâ accurate codicum ætate judicium, acquiescendum est hac quâque in parte critices in æstimatione aliquâ probabili." Vol. III. De Codicibus Homeri.

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ART. II. — *British Poetry at the Close of the Last Century. The Works of Robert Burns; with his Life.* By ALLAN CUNNINGHAM. In four volumes, 12mo. Boston. Hilliard, Gray & Co. 1834.

IT is our purpose, in the course of this article, to offer some cursory remarks upon the subject of the poetry of Great Britain during the latter part of the last century. This period is certainly not the most brilliant one in the history of British literature; but it has not been often made the subject of connected comment. Though its claims to attention may not be of the very highest order, it will be found to present some scenes and figures for the canvas, which are rendered the more striking, by their contrast with the mass around them; as the noble remains of Egyptian architecture impress the mind of the traveller the more deeply, because they rise amidst the sands and wastes of the desert.

In accomplishing what we have undertaken, it seems proper to dwell at some length on a few of those instances of literary imposition, which form a marked characteristic of the period. One of the most remarkable perpetrators of this species of fraud was Thomas Chatterton, a rare example of admirable genius, whose early miracles would fill us equally with wonder and despair, were not his fame severely balanced by his melancholy fate. The history of this singular individual may be very briefly told. His father, a poor schoolmaster in Bristol, died a few months before his birth, leaving his family in circumstances of great indigence. During his earliest years, he gave no indications of talent, or interest in any of his studies, but was even dismissed from school as a person of incurable dulness. At the age of fourteen, he was bound as an apprentice to a scrivener, and entered with sufficient assiduity upon the duties of his new vocation, but devoted the hours of his leisure to the study of antiquities. In the year 1768, when he was about sixteen, some public ceremonies were performed on the occasion of opening a new bridge in Bristol. There appeared at the same time in a public journal of that city, a description of the pageant which had accompanied the opening of the old bridge, several centuries before. The narrative purported to be ancient, and exhibited so much minuteness of detail and apparent authenticity, as greatly to

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perplex the wise men of that venerable town. It was ascertained on inquiry, that Chatterton was the person, who had offered the manuscript for publication; and, with equal good sense and liberality, threats were resorted to, in order to induce him to acknowledge whence it was obtained. He bade defiance to these menaces, but was at length induced by persuasion to declare, that this, together with various other old manuscripts, was found by his father in a church in Bristol, of which one of his relatives had been the sexton. It was true, that certain title-deeds and other papers had been anciently deposited in this church; the chests in which they were contained had been broken open, by authority, some years before, when those which were considered valuable were removed, and the others suffered to remain; there they were found by Chatterton's father, who conveyed them home, and applied them to the purpose of covering his books. Thus they came into the possession of Chatterton himself; he wrote upon them poems and other productions, in close imitation of the ancient language and chirography, which he gave to the public as the writings of Mr. Canynge, once an eminent merchant of Bristol and the founder of the church, and of his friend Thomas Rowley, a priest.

It is curious to observe to what extent this remarkable deception was carried by one, who was yet far from having reached the age of manhood. He gave specimens of his manuscripts freely to those who asked for them, and offered to supply Horace Walpole with an account of the ancient painters of Bristol, a class of worthies in regard to whom history, for excellent reasons, had been profoundly silent; sending him at the same time some portions of the Rowley poems. These were submitted by Walpole to his friend Gray, who at once declared them to be forgeries. It is much to be regretted, that both were too indignant at the attempted imposition to perceive, that the fact of the forgery of such productions was a conclusive proof of the surpassing talent of their author. Walpole repelled his advances with cold reserve, and neither appears subsequently to have taken any interest in his fortunes. But the poems themselves had, meantime, given occasion to a very earnest controversy. Their authenticity was warmly vindicated by Milles and Bryant, and denied with equal zeal by Walpole, Malone, Tyrwhitt and Warton, though the sentiments expressed by the two last in their respective

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publications were directly opposite to those which they had previously entertained. Dr. Gregory, in his biography of Chatterton, sums up the testimony on both sides of the question with laudable impartiality, but does not intimate his own opinion; nor was this necessary; his statement of the case is quite sufficient to convince the reader, if he were not convinced before, that Canynge and Rowley were both quite guiltless of any poetical handiwork, which had been locked up for centuries in company with title-deeds, under the reverend care of successive generations of church-wardens. But there is no longer any controversy on the subject. These poems are now universally admitted to be the productions of Chatterton himself; and, considering the circumstances under which they were written, and the age of their author, they are indeed miracles of early genius.

In all the records of sorrow, we know not a more melancholy tale, than that of the close of Chatterton's career. He went to London; there he engaged in various literary enterprises, and labored, but without success, to gain distinction as a political writer. His plans one after another failed; at length, before he had reached the age of eighteen, crushed by disappointment and despair, and, as there is too much reason to believe, tortured by actual hunger, he put an end to his own life by poison. Perhaps this sad result may partly have been owing to the pride, which shrunk from revealing the secret of his necessities; to the perverted sentiment, which taught him to regard self-destruction as the just and unobjectionable remedy for his misfortunes; and, more than all, to his perseverance in an imposition, that transferred to others the credit for ability, which was certainly his due. The world could hardly be expected to relieve distresses which it did not know; but it touches the heart, to see so brilliant a light thus immaturely quenched; to see powers, that might have left behind them a long train of permanent glory, perishing at the very dawn, for want of a little generous encouragement and aid; to see the boy, who might have filled one of the highest seats in England's literary temple, soliciting in vain a wretched post on board a vessel bound to Africa, and finally dying, dying of hunger, in the very heart of the metropolis, unpitied and alone.

There is a surprising disparity in point of excellence between the poems of Chatterton, which are written in imitation of the

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old English style, and those which he admitted to be his own. The merit of all the forgeries is by no means equal, but they are very far superior to the other; very many of these are collected and published in the editions of his writings, which have no merit whatever. There are satires, distinguished by nothing but their venom; love songs, colder than the polar ice; and burlettas, of which the absurdity disputes the palm with the grossness. Occasionally the satire comes home directly to the mark; the amatory verses kindle into warmth and beauty; the foul ravings of political vindictiveness and impiety are exchanged for tones that seem to issue from an angel's lyre; but certain it is that, but for the forgeries, the fame of Chatterton would not outshine the many stars, that twinkle dimly through the mists of mediocrity. The superiority of the imitations is probably to be ascribed to the fact, that they were his favorites, and called forth all his power; from their very nature, they must have been prepared with great care and circumspection; while the others were either not published by himself, or were thrust into magazines under a fictitious name. To many of them, he would certainly have been reluctant to advance a public claim. Yet it should not be forgotten, that his writings were collected and preserved, not by himself, but by others, and thus the misfortune which pursued him through life has also clung to his memory. But after making these deductions, there remains in both classes so much evidence of mature ability and knowledge of the world, that the reader perpetually forgets that they are the writings of a boy, and is tempted to apply to them too harsh a rule of criticism. As a whole, they irresistibly impress us with the idea, that England has produced few poets, superior or even equal in genius to this child of sorrow. We would not become the apologists of any species of deception; but may it not be said in extenuation of that of Chatterton, that it was committed at an age when such things are apt to be regarded rather in the light of sport than knavery; that it was designed to injure no one's fame, and in fact injured no other person than himself; and that, however criminal, it was dearly expiated by the misery of his last hours?

Perhaps the most remarkable attempt at imposition on record, certainly the most remarkable as respects the interest which it excited, was displayed in the publication of certain poems, purporting to be translations from Ossian, a Gaelic bard

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of the third century. James Macpherson, who modestly contented himself with the name of a translator, was a native of the Scottish Highlands. In an interview with Home, the author of the tragedy of Douglas, he produced some specimens of Gaelic poetry, stating at the same time, that much more of it might be obtained from aged persons in the mountains. Home, together with Dr. Blair and others, who were greatly delighted with the specimens, prevailed upon Macpherson to publish those in his possession, which he accordingly did, in 1760, in a small volume. The work was received with general acclamation in Scotland, and with mingled wonder and delight by the larger class of readers in England. Such men as Robertson, Ferguson, Lord Elibank and Gray were of the number of its enthusiastic admirers; but there were not wanting unbelievers in either country, by whom it was denounced as a bold and worthless fabrication. Macpherson had, in the meantime, been despatched into the Highlands for a fresh supply of the precious fragments, and came back heavily laden with epics, which he shortly after published.

The old mine of poetry, which had been thus suddenly sprung, produced a commotion in the learned world like that which follows the explosion of a bomb-shell. Macpherson, who soon after came to this country as secretary of the Governor of Florida, steadfastly refused to satisfy the sceptical, pretending to consider it quite intolerable that his word should be doubted; and when David Hume benevolently intimated to him that the world would like some more solid security, bore himself so loftily, that the philosopher in a heat expressed a hope, that he would take advantage of his travels to improve his manners, by imitating those of the Chickasaws and Choctaws. The host of unbelievers was led on by no less a personage, than Dr. Johnson. This eminent individual took fire at the idea of a new Parnassus in the Scottish Highlands, and began, as was remarked by Cowper on another occasion, to trample with his great foot upon every feather of Ossian's muse. In reply to an irritating letter of Macpherson, he threatened to make him feel the weight of something more substantial than a logical deduction. Aided by a host of others, he dealt his blows about him like one of the sturdiest of the Celtic heroes. The vindicators of Macpherson, on the other hand, were numerous and able, and the most prominent among them was Dr. Blair. Ossian himself might

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have likened the encounter of the combatants to the dark storms of autumn, pouring from two echoing hills. It happened, as is usual in such cases, that the eyes of the martialists were completely blinded by the smoke of their own artillery; the contest outlasted three or four sieges of Troy, and it was not until the opening of the present century, that it began to subside into something like repose.

The question of the authenticity of these poems is completely set at rest. The Highland Society of Scotland appointed a commission to recover, if they could, the original text of Ossian. Their report, drawn up by the excellent author of the Man of Feeling, while it betrays an inclination on the part of those who framed it, to believe as much as the case will admit, does by no means sustain the pretensions of Macpherson. The truth appears to be, that certain fragments of poetry, of what antiquity does not precisely appear, but in which the names of Fingal and Ossian held a prominent place, had been handed down by tradition in the Highlands, and that these were the basis, on which the gorgeous fabric of Macpherson was reared; but that the form and coloring, and some portion of the substance, were the work of his own hands. Some of these fragments are certainly beautiful; but there are others, which might make the lover of Ossian close the book in despair. In one of them, Gaul, the son of Morni, is represented as knocking on the head one of the most illustrious of the bards, for defrauding him of a beef-steak, dressed with onion sauce. Another specimen may be found in the Antiquary, where Hector M'Intyre, in, order to convince Mr. Oldbuck that the poetry of Ossian was well remembered in the Highlands, recites a portion of a fragment, describing a conversation between the Celtic bard and the tutelar saint of Ireland. Ossian, piqued at the indifference of St. Patrick towards his poetry, assures him that he looks upon him as little better than a certain animal, not much renowned for wisdom; the saint remarks with great composure, that the clamor of Ossian's old women's tales, (meaning his minstrelsy,) disturbs his devotional exercises. It is probable, however, that this is nothing more than a liberal paraphrase of the fragment, called the Prayer of Ossian, which is rude and barbarous enough, but not particularly ludicrous. The whole passage, however, shews plainly the opinion of Scott, no mean authority, on the subject of Macpherson and his claims.

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It is not surprising, that the interest excited by these poems, at the time of their publication, was very general and intense. They came forth, like a voice from the depths of ages, uttering the lofty inspirations of chivalry, breathing the softest notes of love, and pealing like a trumpet-call above the roar of battle; the standard of Fingal streamed again to the winds, "like a burst of the sun when the tempest was nigh;" the soul was saddened and elevated by their simple and melancholy images, as when one wanders in the dark paths of the forest, or gazes on the yellow line of the desert, or walks by the solitary shore of the sea. But, when doubts were spread abroad of the authenticity of the poems, all these impressions vanished, like the wreaths of morning mist; the sound was full of sublimity so long as it was mistaken for the distant thunder, but became almost ludicrous, when it was believed to proceed from the rattling of the wagon on the pavement. The influence of these poems on the English reader, which was very powerful for a time, was then entirely lost; but on the continent, where their genuineness was less questioned, they continued to exert a surprising power over the prevailing taste in literature. No more acceptable homage could be offered to Napoleon Bonaparte, than to compare him with the Celtic heroes; in France, the names of Ossian's warriors and heroines bade fair for a season to supplant the good old Christian names; Goethe was a lover of Ossian, and represents his Werther, on the eve of suicide, as enraptured with his lofty melancholy; Cesarotti translated him into Italian, and regarded him as standing at the head of all the epic bards; and Madame de Stael divides literature into two classes, those of the east and north, placing Homer at the head of one, and representing Ossian as the father of the other.

The recent death of William Henry Ireland has drawn the attention of the public anew to the subject of his forgeries of pretended writings of Shakspeare, which imposed upon many for a time, but were at last exploded by his own confession. Ireland, however, wanted the ability of Chatterton, and even of Macpherson. Indeed, his attempt to palm off a drama of his own as Shakspeare's was no sign of remarkable discretion; he might as well have undertaken to manage the chariot of the sun. We do not enter into a detail of the circumstances of his imposition, because they have been generally circulated in an interesting form in other journals, and because they have little

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importance as connected with the literature of the day. The last forty years of the life of Ireland were spent in obscurity, and, we believe, of poverty. His offence was severely visited upon him; the talent, which he certainly possessed, was not afterwards acknowledged; but, if his punishment was hard, the moral it conveys is not without its value, that honesty is quite as good policy in literary matters, as in all other concerns of life.

We have dwelt at some length upon the poems attributed to Ossian, because they are to be considered as in a great degree responsible for the false taste, which constituted quite a leading characteristic of the time, immediately succeeding that of their publication. The attraction of the better part of them probably arose from its resemblance to the simple beauty of the Hebrew Scriptures; mingled with this, however, there was a vein of lofty emptiness, a sort of prose upon stilts, which took strong hold of the fancy of youthful writers; nearly all of whom began to try their wings in imitations of the poetical prose of Macpherson, and thus produced a strange menagerie of Gorgons, Hydras, and Chimeras, to the special wonder and consternation of plain English readers. Perhaps the frequency of literary imposition is itself an indication of a previous decline of taste; when honest commodities are in good demand, and the supply tolerably abundant, there is little temptation to resort to knavery. The Della Cruscan school naturally came next, with Madame Piozzi and Mrs. Robinson at its head; and the Oscars and Malvinas were put to flight by the Anna Matildas and the Lauras. This ephemeral race was swept away by the blast of Gifford's satire; but not before they had prepared the way for the reception of the sentimental novels, which came in like an inundation at the beginning of the present century, and whose spells were with difficulty broken by the combined forces of Miss Edgeworth and Sir Walter Scott.

No one did more to encourage this false taste, than Dr. Darwin; and no man was ever more signally its victim. He was a person of eccentric turn of mind, but of great ability, and of acknowledged eminence in his medical profession. Some idea of his character, if the old proverb can be trusted, may be gathered from that of his intimate associates. One of these was Thomas Day, the ingenious author of Sandford and Merton. He was an enthusiast on the subject of education; and in order to give a practical illustration of his theory, as well as to secure a wife of quite superior order, he took two very young

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girls from the foundling hospital, and undertook to educate them in entire seclusion. But nature got the better of Mr. Day; his interesting pupils were always biting and scratching each other, and in the course of a few months, as we are informed by Miss Seward, "he was heartily glad to separate the little squabblers." Next he determined to try the experiment upon one, but, after persevering for some time, gave up in despair, because he found his little phœnix so destitute of self-command, notwithstanding his excellent lessons, as to scream when he poured melted sealing-wax upon her arm, and to exhibit some symptoms of fear, when he discharged a loaded pistol at her. This remarkable experiment in education forms the basis of a portion of the story of Miss Edgeworth's novel of Belinda. Dr. Darwin's pursuits lay in a different line, though he seems to have been possessed by a similar spirit; the schemes of both remind us of those of Swift's philosophers, who labored to extract sunbeams from cucumbers, and gunpowder from ice.

It was at a late period of life, that Darwin resolved to become a poet; he having judiciously avoided the muses for many years, lest they should entice him from his professional pursuits. His general plan appears to have been, to exhibit the processes of nature, the results of philosophical discovery, and the nature and operations of all things in the vegetable, animal and mineral kingdoms, in poetry; — refractory subjects these, and hard to be brought under the discipline of rhyme. The Doctor was aware of this, and in order to avoid the difficulty, invested his material substances with active qualities, and resorted, like Pope, to the Rosicrusian machinery of nymphs, and gnomes, and sylphs; forgetting that Pope had only used it for the purpose of burlesque. But no one can feel much sympathy with steel, however malleable it may be, or with stone, even though it be made to move and talk; nor is it much easier to enter into the loves and feelings of the plants, a subject, which figures largely in one of Darwin's most celebrated productions. This production was ingeniously ridiculed in a poem, entitled the Loves of the Triangles, in which cones, and cylinders, and cubes are animated with the tender passion; and, if we may judge from the remarks of Miss Seward, it would be rather difficult to determine which of the two poems is the better satire on the other. The versification of Darwin is harmony itself; it delights the ear, even when it makes no impression on

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the mind. Sometimes his extravagances are so startling, as to seem like the interpolation of some crafty satirist; as, for example, the passage in which he compares good old Dr. Franklin, the very last man who would be likely to indulge in such vagaries, to the god of love, laughing, stamping, snapping his fingers, and breaking thunderbolts upon his knee. The real difficulty with his poetry is, that it gives the reader the idea of an ingenious piece of workmanship, wrought without the slightest trace of feeling; it is beautiful, but as inanimate as the spirit of the frozen ocean. So it is with his philosophy; it exhibits much sagacity and learning, disfigured by a spirit of wild and visionary theory. He considers all animals, in the language of Falstaff, as the sons of their own works; — as originally springing from mere filaments of matter, which are improved into various degrees of perfection by the effort to obtain the means of subsistence; the advances of each generation being regularly transmitted to succeeding ones. These filaments first attain to the dignity of oysters, which acquire legs and arms by their efforts to reach the water, when they are left dry by the ebbing of the tide. They labor to rise above the rock, and the effort produces wings; they go on in the way of improvement, until by much study and hard labor, they become transformed into birds; and so on. It is represented as rather a striking instance of this march of matter, that the legs of certain aquatic birds were gradually lengthened by the habit of wading in the water, on their fishing expeditions; and a French naturalist has literally carried out this theory, by insisting that the long neck of the giraffe was acquired by its practice of browsing upon the branches of trees. Darwin was not the only believer in this odd theory; nor would we intimate, that his theories in general partake of quite so wild a character; but his judgment appears in most instances to have been subordinate to his fancy. He was much admired for a season, and was regarded with great respect by critics; but we doubt whether his works were ever read with much enthusiasm; if it were so, their day has long since past, and they now enjoy a quiet sleep, very secure from interruption, in the venerable dust of libraries. There is an incident in his personal history, which furnishes a tolerably apt illustration of his poetical system, and its fate. In order to improve upon the old fashioned mode of riding, he built a platform on his horse's back, on which he perched himself in triumph, undertaking to

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guide his movements by a system of machinery, something like that of the wheel of a rudder. One day, while circumnavigating after this singular fashion, the animal made an unexpected tack, which brought the doctor to the earth with great expedition, and lamed him for life. But his fall from his poetical Pegasus was even more signal; what was believed to be sublime was at last pronounced turgid, and Dr. Darwin was forgotten.

There was the more room for the display of this perverted taste, because, during the whole period in question, comparatively little poetry appeared of a very exalted order. Great genius, manifested in commanding effort, is the only effectual purifier of declining taste; never is the atmosphere of pestilence more surely generated, than when the elements have long been sleeping. The fastidious muse of Gray belongs but partly to this period, a portion of his few poems being of an earlier date; Goldsmith wandered only for a moment in the fields of fancy; and Beattie sang but a solitary strain, "at the close of the day, when the hamlet was still." Southey has collected specimens of the poetry of the day, and it is surprising to perceive how small a portion of its authors is remembered. With a very few exceptions, to which we shall have occasion more particularly to allude, there is not one, who can be said to have exercised any considerable influence over the intellect of his time. The power of Gifford's satire has been already mentioned; he brought up a park of heavy artillery to disperse a knot of butterflies, and succeeded to admiration; but the game was hardly worth the ammunition, and the labor, as well as the remembrance of it, was soon lost. Dr. Wolcott, better known by the name of Peter Pindar, is but one of the many instances, in which contempt and oblivion follow the prostitution of superior powers. Hayley is an example of better taste, united with inferior ability; his private virtues were so bright, and his kindness of heart so rare, that one is reluctant to affirm the just sentence, which the world has passed upon the wire-drawn debility of his writings. But we have no space to continue this enumeration. An experiment, which may be worth mentioning in this connexion, was made to test the power of poetry, at the time, when the English stood in dread of an invasion of their coast from revolutionary France. Mr. Pye, who was poet laureat at this critical season, mindful of the influence of the verses of Tyrtœus over the Spartan

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soldiery, translated some of them, in order to infuse a double portion of patriotic spirit into the British train-bands. Some of the commanders of the encamped militia were highly delighted with them, and caused them to be read aloud at the head of several regiments, anticipating the happiest effects from their brilliancy and patriotism. Unfortunately, before they were half finished, it was found that the greater portion of the soldiers within ear-shot, were fast asleep. In general, and as compared with other periods of English literature, there was a solemn pause among the sons of inspiration; the temple was deserted by nearly all its worshippers, while, as in old time at the Christmas revels, the boisterous masquers frisked in its venerable aisles, and made its arches echo to fantastic songs. One might for a season have supposed that the burden of the mighty city, "the beauty of the Chaldee's excellency," was to fall upon it; that the owl and satyr were to inhabit its halls, and dragons to make their abode in its pleasant pavilions.

A striking exception to the truth of these general remarks, is to be found in the case of Crabbe. Perhaps he might with more propriety be regarded as belonging to the present century; as the greater portion of his writings has been published within the last thirty years, after a very long interval, during which he was entirely silent. But his Village made its appearance about fifty years ago, and produced a strong impression upon discerning readers, although, owing to causes not very difficult of explanation, it did not become a general favorite with the public. His youth and a portion of his manhood were spent in his native village, a miserable spot upon the borders of the German ocean, where neither man nor nature appeared under very favorable aspects; both reflected the gloom and misery of his own condition. These circumstances affected his poetry, very much as the east winds of the season, which we by courtesy call spring, affect the invalid's debilitated frame. He seems to be animated, at times, by a spirit of revenge against man and nature; the gloom and desolation of the one, and the faults and infirmities of the other, are portrayed with the most revolting accuracy; he lays bare the heart before us, as with the knife of an anatomist. This effect is produced chiefly by his selection of his subject and his coloring; the outline is too severely true, and the heart of the reader bears witness to its truth. In his later years, when his own circumstances had become more prosperous, his views of life

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were rather more cheerful; but in none of his descriptions of humble life, powerful and graphic as they certainly are, is there much of the ornamental drapery, which a cheerful spirit can throw over the lowliest condition. Men are not very apt to welcome with delight the clouds and chill of a November day. If a writer choose to enforce the gloomy views of Johnson in his Rasselas, it will be well for him, at least, to provide his readers with a happy valley. Crabbe held up before his a mirror, which reflected every wrinkle and defective lineament with the most unsatisfactory precision; and the consequence was, that, though his excellence was every where admitted, he was neither loved nor imitated.

While the poetical world was thus hushed in scarcely broken repose, there flashed a brilliant meteor from a quarter of the firmament, whence such a phenomenon was little looked for. Whatever might have been the glories of the ancient Scottish minstrelsy, the English ear could listen only to the music of the Lowland tongue; and we are indebted, for our knowledge of the elder Scottish poets, almost exclusively to the notices, which have been set before us by the curiosity and patriotism of modern writers. Few, we imagine, were very familiar with James of Scotland, the captive monarch-minstrel, before Mr. Irving made him the subject of one of his brilliant sketches; nor was the name of Sir David Lindesay any where as common as a household word, before Scott pronounced on the "Lord lion King at Arms," a sounding eulogy in Marmion. After the union, it became a favorite object with the literary men of Scotland, to identify their language and literature, as far as possible, with that of England. Now and then some sturdy patriot might be found, like the Baron of Bradwardine in Waverley, who "read the Epithalamium of Georgius Buchanan, and Arthur Johnstone's Psalms of a Sunday, and the Deliciæ Poetarum, and Sir David Lindesay's works, and Barbour's Bruce, and the Gentle Shepherd, and the Cherry and the Slae;" but the instances were probably quite rare; and even the Baron thought it a pity that these writings were not done in prose. We are indebted to the same personage for some information respecting the national poetry of his own time, which was about a century ago; when he remarks, that the only person who had excelled of late in the vain and unprofitable art of poem-making, was Allan Ramsay, the periwig-maker. The use of the Scottish idiom began to be considered as a species

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of vulgarity, into which no writer of taste or genius ought to fall; and so lasting was this prejudice, that the enterprising bookseller, to whom the manuscript of Waverley was offered by Sir Walter Scott, was at first afraid to print it, because it contained so much broad Scotch. This feeling reminds us of that expressed by Louis Bonaparte, when, as king of Holland, the favorite dish of pickled herring was first set before him; he is said to have observed with considerable emphasis, that patriotism might possibly induce one to eat the creatures, but nothing else could. We may well conceive, then, with what surprise these fastidious gentlemen beheld a young Scottish farmer, striking a note of inspiration, to which saloons and palaces had long been strangers; breathing, in this neglected and unfashionable dialect, the sweetest wood-notes wild; casting aside all conventional restraints, and pouring the full tide of song from the depths of a chivalrous and burning heart. No wonder, that the philosophers of Edinburgh gazed upon the stranger with perplexity, if not with awe, while he rekindled the patriotic fires, which they had labored to extinguish; no wonder, that the peasant in his cottage, the lady in her bower, the baron in his hall, welcomed with gratitude and pride the new defender of their country's fame, who stood before them in the manly dignity of genius, with the seal of inspiration on his brow.

And what a history was that of Robert Burns! From childhood to maturity, he is condemned by hopeless want to labor, till he exhausts a constitution of unusual vigor; his verses are composed and repeated to those around him, while he is following the plough; but the world goes hard with him, and he resolves to seek in another land the prosperous fortune, which his own denies. In order to defray the expenses of his voyage, he publishes a collection of his poems; and then, for the first time, bursts upon the world the knowledge of his power. He goes to Edinburgh; there he is courted by the wise, the brilliant, and the gay; the manly form and flashing eye of the young farmer are the attraction of the glittering saloon, while his conversation is the wonder of the philosophic circle; but these are unprofitable honors; and his country has no higher permanent reward for him, than the post of an exciseman. The principle, once superior to adverse fortune, melts beneath the morning sunbeams of prosperity; his prospects are now shrouded in deeper gloom; he retains virtue enough to lament his errors and infirmities, and too much strength of passion to

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correct them; instead of submitting to the evils incident to his condition, he exhausts his spirit in the vain attempt to war against them, as the imprisoned eagle dashes himself against the iron bars of his cage; till at length he sinks, in the prime of manhood, into an obscure and almost unhonored grave.

Dugald Stewart expressed the opinion, that the intellect of Burns, bold, vigorous and commanding as it was, must have rendered him conspicuous, to whatever subject it might be applied. Others have believed that it was even better adapted to other departments of thought, than that to which it was devoted; but it is on his poetry alone, that his fame will permanently rest. Much of this can be remembered only with regret, as the effusion of a reckless and ungoverned spirit, repelling by its coarseness, more than it attracts by its power. He was formed for higher purposes than to grovel in rude invective, or to amuse a bacchanalian rabble with licentious songs. His heart was naturally a fountain of generous and manly feeling, whose waters gushed out in a sparkling tide, spreading around them a bright circle of living green. The secret of his attraction is his fidelity to nature. It is by this that he touches the most delicate chords of sympathy; and where shall we look for a finer example of this power, than in his Cotter's Saturday Night, so familiar, yet how beautiful! The peasantry of Scotland loved him; for he invested their feelings and sentiments, their joys and sorrows, with dignity and beauty; he redeemed their language from contempt; he made the heart of every true Scot burn within him, as he thought of the hills and valleys of his native land; he guided the footsteps of the pilgrim to the scenes of her traditional glories; he sung those glories in such lofty strains, that the world stood still to listen. "When the first shovel-full of earth sounded on his coffin lid," says his biographer, who was present at his funeral, I looked up, and saw tears on many cheeks, where tears were not usual." A just and touching tribute to the bard, who had led the muses to dwell by the lowly cottage fireside; who had shewn, by testimony not soon to be forgotten, that wherever human nature is, the reare the elements of poetry. "Did you never observe," said Gray, ('when rocking winds are piping loud') "that pause, when the gust is re-collecting itself, and rising on the ear in a shrill and plaintive note, like the swell of an Æolian harp? I do assure you, there is nothing in the world, so like the voice of a spirit." In his better mo-

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ments, in the pauses of the storm, the melody of Burns was like the spirit's voice; nothing could be more touching or more unaffected than his strain; but the dark hour, the season of the conflict of his fiery passions, was his most familiar one; then he ran through every mode of the lyre, from the deepest tones of sorrow to the grandest strain of prophecy. With him, poetry was indeed the language of passion. Nature's sternest aspects gave him most delight, because they suited best the prevailing habit of his soul. "There is scarcely any earthly object," says he, "gives me more, — I do not know that I should call it pleasure, — but something which exalts me, something which enraptures me, — than to walk in the sheltered side of a wood or a high plantation, in a cloudy winter day, and hear the stormy wind howling among the trees, and raving over the plain. It is my best season for devotion; my mind is rapt up in a kind of enthusiasm to Him who, in the language of the Hebrew bard, walks on the wings of the wind." He composed the noble address of Bruce to his army at Bannockburn, while riding in a terrific storm of wind and rain. Would that he had never been unfaithful to nature, whether bright with sunshine or dark with storm! Would that he had never suffered the ashes to gather over his celestial fire; had never failed to remember, that the noblest way of fame is the way of virtue!

The brief and melancholy career of Burns terminated at the age of thirty-seven; but there is little probability that, with his fierce spirit and consuming passions, added to the misery of blighted hope, length of days would have much enhanced his renown, or that his later years would have fulfilled the rich promise of the spring. In beautiful contrast with him, stands his contemporary, Cowper, — truly a man of God, — held in reverence by all, who love to see high talent in delightful union with the amiable virtues; by all, who can sympathize with a meek and lowly spirit, crushed by the heaviest calamity under which humanity is ever called to suffer, yet always breathing out from the depth of his affliction the accents of love to God, and good will to man. His multiplied biographies have made his personal history familiar to all readers. Year after year was his fine intellect shrouded by insanity, and when the close of life drew nigh, his condition realized the idea of the dark valley of the shadow of death. His peculiar sensitiveness, combined with the infirmities of a very delicate frame, compelled him early to retire from the agitation of the world, into deep

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seclusion; — there, like a river in the wilderness, unseen of man, but reflecting the bright blue sky of Heaven from its bosom, his days passed tranquilly away. But his solitude was not the cold and selfish seclusion of the anchorite; it did not chill the current of his generous affections; and his sorrows, which were many, melted without hardening his heart. No man had ever a stronger hold on the hearts of those around him; his unobtrusive charities, his tenderness for others, made his whole life an emblem of the influences of the faith, on which his soul was anchored. Nothing can be more touching than the love with which he clung to the remembrance of the mother, whom he lost in infancy; his allusions to her in his writings remind us of those addressed by Pope to the venerable parent, who was spared to witness the noontide glories of his fame. And the memory of Mrs. Unwin, — the excellent friend who watched him through that painful suffering, when the burden of affection ceases to be light and easy, and the love of many waxes cold, — is indissolubly bound with his. Under every aspect, and in all its relations, the character of Cowper may be studied with profit and delight.

His genius was as bold and original, as his character was pure and humble. There is not one of the poets of his country, who owed less to those who went before him; the path in which he adventured was his own, and he trod it with a just and manly confidence in his own powers. His poetry is a faithful transcript of his own thoughts and feelings, as his descriptions are living copies of the scenery and objects around him. Sometimes he ventures into the domain of satire; perhaps too frequently; though his ridicule is never personal, it is not always in perfect harmony with the prevailing gravity of his theme. He makes no effort to produce effect; the effect which he does produce arises not from highly wrought passages, but from the general strain and tenor of his writings; indeed, he is so natural and unpretending, that the very absence of apparent effort sometimes causes the reader to lose sight of the extent and versatility of his genius. Yet his powers were vast and varied. Now he utters the grand and melancholy warnings of the Hebrew prophets; now his inimitable humor flashes out with singular attraction; presently, familiar scenes are brought most vividly before us in his graphic descriptions. Under all circumstances, he awakens a deep interest in the welfare of his race, and the loftiest aspirations for their intellectual and social freedom. Other poets had looked upon re-

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ligion as the rock of the desert; Cowper struck that rock as with the prophet's rod, and made it flow with healing waters. He transplanted new subjects into the domain of poetry, and made them flourish with unwonted beauty. Who, before him, ever called up with such effect the images of domestic life and the recollections of the happy fireside? Who, before him, ever spread over outward nature the chastened light of religious feeling, which makes it lovely as our own autumnal landscape, under the sweet influences of the Indian summer?

We are aware, that we have given but a faint and imperfect sketch of the poetry of the latter part of the last century; one, which will perhaps only remind the reader of the remark of Johnson on the work of an English traveller; that it contained "unimportant details of his passage from one place where he saw little, to another, where he saw no more." There are several names, of some distinction too, to which we have not even alluded. Our purpose was rather to dwell upon those individuals, who exercised considerable influence, for good or evil, over writers who came after them. We can enumerate but three, who had ability enough to leave the beaten track, and to present themselves in the attitude, and with the true spirit of reformers; and these three were Crabbe, Burns and Cowper. Each of these poets, with different degrees of power and success, labored to turn back the current of false sentiment, and to set his seal, visibly and deeply, upon his age. The influence of Crabbe, for reasons already intimated, was very limited; the cloud did not attract the eye, because it rarely turned out its silver lining on the night. With the single exception of the Corn-law rhymer, we know of no succeeding poet, who can be said to have been inspired by his example. That of Burns and Cowper was more direct and obvious. As the shades were closing around the eighteenth century, several stars, of more than ordinary brilliancy, were successively appearing above the horizon. Campbell had already published his Pleasures of Hope, the very best of all his poems; suggested perhaps by the Pleasures of Memory of Rogers, which appeared not long before; and Coleridge, Southey, Wordsworth, and Scott had already exhibited their rich and various powers. It was upon this brilliant circle, that the influence of Burns and Cowper was chiefly manifested. Burns laid open the new world of Scottish scenery, manners, language, and character, to other and more fortunate adventurers, and thus enabled Scott

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to gather an unfading laurel harvest from the heaths and mountains of his country. It is a circumstance worth remembering, that Burns himself appears to have foreseen the future glory of the mighty minstrel. When Scott was quite a lad, he caught the notice of the poet, by naming the author of some verses, describing a soldier lying dead on the snow. Burns regarded the future minstrel with sparkling eyes, and said, 'Young man, you have begun to consider these things early.' He paused on seeing Scott's flushing face, and shook him by the hand, saying, in a deep tone, 'This boy will be heard of yet.' Nor was the effect of his lyrical success less striking; there can be little doubt that the melodies of Moore, which are worth all his other writings put together, were suggested by those, by which Burns did so much for the fame of Scottish minstrelsy. Still less can it be questioned, that the diversified and brilliant character of all the later poets we have mentioned, may in great part be traced to the force and originality of Cowper's example. Of all the poets of his time, he is certainly to be regarded with the greatest veneration; his memory will be the very last to fail. It is well that it should be so; for his aim was to raise poetry to its proper elevation, by making it the handmaid of high and holy purposes, the nurse of lofty aspirations for virtue and religious purity and of ardent sympathy with what is free and noble, the enlarger of the intellect, and the purifier of the heart. We do not deem it a vain and idle persuasion, that the day will come, when her celestial vestments and starry diadem will no more adorn the painted forms of vice and sensuality; when mankind will no longer do homage to the idols of perverted genius. Perhaps all the living generation shall not taste of death, before the eastern sky kindle with the day-spring, that shall herald the coming of an age, when poetry, instead of turning the waters into blood, like the burning mountain of the apocalypse, shall bear some faint resemblance to the descending city of the same mysterious vision, over the light of whose towers and palaces darkness shall have no dominion, and into whose gates shall enter nothing but the pure and blameless.

Mr. Allan Cunningham, the author of the biography before us, is not unknown to the lovers of our contemporary literature. His father, a respectable Scottish farmer, was steward of the proprietor of the farm of Ellisland in Nithsdale, on which Burns dwelt for a few years prior to his removal to

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Dumfries, where he resided in the capacity of an exciseman, until his death; and appears to have been a man of sense and capacity. He endeavored to dissuade the poet from selecting this farm, on which his fortune was wrecked, in preference to another, less romantic in its situation, but far more fertile, which he offered him; but finding his remonstrances unavailing, remarked to him, "Mr. Burns, you have made a poet's, not a farmer's choice." The life of Burns had been previously written by men abundantly inclined to do the subject justice, but who had all, with the exception of Mr. Lockhart, done his memory much wrong. The narrative of Mr. Heron was written at the time when a subscription was raising for the benefit of the poet's family, and is mentioned by Cunningham in terms of much severity, as equally unfeeling and unjust. Currie and Walker, men of talent and liberal feeling, both of whom were warm in their admiration of Burns, appear to have been misled by the accounts of others in their view of some portions of his history; Jeffrey did perhaps still more to strengthen these erroneous impressions, by a harsh and unfeeling notice in the Edinburgh Review; and the honorable task of vindicating the memory of his countryman from the aspersions of foes and mistaken friends, was reserved for Mr. Lockhart, who accomplished it in a manner alike creditable to his feelings and his ability. He has shewn, by testimony not open to exception, that Burns, however he may have yielded to temptation, when allured by the attractions of society, never did so without self-reproach; that he was not habitually degraded; and that the light of manly feeling and principle within him, though it often wavered, was never extinguished. The example of Lockhart in this particular has been followed by Mr. Cunningham. His narrative derives much interest from the fact, that he writes with the feeling of one, whose early circumstances naturally bound him by strong sympathy with Burns. The other biographers had contemplated the poet from a high point of social elevation; Mr. Cunningham observes him from a different level, and writes with deeper interest and feeling. Without finding it in his power to collect many new facts, he has yet been able to prepare a very interesting narrative, and one which will be very acceptable to the many, who love to learn all that is remembered of the history of a man of extraordinary genius. The following extract will be read with deep interest. It describes Burns's death and funeral.

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" Sea-bathing relieved for a while the pains in the poet's limbs; but his appetite failed; he was oppressed with melancholy; he looked ruefully forward, and saw misery and ruin ready to swallow his helpless household up. Burns grew feverish on the 14th of July, (1796;) felt himself sinking, and longed to be at home. He returned on the 18th, in a small spring cart; the ascent to his own house was steep, and the cart stopped at the foot of the Mill-hole-brae; when he alighted, he shook much and stood with difficulty; he seemed unable to stand upright. He stooped, as if in pain, and walked tottering towards his own door; his looks were hollow and ghastly, and those who saw him then never expected to see him in life again.

" It was soon spread through Dumfries that Burns had returned from the Brow much worse than when he went away; and it was added that he was dying. The anxiety of the people, high and low, was very great. I was present and saw it. Whenever two or three were together, their talk was of Burns, and of him alone. They spoke of his history, of his person, and of his works, of his witty sayings and his sarcastic replies, and of his too early fate, with much enthusiasm, and sometimes with deep feeling. All that he had done, and all that they had hoped he would accomplish, were talked of; half a dozen of them stopped Dr. Maxwell in the street, and said, 'How is Burns, Sir?' He shook his head, saying, 'he cannot be worse,' and passed on to be subjected to similar inquiries farther up the way. I heard one of a group inquire with much simplicity, 'Who do you think will be our poet now?'

" Though Burns now knew he was dying, his good humor was unruffled, and his wit never forsook him. When he looked up and saw Dr. Maxwell at his bed-side,—'Alas,' he said, 'What has brought you here? I am but a poor crow, and not worth plucking.' He pointed to his pistols, took them in his hand, and gave them to Maxwell, saying they could not be in worthier keeping, and he should never more have need of them. This relieved his proud heart from a sense of obligation. Soon afterwards he saw Gibson, one of his brother volunteers, by the bed-side, with tears in his eyes. He smiled and said, 'John, don't let the awkward squad fire over me.'

" His little household presented a melancholy spectacle; the poet dying; his wife in hourly expectation of being confined; four helpless children wandering from room to room, gazing on their miserable parents, and little of food or cordial kind to pacify the whole or soothe the sick. To Jessie Lewars, all who are charmed with the poet's works are much indebted; she acted with the prudence of a sister and the tenderness of a daughter,

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and kept desolation away, though she could not keep disease. 'A tremor,' says Maxwell, 'pervaded his frame; his tongue, though often refreshed, became parched; and his mind, when not roused by conversation, sunk into delirium. On the second and third day after his return from the Brow, the fever increased, and his strength diminished. On the fourth day, when his attendant held a cordial to his lips, he swallowed it eagerly, rose almost wholly up, spread out his hands, sprang forward nigh the whole length of the bed, fell on his face and expired. He was thirty-seven years and seven months old, and of a form and strength which promised long life; but the great and inspired are often cut down in youth, while

"Villains ripen gray with time."

"His interment took place on the twenty-fifth of July; nor should it be forgotten, in relating the poet's melancholy story, that, while his body was borne along the street, his widow was taken in labor and delivered of a son, who survived his birth but a short while. The leading men of the town and neighborhood appeared as mourners; the streets were lined by the Angus-shire Fencibles and the Cinque Ports Cavalry, and his body was borne by the volunteers to the old Kirk-yard, with military honors. The multitude who followed amounted to many thousands. It was an impressive and a mournful sight; all was orderly and decorous. The measured steps, the military array, the colors displayed, and the muffled drum, I thought then, and think now, had no connexion with a pastoral bard. I mingled with the mourners. On reaching the grave into which the poet's body was about to descend, there was a pause among them, as if loth to part with his remains; and when the first shovel-full of earth sounded on the coffin-lid, I looked up, and saw tears on many cheeks where tears were not usual. The volunteers justified the surmise of Burns by three ragged and straggling vollies; the earth was heaped up, and the vast multitude melted silently away."

In connexion with the biography, Mr. Cunningham has favored the public with a new edition of the works of Burns, doubtless the most complete and valuable that has yet appeared. He has endeavored to arrange the several productions, as far as might be, in the order in which they were composed, and has illustrated them with a variety of copious annotations, containing much curious and entertaining information. He has procured a large number of poetical pieces, which were not included in the edition of Currie, together with many letters, not previously published. In filling up the blanks which had been

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left by other editors with the names of persons and places originally intended, he has received much aid from the early friends and correspondents of Burns. Whether he may not have been more free in his revelations than was consistent with the regard due to individuals or to surviving friends, we cannot undertake to determine; but we are inclined to fear that in some instances the public curiosity will be gratified at the expense of private feeling. There can be no doubt, however, that he is eminently qualified for the execution of his task by his familiarity with the domestic habits and manners, and the other peculiarities of the peasantry of Scotland, as well as by his early acquaintance with the scenes, where a portion of the life of Burns was spent, after he had become the object of general curiosity and admiration. By all, who desire to be most intimately acquainted with the character and writings of the poet, the result of his labors will probably be regarded as superseding the necessity of any future investigation.

In order to enable us to form an entirely accurate judgment of the character and powers of a man of genius, it may perhaps be desirable that we should be in possession of those minute particulars, which indicate the general current, as well as the changes of his thoughts and feelings, and which bring the individual before us, as he appeared to those who knew him in the daily intercourse of life; but it cannot be denied, that the person who is thus revealed to the world, is unfortunate beyond the ordinary lot; that he is exposed to a trial, from which few could escape unharmed. Many are happy enough to present to the public their own portraits of their own character, and to obliterate, or at least to soften the harsher features of extravagance and folly. Far different has been the fate of Burns. Every burst of passion, every violent and sometimes intolerably coarse outbreak of satire, every infidel exclamation, every howl of debauchery, every thing, in short, which fell from the lips or pen of one so conspicuous, and the very extravagance or rudeness of which caused it to be remembered, has been faithfully treasured up, and we see him as he was; — his character stripped of the veil, with which tenderness is apt to cover frailty. He appears to have anticipated that such would be his fate, and sometimes alludes to it with feeling. Those who are interested in his history may yet derive from it the monitory lesson, so beautifully conveyed by Wordsworth in his address to the sons of Burns, on visiting the grave of their father.

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"Let no mean hope your souls enslave;
Be independent, generous, brave;
Your father such example gave,
And such revere:
But be admonished by his grave,
And think and fear!"

ART. III. — *Survey of the Coast.*

1. *Papers on various Subjects connected with the Survey of the Coast of the United States.* By F. R. HASSLER. *Communicated 3d March*, 1820. *Transactions of the American Philosophical Society.* Vol. 2. New Series. Philadelphia. 1825.

2. *Principal Documents relating to the Survey of the Coast of the United States since* 1816. Published by F. R. HASSLER, Superintendent of the Survey. New-York. 1834.

IT may naturally excite some surprise, that in an age peculiarly characterized by an adventurous philosophy, when scarcely any plausible scheme fails for lack of patronage, so little attention should be given to an undertaking of so great public concern, and so far as its execution has proceeded, so honorable to the nation, as the Survey of the Coast. It is, indeed, perhaps not so much as generally known, that such a survey was originated nearly thirty years since; that it has, with different degrees of success, always under the patronage of the government, and, with the exception of about fourteen years, always under the same superintendent, subsisted to the present day; and that its results, so far as they have transpired, have elicited commendation in every country but our own.

That it has been so, may be partly owing to a cause which we would do our part towards removing. The notice of a national work of this kind in the annual communication from the chief of a department, passes as a thing of course. A critique on the management of its details, in a periodical, which is exclusively scientific, is read only by the initiated; while the mass and influential part of the community may remain ignorant of a work, than which few have stronger claims to their

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favorable consideration. We propose to treat briefly of the enterprise in question, in such form as may suit a journal designed for more general circulation, presenting only so much of its history as may serve to shew the probable chain of policy, by which the government have been influenced in its adoption and prosecution to the present period; and so much of its technicality and detail as may exhibit its relation to other scientific works of the same age.

In doing this we refer to the works named at the head of this paper, only as giving the most authentic history of the survey, and not for the purpose of reviewing their merits as literary productions. Most of these papers can indeed never, for such a purpose, be properly made the subject of any review. With the exception of the answer to Mr. Gallatin's circular, which contains the first detailed plan for a general survey of the coast, written in unexceptionable French, they are the descriptions and correspondence of a foreigner evidently of high attainments, but composing in a language with which he is not sufficiently familiar, and occupying, so far, a situation in which few of the most talented of the world have shown themselves to advantage. So far, therefore, as the style of these papers deserve mere literary censure, it should be most leniently bestowed. We could not justify ourselves for criticising, even in a passing notice, the literary execution of a writer evidently understanding an abstruse subject fully, writing too, for the most part, in his own defence, but writing in a language with which he is evidently too little acquainted to use it with precision.

The survey seems to have been first publicly spoken of during the year 1806, and to have had for its first patrons Professor Patterson and Mr. Clay of Philadelphia, and Mr. Garnet of New Brunswick. From the account given, in page 53 of the documents, we should be inclined to consider Mr. Patterson as the originator of the project and its most zealous and efficient supporter; and that he had succeeded, perhaps through the agency of Mr. Clay, in recommending it to the consideration of Mr. Jefferson and his cabinet. There are, unfortunately, no documents preserved of that period, which explain either in what view the survey had been recommended to the notice of Mr. Jefferson, or from what motive it had been entertained and encouraged by his confidential advisers. He perhaps patronized it from the love of science, which was a predominant

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trait in his character, and estimated it for its general uses, as tending to the cultivation of the exact sciences in this country. They, perhaps, only appreciated it as supplying a *desideratum* in geographical knowledge, which was then beginning to be felt by the maritime interests of the country. Or it may be that both President and Cabinet considered it as an indispensable prerequisite to the system of gun-boat marine, which is still remembered as a favorite project of Mr. Jefferson. Whether the latter conjecture be specifically correct or not, yet, if the government have, from the commencement, patronised the survey rather for some object of immediate utility, than for any more general effect, which the enlarged patronage thus afforded to science might ultimately produce, we have at least one reason why so little should be known or said of the work, and why its importance should be underrated, even though its patronage may not appear to have been stinted. An accurate survey of the coast, as affording us a knowledge of the facilities and dangers of our extensive sea-board, is unquestionably of great importance to all the maritime interests of the country, and its execution a legitimate function of the general government. But as to the *manner* of its execution there are considerations of national honor, which an enlightened administration should regard as equivalent if not paramount to the more immediate object. It should not only be executed with a view to the specific interest which it is intended to subserve, but also with the best aid which the science of the time can afford; presenting thus to the government an opportunity of grafting on knowledge at home the improvements of foreign countries, and ensuring that we shall never be ashamed of our own scientific productions, even when compared with those of older nations. Since Geodetic operations have been in progress in the old world, every one of the ancillary arts and sciences has advanced rapidly. Optics and horology had, previous to 1780, been considered only as subservient to the higher astronomy, and had of course very limited encouragement; but since the commencement of the extensive surveys authorized by almost every government in Christendom, these two arts have reached such perfection as to leave scarce any thing unknown either in their theory or its application. The trigonometrical survey of England had been commenced in 1792. The survey of the coast of the United States, as we have said before, was projected in 1806, only fourteen years after. On a comparison of the first results

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of the British Survey, as managed by General Roy, with those of the American Survey, as devised by Professor Hassler, it will be evident that the advantage, both in science and practical skill, was on our side. The results of the British triangulation were found so defective as to make necessary not only a re-measurement of their bases, but of many of the angles connecting them. But on our side, as we shall have occasion to show hereafter, the very first determinations of 1817 have an agreement with those made subsequently in 1834, than which we have nothing better in the detail of similar operations elsewhe re.

The conjecture, that the survey of the coast originated as a necessary auxiliary to Mr. Jefferson's system of defending the sea-board, by a flotilla of small armed vessels, has nothing certain for its basis, and can merely be considered as probable from the circumstance of the two projects coming before the public about the same time. It seems, however, almost indispensable to the judicious management of such a force of gun-boats, that the smaller and less practicable channels should be accurately known; as enabling these small vessels to manœuvre and rendezvous in force, by routes which would be insufficient for vessels of heavier draft.

Apart from considerations of national honor and interest, there are other reasons why a survey of the coast of the United States, if made at all, should be executed with all the precision which can possibly be obtained at any time. The coast for five sixths of its length is low, and may be considered as half formed; the beaches and shoals of which it is composed are constantly shifting by the operation of winds, and tides, and currents; so that the deep channel of one year may be a down the next. This is the case in every part of the coast, from Rhode-Island to the mouths of the Mississippi. That part of hydrodynamics, therefore, which treats of the formation of alluvions, and of the operation of surf and winds upon them, will soon become a useful and necessary study in this country. The time is not far distant when the great metropolis of New York may find the helping hand of science necessary to clear out the access to her beautiful bay. As preliminary to any project of this sort, hydrographic surveys of the most accurate kind, shewing the changes operated upon the shoals and channels from year to year, would be invaluable. Careless examinations would necessarily be injurious, as serving for false

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bases. And, in a general point of view, the formation of both beaches and downs is a study of much interest, and to which heretofore but little systematic attention has been given.

To return, however, to the history of the survey. The first official paper relating to it is the circular of Mr. Gallatin, then Secretary of the Treasury, dated March 25, 1807. It may be considered as an exhibit very nearly of the views of the administration, and contains throughout probable evidence that it was for some object of immediate utility, that the survey had been authorized. It may at that time have begun to be known that the French and English governments were in possession of better surveys, and more accurate soundings of our most used harbors than we possessed ourselves, and a mere feeling of shame of our ignorance, and the inferiority which we must necessarily suffer from, in case of hostilities, may have directed the attention of the government more strongly to the subject.

Mr. Gallatin says in his Paper,

"It seems to me that the work should consist of three distinct parts, viz.

"1. The ascertainment, by a series of astronomical observations, of the true position of a few remarkable points on the coast." [The reference to light-houses shows that a rapid execution was intended.]

"2. A trigonometrical survey of the coast between these points, of which the position shall have been astronomically ascertained.

"3. A nautical survey of the shoals and soundings of the coast, of which the trigonometrical survey of the coast itself, and the ascertained position of the light-houses and other distinguishable objects shall be the bases."

Mr. Gallatin's circular was addressed, as we learn, from another part of the documents, to the principal scientific gentlemen then in the United States. They appear to have been eleven or twelve in number, though their names are in no place mentioned. We have only in reply the letter of Professor Hassler, and cannot therefore judge, whether other projects may have been recommended by those whose opinions had been solicited by the government, or what amount of practical knowledge on such subjects was then to be found in the country.

The reply of Professor Hassler describes two modes, the first indicating a geodetic survey of the first class; and the sec-

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ond, the project nearly as it seems to have been understood by the Secretary.

"La marche que vous avez tracée à cet ouvrage dans votre lettre est très juste, et en contient les veritables principes; permettez moi de les étendre seulement, en y appliquant quelques considérations plus détaillées.

"Pour faire cette levée avec toute l'exactitude possible, la marche à suivre seroit la suivante. De mesurer par toute l'étendue des côtes avec un cercle répétiteur à deux lunettes, d'un pied de diamètre (ou à son défaut avec un theodolite Anglois de même diamètre au moins, et susceptible de multiplier les angles) une chaîne de triangles d'environ 60 à 100 mille pieds de côte, fondée sur deux ou plusieurs bases mesurées avec les moyens d'exactitude connus."

After describing the manner in which the topographical details shall be executed, he proceeds.

"Si un tel plan d'opération était regardé comme d'une exécution trop entravée par les localités, il faudrait y substituer le suivant, qui serait.

"De suppléer le mesure triangulaire par les déterminations de longitude et latitude, avec des chronomètres et des sextants ou cercles de reflexion, qui doivent dans ces cas être de première qualité, et les chronomètres toujours. Une série de points et signaux systêmatiquement placés et distribués doivent par là être déterminés, de même que les triangles de la méthode precedente. Cette méthode quoiqu' elle ne soit pas susceptible de toute l'exactitude de la précédente, est cependant exempte du défaut d'accumulation d'erreurs, parceque les déterminations sont indépendantes les unes des autres. (on peut estimer les latitudes à 10″ de degré et les longitudes par chronomètres à 2″ de temps exact."

These extracts, taken in connexion, convey at least presumptive evidence, that the government were undertaking an operation, of whose extent and importance they had an inadequate conception, and that the person in whose opinion they had confided, had early conceived the idea of making its execution, if possible, not only creditable to the country but to himself. If such were the case, and the government from the commencement patronized the work only as necessary, cheap and useful, while the superintendent has been constantly aiming to give it all the aid of the most improved state of science, there has been abundant reason for the parties, by misunderstanding each

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other, to embroil all the details, and produce a chaos from the very best materials.

The law authorizing the survey had been passed in February of 1807. The circular of Mr. Gallatin is dated in March, and the reply of Professor Hassler in the April following. During the autumn of the same year, Professor Hassler received an official notification of the approval of his plan of the survey by the President, and was requested to communicate a description of the necessary instruments and an estimate of their expense. He subsequently, viz., in September of the same year, accepted the commission proposed to him to go to London, for the purpose of procuring the apparatus which he had indicated. The distracted state of our commercial affairs put a stop to any further measures till 1811, when the mission for the purchase of instruments was officially proposed by Mr. Gallatin and accepted by the Professor, and on the 29th of August he embarked for Liverpool. This mission was completed on the 14th of December, 1815, by the delivery of the instruments, books, and apparatus purchased for the government, to Robert Patterson, Esq. the Director of the Mint.

During the interval between Professor Hassler's appointment to go to London, viz. in May, 1811, and his return to the United States, in 1815, an interval of four years, much discontent appears to have been manifested on the part of the government with what seemed to them to have been unnecessary delay. This does not appear distinctly in the documents; but drafts for funds were allowed to be protested in London, and other indications were given that the mission was thought to have lasted long enough, conveying pretty conclusive evidence that the heads of departments had an idea that such instruments as were needed for the survey might be manufactured in a few months at most; shipped with as much care as a cargo of hard ware; crammed into the hold of a five hundred ton ship; tilted on a dray to the custom-house, and the cases hammered opened for its enlightened inspection; while the risk of all these commercial manipulations would be fully covered by the insurance. Such, however, was not the opinion of their professional agent. Duplicates of instruments were ordered of a peculiar and new construction, such as are usually expected to be two years in the hands of the artist. Standards were procured properly authenticated from both France and England. And on an examination of the dates of the several operations performed in

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the four years' mission, an account of which covers two pages of the documents, there is found no space of time not devoted zealously to the object with which the government agent had been entrusted; the only possible source of misunderstanding being, that the government had one view of the subject and the agent another.

Besides the delay necessarily resulting from the very detailed nature of the mission, there occurred others from the hostilities then in progress between the two nations. In one instance (our information on this point is verbal) a passport was refused at the alien office in London, until after a personal application to the foreign Secretary, who is said to have granted it with the remark, "that the British government made no wars on science." The noble lord who made this remark is certainly entitled to some gratitude from us, and some admiration from his countrymen.

But, whatever impatience may have been manifested by the heads of departments, during the procurement of the instruments, it seems all to have disappeared when they were safely delivered in this country. On the 20th of July, 1816, the preliminaries having been discussed, and the rate of compensation fixed, Professor Hassler was appointed to superintend the work, and on the 27th of the same month operations were commenced in New Jersey. There appears, however, to have been no appropriation of funds for the expenses of that year, so that the whole of that season was spent simply in *reconnoissances* made by the superintendent. In the succeeding summer, that of 1817, the survey commenced under an organization certainly sufficient in numerical strength, but, as we may have occasion to shew hereafter, defective in consistence, and was terminated in the April of 1818, by a peremptory note from Mr. Secretary Crawford, (of which we regret that no entire copy is given with the documents,) and an act of Congress transferring the survey to the Army and Navy; at least so we believe the terms of the law are understood, as it authorizes only the employment of gentlemen from these departments of the public service. The superintendent immediately repaired to Washington, transferred his journals, instruments and authority into the hands from which he had received them, and with a coldness which we can scarce sufficiently estimate, suggested to the department the mode of preserving the work which had already been done.

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But the department, being ignorant on one subject, was just as ignorant on another. It had no idea that any work had been done at all. It disregarded the suggestions of the superintendent, threw the journals into one of those limbos of documents, which the functionaries of the capital, being determined to have no secrets of state, keep therefore in a manner entirely public, and thought no more of the subject. No report from Mr. Secretary Crawford ever stated to the country what had become of the survey of the coast, and he undoubtedly supposed that the affair had ended. This unfortunately for him was not the case. The coast survey papers (the book first quoted) were read before the American Philosophical Society in 1820, and published in its regular course in 1825, and from it, in the absence of any official paper on the subject, we first learned the manner in which the whole business had been managed, and what had been done in the single year, out of eleven, in which there had been any operations at all. In that year, (we refer to 1817,) with a corps just organized, two bases, one of *9447 metres, and the other of 7753 metres, had been preliminarily measured, and the angles of the main triangles connecting them been determined. A zone of the coast comprehending in the meridian from the Palisades to the Highlands of the Neversink, and in longitude from the Springfield mountains to Hempstead, Long Island, had been covered with a series of primary triangles in the space of ten months, and not only this, but pyrometrical experiments, destined for an accurate determination of the expansion of the standard measures procured from Europe, had been instituted and perfected; the details, and the correspondence necessary to the organization of the service, having been all managed by a single person. And yet, at the commencement of 1818, we find the Secretary of the Treasury, the chief of a department, who should be supposed to know at least something of the detail of a project entrusted to his charge, stating, in a public document, that "the little progress hitherto made in the work had caused general dissatisfaction in Congress." The little progress! Under such circumstances so much work had never been done in the same time before. — But we will not expatiate on this disagreeable

* Base of 1817, measured	9447.005	7753.7018
Calculated from Base of 1834	9447.300	7753.7983
	.295	.0965

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part of the subject. Let Mr. Crawford's scientific reputation have the benefit of the maxim ; " de mortuis nil," &c. And let others, dead and living, have their due praise. If the project, as conceived by the government, or, as explained by Mr. Gallatin, was first thought of only on the score of utility, as intended to put a view of the commercial advantages of the coast into the hands of the maritime interest, disregarding any ulterior advantage which might accrue to our national character for science, by the encouragement shown to the practice of *Haute Géodésie* and its auxiliaries ; yet it is to be remembered that, on the representations of Professor Hassler and probably others of the gentlemen whose opinions had been solicited in 1806, the more worthy project was adopted, and an appropriation of fifty thousand dollars for the purchase of instruments (thirty-seven thousand dollars of which only were expended,) made without scruple and without reserve. This candid departure from the limit of the original project, to one where the aim was farther removed but more honorable, reflects high honor on those who promoted it, and leaves us ground to believe that had Mr. Jefferson and his advisers been in office, the difficulty and discontinuance of 1818 would not have taken place.

The scheme of the survey therefore was disposed of for the time, having been prosecuted not quite twelve years ; for though the law of 1818 authorized further operations by officers of the Army or the Navy, and the instruments and the equipages were all on hand, no one lifted the fallen banner. — The instruments were mostly distributed among the officers at that time employed in topographical duty. The large telescopes remained at the Capital, and it is understood were principally used for teaching the Sacs, the Creeks, and Winnebagoes,who visited Washington, the principles of optical science ; while the delicate mechanism of the principal angular instruments, which had been two years in the hands of Troughton, has the credit of having been employed in demonstrating the varieties of circular motion to the Titans of the West. An astronomical clock (we believe by Hardy) was put in charge of one of the dignitaries of the Patent Office ; who, if report says true, having broken the maintaining power, kept it still going, moving the hands forward to make up the time lost in winding. The list of curious misusers might be much augmented, but the subject is offensive, and we have perhaps already said too much.

To account for the difficulty and discontinuance of 1818, we

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have made use of the hypothesis, that the government was aiming at one project and the superintendent at another, a state of affairs which could scarce fail to produce misunderstanding and disorder. But there were other causes which exerted a powerful and disastrous effect, and which resulted from the circumstances of the nation at that time. We had, in the first place,* no military school previous to that year, at least the regulations of the establishment at West Point, anterior to the superintendence of Colonel Thayer, (which we believe commenced either in 1817 or 1818,) were so imperfect, that even the pupils destined to fill the higher grades of the army, were but imperfectly instructed, and it was rare, therefore, to find at that time any officer under the rank of major, with the science requisite even for a third place in the survey of the coast. In addition to this cause of destitution, we had just finished a war, the effect of which upon military establishments is always to elevate men, in proportion to their capacity for command and not for talent of any other description. Yet it was from the military that the assistants in the survey of the coast were to be selected, and this for the laudable purpose of perfecting them in the science and practice necessary to make them serviceable as *ingenieurs géographes* at some future period. Though the army and navy, both of this and of other countries, have been employed in the execution of similar functions to those requisite in the survey of the coast, there are inconveniences resulting from their employment, which can only be prevented or avoided by a peculiar organization. You cannot expect men, whose sole incentive to action is rank, (for in our country there is nothing that can be called emolument attached to either branch of the service,) whose education may have disqualified them for some, and their habits for other duties, which are necessary in the execution of such a project, to forget rank and station, and commence anew in a service in which no reputation can be gained, which is available in their profession, and in which much may be lost. Fancy a lieutenant of the Navy, of forty, (we understand there are some and will certainly be more of that respectable age in our service), acquainted only with the manly and technical part of his profession, placed in an operation of this kind in subordination to a midshipman of

* Vide Col. Roberdeau's paper read before the Columbian Institute, page 41 of the documents.

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eighteen, who has more knowledge, and, as it may well be, less manhood than himself. It is a situation not to be thought of by men of feeling and of honor, yet one that would be of frequent occurrence in such a service. The idea, that the military and naval force of the country may be used as a heterogeneous mass in such duties, is a false one, relied upon, and urged, probably, on the ground that the corps of *ingénieurs géographes* in France, and of the ordinance in England, have each been engaged in, and successfully executed operations of the same kind, without remembering that in both those nations the immense military establishment has given the chiefs of each the power of selecting for such projects from a large numerical force, without any interference either with rank or emolument. But, apart from this, the inaccuracies of the English survey committed during the first ten years of its progress, and while it was under the management of General Roy; and the appointment of Delambre and Méchain to conduct the triangulation necessary for the great Map of France, though it had been then for several years in the hands of the French Engineers, afford some evidence that military men are not of necessity peculiarly competent to the execution of such works.

From the termination of the survey in 1818, until the publication of the papers in the Philosophical Transactions for 1825, nothing appears to have been thought of such matters. But after the appearance of that publication, and the favorable notice taken of the work by foreign journals, the affair began to be thought of, and from that time till 1832, public opinion had changed so much, that though there were then many projects for a survey, each advocated by gentlemen of reputation, the original plan was again adopted, and the original superintendent again appointed, with the additional and necessary power of selecting his own assistants. From the recommencement of the survey in 1832 to the present time, a belt of the coast, extending from the Connecticut River to below the Neversink, has been covered with a series of secondary and tertiary triangles; detailed surveys have been made both for the topography and for soundings of considerable distance of the coast; a base, the longest that has ever been measured with any approach to similar accuracy, has been finished, and there is every indication of the future progress of the work with honor and credit to all concerned. It is true the documents show something of misunderstanding in the matter of accounts,

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but such difficulties are the common attendants of new branches of any service, and will only exist until the accounting departments have time to introduce the system most accordant with the nature of the work. It is indeed gratifying to our national character, that after the temporary abandonment of a work, having such legitimate claims to our consideration, public opinion should so soon and so strongly revert in its favor. But throughout the whole of the interruption which it underwent in the period between 1818 and 1832, there were individuals of high distinction, who advocated it in terms commensurate with its importance, both in the private circles of the country and at the seat of government. Among them were the present and late President, the late Minister to France, and the present Secretary of the Navy, whose department has at present the charge of the survey.

Having said so much of the history of the survey, we will now briefly describe part of the apparatus used in its execution.

The instruments brought from Europe by Mr. Hassler, in 1815, are enumerated in page 246 of the Coast Survey Papers, in forty-nine items. The principal are :

"1. A Theodolite, by Troughton, of two feet diameter, with which the angles of the main triangle have been measured.

"2. Two double repeating Theodolites, also by Troughton, of one foot diameter.

"3. Two double repeating Circles, of eighteen inches diameter, also by Troughton.

"12. Two sets of apparatus for measuring Base Lines. [All these instruments are of a peculiar construction, the plan of which was made by Professor Hassler.]

"13. An English brass Scale of eighty-two inches, by Troughton, with an arrangement for comparison.

"14, 15 and 17. An Iron Toise, a Brass and an Iron Metre, all standarded by Lenoir.

"5 and 6, 31, 32, 33, 34. Six Achromatic Telescopes, by Troughton, Holland and Tully.

"Two Astronomical Clocks, ten Chronometers, and two Transit Instruments."

All the angular instruments, and, indeed, most of the other apparatus, were perfected under the superintendence of Mr. Hassler, and have peculiarities of construction which we have not space to describe. The double repetition in the circular instruments, is both simple and useful, and the double screws

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by which the horizontal adjustments are made, seem an admirable mode of combining a very delicate with a very bold motion. But the contrivance most original is the arrangement substituted for verniers, on the large Theodolite, the principal instrument for measuring terrestrial angles in the collection. The objection to the vernier is its friction on the limb, which it must touch at least on the edge, and the consequent cramping of the motion and obliteration of the graduation. To remedy this inconvenience, divers expedients have been heretofore resorted to. The Germans and French make their verniers on an inner circle sunk down to the plane of the limb, so that both present only one surface to the microscope; the objection to this construction is the friction on the limb of the instrument. The English have used two circles turning over each other, and presenting one exterior surface inclined to the plane of the instrument. This is objectionable on the same ground as the other, namely, the friction. More recently, the verniers have been raised, touching the graduation only on its outer edge, and the limb, except where it is open opposite the scale of the vernier, covered by a case of light brass. This keeps off much dust, and diminishes the friction, but the limb is less easily cleansed from any dust which may reach it. The construction used by Mr. Hassler remedies successfully all these difficulties.

To three arms projecting from the axis are fixed three compound microscopes, having their optical axes over the middle of the graduation of the limb, and their object glasses at the proper adjustment for distinct vision and absence of parallax, elevated sufficiently above the limb to allow an adequate illumination. In the conjugate foci of these microscopes is fixed a rake, or notched lamina of steel, having a perforation for its zero, by which the large divisions of the graduation, seen on the limb, are divided in the focus of the microscope; and the seconds or fractions of the second division are measured by the turns of a micrometer screw, carrying a system of wires across the division of the rake. This contrivance is simple, necessarily accurate, and perfectly original. To make the description more intelligible, suppose a microscope, magnifying twenty times, applied to the limb of an instrument, graduated to five minutes. The space representing five minutes becomes enlarged to 1° 40′, and is easily divided into thirty parts each, equal to ten seconds, by divisions always constant in the focus of the

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microscope, and across the last division a micrometer screw measures by its turns tenths of seconds. The contrivance appears to be perfect.

A still more original conception of Professor Hassler is exhibited in the *appareil* of the base. It would extend this paper beyond the proper limit to attempt a description of the different methods used to preserve standards, and to subject them to comparison. The first operation in the measurement of the base was to determine the ratio of the *unit* used, with the several lineal standards of Europe. This unit was made to consist of four iron bars, each of the length of a double metre, ground and rubbed on their ends in a plane perpendicular to their axes, so as to present, when joined together, a fine cut line to a microscope. The tool for cutting the bars is described on page 256. The bars had been accurately finished longitudinally in England, but were purposely left too long. They were now cut approximately to the proper length, and the ends accurately planished, after which, two butting pieces, cut from the same bar, also accurately planished, were applied to each end, so as to present a fine line to the microscope. In this way the bars and the standards brought from Europe, were successively submitted to the *comparateur* of Troughton, (described at page 255) and by trial ground down to the length of two standard metres of Paris. The detail of this process occupies from page 250 to 273, and is of much interest. The bars having their lengths thus verified are placed consecutively in a wooden box, having their ends in juxta position and their *allignement* accurately preserved. They are kept together by double steel clamps, and make therefore an unit of eight inches. The perfect contact of each with each, is determined by the line presented on each of the superficies of the bar, and is not disturbed during the manipulation necessary in measuring.

In all the former measurements of geodetic bases two, and sometimes three, units had been used; the contact between each pair being made mechanically or by touch. The objection to this is, that the very act of making the contingence, whether it be made on a point or surface, subjects the resting unit to a shock or pressure which may change its position. Aware of this objection in the measurement of the base of the *systéme métrique*, by Delambre and Méchain, a double system of measures, one of platinum and one of brass, were used, and the contacts read on verniers or graduated languelles at each

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end of the bars, which answered the purpose also of a metallic thermometer. By this arrangement, however ingenious, the measurement was made tedious and the reductions complicated. Nor did it answer fully the object of its distinguished inventors, as will be seen by consulting *Base du Systéme Métrique, Tome* III, page 231.

Professor Hassler essayed to make the ends of his bars determinable by an optical line, and has succeeded. The description of the contrivance used for this purpose occupies from page 274 to 286. The ends of the last bars are hollowed out in the centre of their vertical section, so that a thin film or web can be drawn across their extremity, the middle of which is the end of the measure. Over these ends in the operation of measuring a base, are placed compound microscopes, fixed on strong stands. The microscope has a double object glass, one half of which makes in the focus an image of a wire or cross, cut on ivory below, and to which the optical axis of the microscope is adjusted; and the other half makes also in the focus, an image of the film on the bar. When the microscopes are fixed at both ends, the bars are removed, and the axis of the microscopes preserves in the air the extremities of the line measured. The description of the apparatus for *allignement* and for levelling is very detailed and will be readily comprehended. In the course of the last season a base has been measured in this manner, which, when reduced to the mean temperature, is 14,058.9912 metres, or 8.7397 miles in length. This base is on the sand beach of Fire Island, and as it is for its whole length nearly on the level of the sea, may be considered as an arc of the earth's surface.

The Coast Survey papers, published in 1825, contain many other interesting details relative to geodetic works, of sundry kinds, which it would exceed our limit to notice. Among others, the mode of observing with the large circular instruments, so as to compensate for the errors both of eccentricity, of level and of collimation, will be found very interesting. The second publication also contains detailed accounts of the progress of the work, and of its present organization. The main and secondary triangulation have already extended from the Connecticut River, or near it, to near the Delaware, covering a zone of the coast, of an average breadth in land, of twenty-five miles, including all the defensible portion of the sea-board.

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We are happy therefore to consider that a work, so well calculated to promote our reputation abroad and our advantage at home, has at length begun to be properly appreciated; and that, with the patronage of its distinguished friends, it is certain now to proceed steadily onward to completion. What would have been the consequence of adopting for this national object a cheaper and less accurate mode of execution, instead of prosecuting it with all the aids which the science of the present day affords? Before even the details had been commenced, a comparison of the results with those derived from similar surveys in Europe would have made us ashamed, both of ourselves and our country. The preliminary survey, like the work of Roy, in England, and of the first engineers in France, would have been set aside, and the present mode resorted to as the only one worthy of the object.

It is not, however, for its direct utility to the commercial interest and the defence of the country, that we think the present work has the greatest claim to favorable consideration; but for the general impulse which will thus be communicated to every branch of science. Among the new sciences which have arisen during the last century, there is none which has conduced to so much practical improvement in the co-ordinate sciences as that of Geodesy. Being entirely general in its subjects, and treating only of the measure and configuration of the planet on which we live, its actual operations, from the time of Cassini to the present, have tended more to the improvement of every species of instrument used in the exact sciences, than could have been effected by any patronage, however princely or munificent. The progress of astronomy had contributed to the perfecting of the Telescope, and the large nurals of the English school had shewn what could be done in measuring simple angles on fixed arcs of a large radius. But the cultivation of Astronomy was necessarily limited to royal and academic foundations, which, after the impulse given by the founder had been expended, may be considered rather as conservative of the knowledge which has been acquired, than as judicious and persevering conquerors of any new domain. The effect of the introduction of practical Geodesy upon optical and mathematical science of every kind, was such as is produced by a patronage at once bounteous, useful and intelligent. It brought the transcendental qualities of the higher analysis, and the delicate and almost inappreciable fabrications of the mathematical

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artist, both of which had begun to be considered as the mere excrescences of a luxuriant philosophy, into every day use, improving in this way both the ingenuity of analysis and the skill of the scientific mechanic.

The principle of repetition in measuring angles, by which the errors of excentricity and of point are compensated or destroyed, had been commenced by Mayer as early as 1752. But it was not until after the commencement of the measures in France of the arc of the meridian; not till after the attempts had been made (finally with success) to measure, with *portable* instruments, angles, equal or approximating very nearly to the accuracy of the large and *fixed* instruments used in an observatory, that the repeating circles of the present day acquired delicate and accurate construction. The effect of the improved Geodæsia has indeed been to overthrow all the preconceived notions of accurate measurements; for, whereas, in the ordinary operation of surveying, it had been held orthodox to devote the strictest attention to the linear measures, determining as much as possible the angular elements from them; we now, on the contrary, from a single line accurately measured, and considered as constant, of which every other line in the survey becomes a function, determine every important point in a region of one hundred miles square, without an error greater than the diameter of one of the signals or objects used to observe upon. The practice of Geodæsia gave a new stimulus, which at that time was much wanted, to all the branches of art, which have been fostered by, and were auxiliary to astronomy. The Telescope and Microscope have subsequently been carried to their highest pitch of improvement, and their application to every angular instrument is now thoroughly understood. The invention of the Heliotrope; the improvements in Dividing Engines; in Horology; and even in Pyrotechny, from the necessity of using fire signals to be seen at great distances sea-ward, are all due, in great measure, to the spirit which has been infused into artists and men of science, since the commencement of the extensive geodetic surveys which have been pursued for the last half century in Europe and in Asia.

In addition to the adaptation of innumerable formulæ, to the invention of delicate and subtle mechanical contrivances, for the particular uses of Geodæsia, the two sciences of Descriptive Geometry and Topography may be considered as deriving their existence from it. The first mentioned science, as

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known during the last century, under the name of Perspective, was crude and imperfect; indeed, there was no treatise, in which its elements had been intelligibly discussed. On beginning to fill up the details of the extensive geodetic operations in France, it was discovered that the old and arbitrary modes of delineation were not only uncertain but erroneous, and it became necessary to return to first principles; to create a new science, by which all the configurations of solids could be accurately projected; and by which, in its application to Topography, a map became a picture; presenting, at a single glance, either to the military or civil engineer, the plains, the elevations, the streams among which he was to operate; as well as the other accidents which had at first been more peculiarly the province of Topography, namely, the roads, towns, forts, woods, and farms. So perfect has this science of Topography now become that, on a scale of $\frac{1}{10000}$, the character of the crops of the cultivated part of a region are intelligibly designated.

It has been in this light, and for such purposes, that the governments of Europe, have encouraged, munificently, similar works. France has not only been covered with a net-work of triangles, but her parallel of Brest, has been carried eastward and connected with the Russian surveys, now in charge of Professor Tralles. The kingdom of Hanover had been triangulated about twenty years since by Gauss, it being during the progress of this survey, that this distinguished mathematician invented the Heliotrope. The triangulation of Switzerland had been commenced, and part of it (we believe the Canton of Berne) finished by Professor Hassler previous to his leaving that country, in consequence of the revolutionary troubles. It has, we believe, been continued by Professor Tralles. Professor Struve has now charge of the geodetic survey of Russia. The Eastern coast of Spain has been triangulated by Biot and Arago. — The trigonometrical survey of England, under the supervision of the board of ordnance, has been completed, and that of Ireland commenced. — By a joint commission of both the English and French academies, the meridians of Greenland and Paris have been connected. The English East India Company, with a laudable spirit, have, for the last twenty years, been carrying on similar operations over a large portion of their territories. The French have, during the last year, given to the public a geodetic survey of the Morea; and nearly the whole surface of Europe and Asia is

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already covered with geodetic determinations, accurately and uniformly made. The distinguished atronomer Bessel has been some time employed in combining all these results, and deducing from them an accurate determination of the elements of the terrestrial spheroid: and has, in the course of the present year, communicated to his correspondent in this country the proximate results of the investigation.

Such being the state of Geodesy in the old world, and such being its uses and effects upon science and the arts, it cannot be supposed that any consideration of false economy will again influence an administration in this country to look upon it otherwise than with favor. It is not by its immediate use, that we can most justly appreciate it, but by those more remote, though not less certain advantages, which have by similar means been produced elsewhere. It is to serve the country, by practising the young officers of the army and navy in operations requiring an intimate knowledge of the higher branches of the exact sciences; by contributing to the formation of a school of native artists, who may presently be able to furnish the requisite instruments of our own manufacture; and by bringing together into competition and acquaintance, the artists and scientific men of the country, thus forming a school of the highest and most useful talent in it. By such considerations it should be estimated both by the people and the government; for by such results it will be doubtless attended, should the patronage of the government be continued to it on a scale commensurate with the importance and dignity of the object.

ART. IV. — *Moore's Lectures on the Greek Language and Literature.*

Lectures on the Greek Language and Literature. By N. F. MOORE, LL. D. Professor of the Greek and Latin Languages in Columbia College. 12mo. New York. 1835.

PROFESSOR MOORE has long been known as an able and zealous teacher of the classics. From the academical lecture-room the reputation of his learning has noiselessly gone abroad, and he is now justly placed among the most distinguished American scholars. In 1834, he published an unpretending volume on the mineralogy of the Ancients, which is a model

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of thorough research, clear arrangement, and elegant style. The student of antiquity will find in it all that has been said on the subject of which it treats.

Mr. Moore's next effort in the line of authorship was the volume of lectures, the title of which is placed at the head of this article. The subjects handled in these lectures may naturally be expected to excite a livelier curiosity in most readers, than the learned investigations in the work above alluded to. The principles which lie at the foundation of European literature, and the works in which those principles were first embodied, must be attractive topics of study and discussion, so long as the present civilization of Europe exists. The attempts of radical reformers in education to overthrow the system of classical learning, will have no important influence on the general estimation in which the classics are held. Do what they will, the first venerable teachers of wisdom and masters of song stand at the cradle of the intellectual culture of Europe. Do what they will, the ever busy mind of man will be curious to trace the course of human thought up to its fountain head; and if he finds there pure and sparkling waters, fresh from the living springs of Nature, he will slake the thirst of his spirit, in spite of the utilitarian enticements of the radical reformer, charm he never so wisely.

Mr. Moore's book contains six lectures, a part, as he tells us in his preface, of a short course delivered in Columbia college. In all of them he shews an intimate knowledge of his subject. His method is clear, his style simple and polished, rising sometimes into beauty and elegance. Occasionally it is rather stiff, and betrays a want of the easy flow of a practised writer. But it has the merit of being free from all the barbarisms and exaggerations, the new-fangled phraseology and hot-bed intensity, by which the writings of this age are disagreeably distinguished from those of every other. The book indicates a love of ancient learning, not springing from mere sentiment, not spoiled by affectation, a thing not wholly unknown in these times, but grown up from, and flourished by profound meditation, and interwoven with all the intellectual habits of the author. It is a love of genuine classical learning of the old sort, won by hard study, in the spirit of the precept so well expressed by the Roman poet,

"Vos exemplaria Græca
—— Nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ."

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But these lectures are too rapid and comprehensive to allow the introduction of much new matter, or any very deep criticism. Their merit consists in clearly grouping together the most striking facts, in the history of Greek literature, in the history and powers of the Greek language, and the character of that language in its present condition. We could have wished the Professor had gone more deeply into the spirit and tendency of ancient Greek Literature and art, and the influence they have exercised on the whole course of European thought. These are themes, which have indeed been often dealt with more or less profoundly, but are as yet very far from being exhausted. They open a field of inquiry of great and varied beauty, many parts of which are yet to be explored.

The first lecture contains a statement of the argument in defence of classical, particularly of Grecian learning. After some very just remarks on the mutual dependence of science and letters, the author proceeds to shew that classical studies are important, because the language of science is borrowed from Greece and Rome, and because a knowledge of the classical languages opens a way to rich sources of information in regard to the arts understood by the ancients. In the next place the Greeks were acute observers when they devoted themselves to Natural Science, and excelled in the collection and arrangement of facts. In these respects, Aristotle still ranks with the ablest philosophers in the world. A language, therefore, which contains such invaluable treasures as the writings of that great man on Natural History, can hardly receive too much attention even from men of science.

As literature deals more particularly with the taste and sensibilities of man, the effects of literary pursuits, being more strictly confined to the mind, are less obvious, and their claims less likely to be appreciated. But in proportion as the intellectual nature and moral sensibilities of man are more important than mere scientific attainments, in the same proportion those studies, connected with this nature and these sensibilities, ought to be held in higher estimation. Mr. Moore answers the objection to the study of the ancient languages, drawn from the great amount of time necessary to be spent in their acquisition, by shewing, that the study of language is particularly suited to the unfolding of the mental powers. From this part of the discussion we extract the following remarks.

"When the education of a youth is, according to the common

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estimate, complete, how little, how very little does he know, in comparison with what may yet be learned! The whole amount of his knowledge is as nothing, in comparison with the extent to which he still continues ignorant. The chief value of his education, therefore, must consist in the cultivation it bestows upon his mind. The worth of youthful studies must be rated, less by the importance of the subjects on which they are employed, than by their adaptation to their great end; which is, to strengthen the intellectual powers; and train up the mind to activity and vigor, by sound discipline, and well ordered exercise. Hence the propriety of conducting through the same preparatory course of study those intended for different pursuits in life. And hence, too, may be derived a sufficient answer to an objection often urged; that the studies in question have no relation to the intended callings of many who pursue them. For, however paradoxical the assertion may appear, yet experience will approve it to be true, that a youth, who has pursued with diligence the study of the ancient languages, though he shall, upon going forth into the world, and engaging in the active duties of life, throw aside his books, never to open them again, is so far from having *wasted* the hours spent upon them, that he could not have employed the same portion of time with equal advantage in any other way. But. if the mere study of a language be in this point of view important, the actual possession of it will appear no less so, when we consider, how much an acquaintance with *one*, facilitates the acquisition of a *second*, and a *third;* what essential aid a knowledge of the *ancient* affords to the student of *modern* tongues, as respects the utility of which there is no dispute; and that it is difficult, if indeed it be possible to know well even our own language, otherwise than through the medium of the Latin and Greek. But, not to dwell on these, and other like arguments; is it not enough, that Greek lays open to us, and renders accessible, the richest treasures of human wisdom; the fairest creations of the mind of man? Can we need a more persuasive motive to the study of a language than that it contains the most perfect models of poetry, of history, of eloquence? That it is the language in which Homer sang; in which Herodotus, Thucydides, and Xenophon record events they were actors in, or describe scenes they saw? In which Demosthenes roused or allayed at will the passions of his hearers? Can we be indifferent, lastly, to that language, in which are contained the sacred scriptures of the New Testament, and the most ancient and venerable version of the Old?" pp. 17 — 19.

The following passage contains some observations, which strike us as particularly seasonable and just.

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"That in a country like our own, where few men are without some calling or employment in life, from which they derive subsistence; and to engage in the active duties of which, they are hurried away from their youthful studies, with an impatience natural enough, perhaps, in a society circumstanced as ours is; that in such a country, the complaints elsewhere made, of the devotion to classical learning of so great a portion of the time of youth, have been renewed in even a louder tone, and have found more attentive listeners, ought not, perhaps, to excite surprise. These complaints, though founded in error, appeal to the prejudices of an age possessed with such a love of innovation, that it looks with an evil eye at systems of instruction established on the sure basis of long experience, *merely* because they are *ancient;* of an age so devoted to the pursuit of gain, that it regards with little favor what has not a tendency to promote some pecuniary end; as though there were nothing suited to advance the condition of society, or to grace and embellish life, except improvements in railways; the devising new applications of steam; the opening new channels of trade; or the discovery of some new process in the arts. These complaints, I say, have their foundation in error, for they suppose, that one employed in the study of classical literature is employed upon empty sounds; is acquiring nothing that can aid him in the serious pursuits of life. But this is far from being true. And if it were so, we might still with truth maintain, that the object of youthful studies is not so much to *furnish*, as to *form* the mind. Classical studies, however, while they, in the most effectual manner, attain this chief end of youthful discipline, do much besides. They not only *form* the faculties, but supply the *memory* with a rich stock of information. The student spends much time in learning words, no doubt; but he cannot learn the signs, without at the same time gaining some acquaintance with the things signified. Does he not learn the history, geography, and chronology of the ancient world; the civil, military and religious institutions; the private life, manners, and customs of the most interesting nations of the earth; as also, the wisest systems of philosophy and morals, that unassisted human reason has been able to invent? Does he not become acquainted with the most sublime and beautiful monuments of human wit and genius? And is it possible that all this should be unattended with most sensible advantage? What does experience teach us on this head? Let us use that of England; the country with which, next to our own, we are most familiar. Shakspeare alone excepted, (who, it has been well remarked, is an exception to all rules,) what great poet, historian, orator, statesman, lawyer, or divine, has she produced, who was not a classical scholar? Hear the testimony which Chatham, one of the great-

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est of her statesmen and orators; one of those few who may be compared with the best of Greece or Rome; bears to the value of the studies we are called upon to defend. Writing to his young nephew, he expresses his joy to hear that he has begun Homer's Iliad, and has made great progress in Virgil, and his hope that he tastes and loves particularly authors, who are not only the two greatest poets, but who contain the finest lessons for his age to imbibe; lessons of honor, courage, disinterestedness, love of truth, command of temper, gentleness of behavior, humanity, and in one word, virtue in its true signification. He exhorts his nephew to drink deep of those divine springs; and assures him that the pleasure of the draught equals the prodigious advantage of it to the heart and morals. Milton teaches, both by precept and example, the great value of these studies, and prays God to recompense a father, whose 'exceeding great care had caused him to be diligently instructed in the tongues.' Locke states with his own entire approbation the opinion of La Bruyère, that languages are the proper study of our early years; that they are useful to men of all conditions, and open an entrance, to the most profound, as well as to the more entertaining parts of learning." pp. 19—23.

The concluding observations of this lecture are expressed with much elegance and force. But the remark that the finest productions of genius in the arts, strike with less admiration at first than afterwards, must be received with some qualification. There are some works, which, from their curiously elaborated structure and learned details, cannot be wholly understood at first. These must grow in our esteem, in proportion as they become familiar. A Paradise Lost, and a Mécanique Celeste, must await the verdict of patient meditation. But the Homeric rhapsodies doubtless gave as much delight when chanted to the assembled multitudes at the Panathenæa, as they now give the scholar "in the still air of delightful studies." A tragedy of Æschylus or Sophocles was as truly understood and as highly appreciated by the thirty thousand critics who thronged the theatre of Bacchus, as by the learned commentators, who pour out their ponderous opinions "in notes of many a winding bout," of the most unreadable Latinity. The Apollo Belvidere was doubtless welcomed with as deep an enthusiasm, when the glory of his form first burst from the marble, as that now felt or pretended by the multitudes who crowd to his presence in the Vatican.

After all, the main argument for classical studies, is neither

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the necessity of knowing Greek and Latin, to a thorough knowledge of English, nor the adaptation of the study of language to the powers of childhood and youth. The strongest argument lies in two considerations; the excellence of the classical authors, taken independently of every thing else, and the fact of their antiquity. As works of taste and genius they stand, if not at the head, at least in the foremost ranks of literature. The authors which we have, are the choice authors, the picked men of all antiquity; and within their narrow circle we have the best representatives of every species of literary work. When letters awoke from the sleep of the dark ages, the classics became the teachers of taste and elegance to the reviving intellect of Europe. They were made the basis of a learned education, and intermingled with the delightful associations of the dewy morning of life. Much of the charm and splendor of Modern Literature is imparted to it by the veins of golden thought which run through every part of its structure, from the inexhaustible mines of Antiquity. The voice of British Eloquence was trained in the schools of Athens and Rome; and the stately song of Greece sustained the majestic march of Milton.

But there is much, as we have said, in the fact of their antiquity to claim our respect. One of the most foolish whims of this age is to deride a love of the old. Those who are absurd enough to do so, forget, or perhaps never knew, that there lies deep in the human heart, an inextinguishable reverence for the past. As time goes on, all the meannesses that encompass human life disappear, and the grand features in the characters of the Ages alone remain as objects of our contemplation. The venerable forms of antiquity stand before us in severe relief, and we bow down in a willing homage of the heart to their unutterable majesty. The love of the old is connected with the best and highest feelings of our nature. The past is sacred. It is set beyond the revolutions of nature and the shifting institutions of man. So much of beauty, of experience, of wisdom is secure from the touch of change. He who would destroy this treasury of the heart and mind, by rudely assailing our reverence for the old, would rob human life of half its charm and nearly all its refinement. Let no enthusiastic student then, permit his ardor to be chilled by the fear that his love has been wasted on an unreal thing; that he has been bewildered by an idle dream; and that he has lost so

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much precious time, which ought to have been given to the stirring interests of the present; for he may rest assured that the study of antiquity has a noble power to elevate his mind above the low passions of the present, by fixing its contemplations on the great and immortal spirits of the past.

In the second lecture, Mr. Moore gives a general view of Greek Literature, from the earliest ages down to the period of its decline and fall. A subject of such immense variety and extent, can be handled within such narrow limits, only in the most summary manner. The prominent points may be touched upon, and an outline drawn, but the filling up and the coloring must be omitted. Such a view is useful to collect the facts and opinions, gathered from a long course of study, into some appearance of system and order. Mr. Moore succeeds uncommonly well in distributing the parts of his subject, and compresses into a small compass a great deal of information. He divides the subject matter of this lecture according to the following events or dates; — the capture of Troy; the Age of Homer; the Legislation of Solon; the Conclusion of the Persian War; the accession of Alexander to the throne of Macedon; the capture of Corinth and establishment of the Roman power and influence in Greece; and the Removal of the Seat of Empire to Byzantium. With these dates as points of division, he proceeds to consider Greek Literature by the epochs called the Fabulous, the Poetical, the Athenian, the Alexandrian, and the Byzantian ages.

Of the Fabulous age, we have only a few mighty names. Olen, Thamyris, Orpheus, and Musaeus gained a celebrity far back in antiquity, which has preserved their memories much longer than their works. Mr. Moore examines the so called remains of Orpheus, in this part of the discussion, and after stating the opinions of distinguished scholars on the question of their genuineness, seems, if we understand him, to incline towards a belief that they may, after all, be the productions of the poet, whose name they bear. From this view we entirely dissent, and hold, with the generality of critics, that they are impudent forgeries of a later age.

In sketching the history of the Poetic Age, our author passes over the poems of Homer for the present, and occupies himself with those of less note, stating what is known of Tyrtæus, Mimnermus, Archilochus, and the "Sententious Poets," and concluding with some excellent remarks on the union of Poetry and Music in that age.

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We quote the following rapid view of Athenian Literature.

"We shall find a suitable occasion hereafter to consider this interesting portion of our subject; and must for the present content ourselves with a mere passing notice. It might at first view seem possible to examine this so brief period in at least the cursory, and superficial manner hitherto adopted; but, to be convinced of the contrary, we need only call to mind the names of those, who by the splendor of their genius now illumined the walks of history, the drama, philosophy, eloquence and art; shedding over the whole of this period such a blaze of intellectual light, that, not confined to Athens, nor that age, it has beamed through all succeeding times, and still fixes our admiring gaze. Into the causes of this phenomenon we will inquire hereafter; that it is one which may well excite our wonder, will be evident if we consider, that beside the many others whose works are wholly lost to us, there flourished during this brief period of one hundred and fifty years, such dramatists as Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides and Aristophanes; the historians Herodotus, Thucydides and Xenophon; the father of medicine, Hippocrates, the Great, the Divine, as he was styled; in oratory, Lysias, Isocrates, Isæus, Æschines, Demosthenes; in philosophy, Plato and Aristotle, not to mention Socrates, the great teacher and master of them all; nor the many others, who, though distinguished for the arts of war or peace, do not now properly come under our consideration; as Themistocles, Aristides and Cimon; Pericles, Alcibiades and Phocion; Phidias, Myro and Praxiteles; Panænus, Apollodorus, Polygnotus, Parrhasius, Zeuxis and Apelles. By all these and many more besides, was this period illustrated, and they were all, with two or three exceptions, either native citizens of Athens, or dwelt and flourished there." pp. 49 — 50.

In some respects, the Alexandrian age is a particularly interesting epoch in the history of Greek Literature. There was unquestionably much talent, various learning, and even some fine poetry, at the splendid court of the Ptolemies. Theocritus carried pastoral poetry to its highest point of perfection. He described the manners of rural life with inimitable graphic power; and in one of his admirable dialogues gives a lively representation of the tittle-tattle of half a dozen women, at a public festival held by the queen of Egypt. But in general, there was a great lack of correct taste, and a still greater lack of original genius. The conceits of the Italian *Trecentisti* give but a faint idea of the puerilities, — the axes, altars, birds, and eggs, — that sprang up in full vigor, to the disgrace of letters,

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during the Alexandrian Age. The old spirit of Greek life, the animating sentiment of liberty had departed, and the freshness of Grecian genius, its free and living flow, its bright, sparkling, ever-working soul, had departed with it. The dews of morning, the full rich light of noon-day, had passed by the shadows of evening had set in, and the fantastic forms of night had begun to come forth. Yet, though the sun of Grecian genius had gone down, a bright procession of stars, Apollonius, Theocritus, Moschus, Bion, Callimachus, and the "Tragic Pleiades," shone with a mild lustre in the sky.

The Roman age dates from the capture of Corinth, by Mummius, the Roman Consul. After this event, the arts and letters of Greece were spread by slow degrees over the Roman empire. Public libraries were formed in Rome and elsewhere, and a love of elegant literature, softened the harsh and warlike spirit of the masters of the world. The subjects most copiously treated by the Greek writers of this age, were those connected with history, and political philosophy; and the productions of these authors, though deficient in taste and purity of style, may safely be reckoned among the most important remains of antiquity. Polybius, Diodorus Siculus, Dionysius of Halicarnassus — the geographers, Strabo and Pausanias — with many other writers of less note, have a high and indestructible value. We are inclined to think, if this portion of ancient literature were to be as carefully studied as the elegant authors of the best days of Athens, and the Latin writers in the time of Augustus, it would be found even more rich in the teachings of human experience, and the materials of political philosophy.

The following remarks on the Byzantine age conclude the second lecture.

"The last division of our subject, the *Byzantine* age, extends from A. D. 328 to 1453 of our era, a period of one thousand one hundred and twenty-five years. Though this long night of ages produced a multitude of authors whose works still remain, they are not such, as on the present occasion should engage our notice. The most important amongst them are the Byzantine writers Procopius, Agathias, Cedrenus, Zonaras, Anna Comnena, Cinnamus and others; whose works, contained in thirty-six folios, constituted the principal source from which Gibbon drew the materials for his history. These times possessed, too, poets, such as Quintus of Smyrna, and Nonnus; grammarians

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and philologists, as Hesychius, Suidas, Gregory of Corinth, and Eustathius; ingenious romancers, some of whom, as Heliodorus, Achilles Tatius, Longus, and Xenophon of Ephesus, are distinguished even for the beauty of their style. One of the greatest men, and perhaps the most voluminous writer of this period, was St. John Chrysostom, the Demosthenes of the Greek church, as he has been styled by some, though critics think he should be compared rather with the Roman orator. Of him, and other fathers of the church, who lived in this age, as of those also, who with the inspired writers of the New Testament, belong to the Roman age, and of the translation of the Seventy in the age preceding, I have declined all other mention, because of the extent and nature of the subject; which is not one to be dealt with in that hasty and superficial manner I of necessity adopt.

"It may perhaps excite surprise, that those who treat this subject should descend in their consideration of it to so low a period; and speak of Grecian literature as that of a living tongue, so late even as the middle of the fifteenth century. But it is notwithstanding true, that the subjects of the Byzantine throne were, even to this time, and in their lowest servitude and depression, possessed, as the historian of this period observes, of a golden key that could unlock the treasures of antiquity. Philelphus, giving a picture of the state of society in Constantinople, where he lived but thirty years before its fall, a picture somewhat highly colored we may suppose, by his Italian imagination, says, that those who had preserved their language free from the corruption of the vulgar tongue, spoke in ordinary discourse, even at that day, as the comic Aristophanes, the tragic Euripides, the orators, philosophers and historians of classic Greece; that all persons about the Imperial Court, and especially the noble matrons, had retained the dignity and elegance of the ancient tongue." pp. 67 — 69.

The history of the Greek language is one of the most interesting subjects of literary investigation. Men of the clearest judgment unite with enthusiastic scholars in declaring it to be unrivalled for richness, copiousness and strength. The old Ionic form, with its sounding combinations of vowels, gives a beautiful and liquid flow, while its happy descriptive and imitative epithets impart the liveliness of painting itself, to the stately hexameter. The Doric is sweet and simple in pastoral poetry, but rises to a severe grandeur in the lyrics of Pindar, and the choral songs of the Tragedians. The Attic is the language of dramatic dialogue, history, logic and philosophy; the language of the high-wrought, impassioned argument of Demosthenes, the smooth eloquence of Isocrates, the refined subtlety of Ly-

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sias; the language of the wire-drawn reasonings of Socrates, and the stern truths of Thucydides. Now, whence came this curiously contrived instrument of human thought? What strange coincidence of happy influences wrought out of the simple elements of sound, its extraordinary variety of expressive powers? What finely organized people first gave utterance to its immortal harmonies? From what region, blest with Heaven's selectest influence, came they to the shores of Greece? These are questions which have exercised the wits of the acutest men, and the learning of the ablest scholars, but with no very satisfactory result.

Mr. Moore marks out three periods in the history of the language. The first comprehends the seven or eight centuries before the Trojan war. The second extends from this war to the reign of Alexander the great, and the third from Alexander to the present time.

During the first period, the Ionic and Doric Dialects received their highest cultivation; and became respectively the languages of Epic and Lyric poetry. In the second period, Ionic prose composition, and Attic prose and verse, were carried to their highest point of perfection. Within this period the drama, history, philosophy and eloquence poured their concentrated light on the city of Athens.

In the third period, the language began to decline in purity, with the decline of correct taste and simplicity of thought. The Alexandrian and Roman ages afforded, it is true, some specimens of chaste writing; but the downward progress of the language, was unceasing and increasing.

After some remarks on the obscurity that hangs over the origin of the Greek language, Professor Moore states an opinion, which like an hypothesis in natural science, reconciles all the known facts with each other. The language of the old Pelasgians was either the Sanscrit, or some dialect closely allied to the Sanscrit. The Greek is this Pelasgian dialect modified by time and the exigencies of society. The Pelasgians came from central Asia, spread over the North of Europe as well as Greece, and left traces of their language wherever they happened to settle. This hypothesis accounts for the affinities pointed out by Dr. Jamieson between the Greek and Gothic, and for the similarity discovered by Bopp, between the conjugations of the Sanscrit, and those of the Greek, Latin, Persic and German. Mr. Moore lays out of the question the notion

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of Valckenaer, that the Greek was deliberately constructed on a system of philosophical principles, independently of all other languages; and he considers the hypothesis which derives the Greek wholly or chiefly from the Hebrew, altogether inadmissible, inasmuch as the two languages have no radical affinity with each other. He coincides with the opinion of Ihre, a learned Swede, that the Scythian or Gothic, the Greek and the Latin, have a common origin; that the Scythian or Gothic is the oldest of the three; that Greece was originally inhabited by Scythians, and that to them many Greek words are to be traced. This opinion is confirmed by the result of Sir William Jones's inquiries, namely, that the earliest Persians, the Indians, the Goths, Greeks and Romans, together with the old Egyptians or Ethiops, spoke originally one language; and that the Jews, Arabs and Abyssinians spoke another, a primitive dialect, wholly different. From which it follows, if this opinion be correct, that the Sanscrit, the old language of the Indians, and the Greek, were, at some remote period, the same.

The following historical facts are given by Mr. Moore, in further illustration of this subject.

"We learn from Thucydides and others that the first inhabitants of Greece led a wandering life, without any fixed abode; and from this their mode of life it is supposed their name, πελασγοί, (Pelasgians,) was derived. But this same people, who from their way of life were styled Pelasgians, were also called Ἴωνες, or Ἰάονες, Ionians or Javans; a name, the origin of which, those who bore it were themselves unable to ascertain. Some, with Herodotus, thought it derived from Ion, son of Xuthus; an opinion which Bochart and other learned writers have clearly shown to be unfounded. Others merely say it descended to them 'from their ancestor, or from a king who once reigned over them.' Thus, Greeks unacquainted with the sacred scriptures; but Josephus, when speaking of the settlements made by the several sons of Japheth, says, 'from Javan, Ionia and all the Greeks derive their origin;' and this Bochart declares to be the sentiment 'of the ancients and the moderns all.' The sure ground, upon which this generally received opinion rests is the Bible; which teaches us, far more correctly than the Greeks themselves could do, who this ancestor of the Ionians was. In the tenth chapter of the book of Genesis we find Javan mentioned among the sons of Japheth, by whom 'the isles of the Gentiles were divided in their lands, every one after his tongue, after their families in their nations;' and since in several passages of scripture, Greece is in the original called Javan; an appellation which some modern translations have

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retained; the inference, considering the practice of the sacred writers, is unavoidable; that this country was originally settled by that son of Japheth from whom it derived its name."—pp. 83, 84.

Mr. Moore next discusses that remarkable phenomenon in the Greek language, the existence of several dialects, equally the instruments of literary composition, each appropriated to one particular kind. The modern languages, as he observes, are spoken in a similar variety of local dialects, but choice or accident has fixed upon some one, and made it exclusively the language of elegant literature. Dante, Petrarch and Boccaccio spoke and wrote the Tuscan, and their works being the first productions of high poetic talent, in any form of the Italian, stamped the Tuscan forever, as the polite language of Italy. Calderon, Lopez de Vega and others, exercised the same influence in setting the Castilian over all the other dialects of Spain. The reformers of the sixteenth century made the dialect of Misnia, the literary language of Germany. In English, the dialect of Allan Ramsay's Gentle Shepherd, and of many of the sweetest songs of Burns, corresponds in no slight degree with the Grecian Doric. Mr. Moore assigns the existence of these several dialects, to three principal causes; first, the mutual rivalry of the different states; secondly, the dependence of the richer and more cultivated classes on the lower orders, which made them more ready to adopt their forms of speech; and, lastly, "the existence in their dialects, while they were as yet altogether, or chiefly oral, of the finest productions of poetic genius, caused to be retained afterwards in a written shape, distinctions that were inherent in the form and structure of the verse." We conclude this part of the subject with the following extract.

"We shall view this subject in its true light if we consider, that one and the same primitive tongue came to be spoken in different parts of Greece and her colonies, and by different tribes, with a great variety of modifications, which are commonly classed under one or other of four dialects; the Æolic, the Doric, the Ionic and the Attic; and these are again, with great propriety, reduced to two; the Doric and the Ionic, this two-fold division of the dialects of Greece corresponding with that of its inhabitants into those of Dorian, and those of Ionian race; by whom, respectively, these dialects were used. The Ionian colonists of Asia Minor were the first to soften the asperities of the ancient ruder tongue, and to give it consistency and polish. Their example was afterwards followed by Attica, their mother country. The Dorian colonists in Italy

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and Sicily seem to have been the first to cultivate their dialect to any great extent. The Æolian, departing least of all from the primitive form, continued to retain most traces of the rudeness and harshness of the ancient tongue; yet this was the language in which Sappho, Erinne, and Corinna sang. Anacreon struck his lyre to the softer sounds of the Ionian; esteemed most musical of all the four.

"As out of one common language these four dialects by degrees arose; so each particular dialect in process of time underwent considerable change. It is obvious, however, that this must have been gradual; and that it cannot be easy to determine with accuracy the limits between old, and new; or old, middle, and new, for so they are distinguished. Every living language must be in a state of change; and though its motion be slow and imperceptible, yet, being constant, it produces in time very sensible effects.

"As each of these dialects changed, from time to time, its general character; so did it also, at any given time, vary from place to place. And these varieties were called local dialects. The Grecian writers, however, seldom used with all its local peculiarities, the language of the particular place or people to which they happened to belong; but adopted, in greater or in less degree, the dialect of which their vernacular tongue was a local subdivision. Thus Pindar did not write the language spoken at his native Thebes; nor Theocritus that used at Syracuse; but they adopted, though in different degrees, the general Doric dialect of the period at which, respectively, they lived and wrote.

"It is further to be observed, that writers living at the same time, in the same place, and making use of the same dialect, modified it variously, and adopted more or less of its peculiarities, according as the nature of the subject required them to descend to or rise above the familiar phraseology of ordinary life. The dialect, moreover, in which an author wrote was not always that of his country, or that he was accustomed to employ in speech; but his choice was regulated by the nature of his subject, the place at which he chanced to be, or the persons whom he wished to gratify. Thus the same writer, perhaps, would use the Ionic-poetic dialect, as that of Homer has been called, if he wrote heroic verse; the Doric, in a pastoral poem; and Attic, if he attempted tragedy. The dialect of Pindar was not that of his fair countrywomen Myrtis and Corinna. Simonides of Ceos, who on other occasions used Ionic, when at the court of Hiero, and writing for Doric patrons, adopts their dialect. Callimachus, too, when he writes at Argos, makes use of the dialect prevailing there; as in his hymn on the Bath of Minerva, and in that addressed to Ceres. Herodotus and Hippo-

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crates, though both Dorians, adopt in their writings the Ionic dialect, because in that the earliest prose compositions were contained.

"The choral parts of Grecian tragedy adopt in some particulars the Doric dialect; a fact for which, as yet, no reason altogether satisfactory has been assigned. But there have been different conjectures; as that, these Doricisms are traces of the original rusticity of the chorus; that they add to the language a certain dignity; that, the most eminent lyric poets having used the Doric dialect, it had in consequence, become more appropriate to the lyric parts of tragedy. Since almost the only Doricisms are occasional substitutions of the letter α for the long vowels η and ω; and since the music of the choral parts was, as shall be shown hereafter, of a more impassioned character than that by which the dialogue was accompanied, and appears to have differed from it somewhat as the airs and choruses of the Italian serious opera do from the recitative; one motive for the adoption of the Doric dialect, in the limited extent just mentioned, may have been that the letter α was especially suited to the musical divisions of the chorus; as the same vowel sound has by modern musicians been preferred to any other, for that same purpose of running their divisions. An ancient Greek writer upon music, Aristides Quintilianus, observes, that of the doubtful vowels, α is best adapted to melody; being, because of the broadness of its sound, most easily prolonged; and that of the consonants, which, to avoid hiatus, must of necessity be united with the vowel sounds, the best is τ. We find him, therefore, pointing out as best suited to musical modulations the very syllable τα, which is still a favorite with musical composers.

"But to return from this digression. It was observed that a writer of heroic verse among the Greeks would adopt the dialect of Homer. It will be proper to extend somewhat our remarks upon this head. This dialect or language of Homer, which has been called Hellenic, was no one of the dialects we have been considering; but the common source of all. It was the language of the country and the age in which he lived; and, because of his great excellence, it continued to be that of poetry, especially of epic and heroic poetry, through all succeeding times. But though the language of Homer continued to be the language of that kind of poetry to which it had been consecrated by his use, it gradually ceased to be the tongue of any one people. Some terms and forms of words were retained in the dialect of one place or people; others in that of another. Some forms and modes of expression became obsolete, except in so far as they were retained in use by poets, in imitation of their great exemplar. These were called poetic licenses; and characterized the poetic dialect. Of the ancient Homeric language each dialect preserved some part, that

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in the kindred dialects fell into disuse; and in after times grammarians spoke of such Homeric forms, as being according to this or that dialect in which they were so preserved. And when it has happened that a particular word survived only in some single tribe, or state, we hear of the Bœotian dialect, the Cyprian, Pamphylian, Sicilian, Chalcidian, Cretan, Tarentine, Lacedæmonian, Argive, Thessalian, and others. Hence we may discover the reason why

"Smyrna, Rhodos, Colophon, Salamis, Chios, Argos, Athenæ"

could all lay claim to the honor of having given birth to Homer. He used a language which had once been common to them all; but afterwards the language spoken at Rhodes and Argos was called Doric; at Colophon and Chios the dialect used was Ionic; and at Salamis and Athens, Attic; distinctions in the tongue of these several cities that grew up amongst them after Homer's age.

"Viewing the matter in this light, we shall easily account for the difference of opinion between those who maintain that Homer was an Ionian; and call his dialect, Ionic-poetic; and those again, who think he was an Æolian, and that the basis of his language is Æolic. It will be evident that Homer, as respects his dialect, was neither Æolian nor Ionian; but used a language, which contained the germs of all those peculiar dialects that afterwards arose.

"Until after the conclusion of the Persian war, or during the first of the periods before mentioned, the dialects chiefly cultivated were the Ionic, the Æolic, and the Doric; and in the first of these dialects, towards the close of this period, Grecian prose was first written; either by Anaximander, or by Cadmus of Miletus, or by a disciple of the former, Pherecydes of Syros, who, though commonly regarded as the earliest prose writer among the Greeks, died less than forty years before the battle of Salamis.

"During the second of our periods, or from the Persian war until the death of Alexander, the genius of Athens shone forth with such brightness as to throw into shade the literature of every other part of Greece; and the drama, history, philosophy, and eloquence, having been all brought to perfection in the polished dialect of Athens, it has to them, consequently, ever since remained appropriate; and upon the wide diffusion of the Greek language through the extensive regions over which Alexander's successors reigned, the Attic dialect, in consequence of the superiority of Attic literature, became the basis of the general language of composition; though certain kinds of poetry still continued to retain the dialect that had ever been appropriated to them. Athens, it is true, lost together with her political independence her literary pre-eminence; but her language still maintained its

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empire, even at the court of the Ptolemies; where Grecian arts and letters again revived, after their almost extinction during the wars that succeeded the dismemberment of the Macedonian empire." — pp. 87 — 94.

The remainder of this lecture is occupied with some particulars concerning the Romaic or Modern Greek; a dialect that, from its intimate relations with the ancient, and from its lately acquired importance, as being spoken by the people of an independent kingdom, bids fair to become one of the most interesting languages of Europe. The principal changes it has undergone from the ancient forms are the following. It has adopted the use of auxiliaries to nearly as great an extent as the languages of Latin parentage. The terminations of cases are fewer; prepositions are constructed with different cases, and in different senses, from the ancient; modern particles are parts of old Greek words, as δὲν from οὐδὲν, νὰ from ἵνα; ancient Greek words are changed by adding Turkish terminations; derivative or secondary, or accidental meanings of old words, are made the ground-meanings of the new. Mr. Moore gives several striking examples of this change. Besides this, a large body of words, borrowed from Italy and Turkey, have been incorporated into the Romaic, and many terms, expressive of ideas and combinations unknown to the ancients, have been added by the obvious necessity of the case. But yet, the language is radically and substantially the same as the ancient, to a surprising degree, when we consider the political changes which that unhappy people have been subjected to during so many centuries. It can be accounted for only by the fact, that a portion of the Grecian people guarded themselves with jealous care from the polluting contact of their barbarian oppressors, and preserved the fire of the Greek character unextinguished amidst the storms that swept with desolating fury over their devoted land.

The modern Greek is daily drawing nearer to the form and character of its venerable parent. Educated writers take great care to lop off the barbarous additions of the Turks, and are gradually bringing back the variety of ancient declension. They borrow largely from the Hellenic, not only words in their old meanings, but the elements to compound new words. This process will undoubtedly go on until the language has assumed a permanent form, and adapted itself to all the exigen-

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cies of polished literature. The rhythmical beauty of the ancient is unquestionably lost. The united flexibility, complexity and simplicity, which gave it its unexampled harmony, can never be restored. Ancient versification can never lend its variety and majesty to the Romaic. We must be content to leave the union of accent and quantity, to which the Attic ear was so exquisitely sensible, among the lost secrets of antiquity. But the Romaic is equal to the French in logical clearness of construction, and almost to the Italian, in the music of its sound. If it has lost the charm of quantity, it has gained the attraction of rhyme. If it has lost something of the stateliness of antiquity, it has gained the simplicity and copiousness, which belong to modern times.

Mr. Moore is hardly correct in saying that the modern Greeks have no literature. The Greek language has been used by innumerable writers, both of prose and poetry, at every period of its history since the capture of Corinth. Within the last fifty years authors of no mean merit have sprung up in almost every department of letters; logic, philosophy, theology, have not been unattempted by them. Dramatic and lyric poetry have been cultivated, the former with moderate, the latter with remarkable success. The Aspasia of Ritzos has been republished in America. The language of this work is polished and pure. The verse is modelled after the French Alexandrian, and like the French, it has even the modern ornament of rhyme. In imitation of the ancients, the author has introduced the chorus. In the conception and delineation of character, it must be confessed that Ritzos never rises above mediocrity; that in essential dramatic talent, in creative poetic genius, he is utterly deficient; and that the Aspasia with all its rhymes and choral songs is rather hard reading.

But there is a large class of poems, peculiarly modern, and essentially popular; — the Klephtic songs. These have grown out of the singular condition of the mountain tribes, who maintained themselves in a wild independence, beyond the reach of Turkish despotism. They are mostly short, commemorating some striking event or wild exploit, and are full of picturesque beauty, breathing a fiery genius worthy of the best days of the Grecian lyre. Of late years they have excited a lively interest among men of letters in Europe.

The lively genius of the Greek has given birth to a great variety of other popular songs. The elegant Anacreontics of

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Christopulus, will always be admired for graceful expression, lively imagery, and a delightful gaiety of sentiment. But besides the beautiful productions of their original genius, the modern Greeks have been busily employed in translating a large number of the best works in European literature. Dr. Coray has but lately ended a long and active life, devoted to the literature and the liberty of his country. No man has done so much to raise the standard of style, to free the language from barbarism, to spread the love of sound learning among his countrymen, as this admirable scholar. He edited in Paris a select library of the ancient classics, chosen according to their supposed applicability to the existing condition of the nation, and prefixed to them introductions in modern Greek, which are models of chaste composition and stirring eloquence. It is true that the modern Greeks have not yet had a Dante, a Shakspeare or a Milton; but they have done enough to show that they have a prodigious strength of national character; that they cherish an enthusiastic pride of country and ancestry; and that they have the genius to restore the long lost glories of their intellectual dominion. They read and study the works of their great ancestors, in the spirit and with the pride of fellow countrymen. Their education is founded on their ancient literature; and with what advantages for the full comprehension of its sublimest beauties! the soil beneath them, the hills around them, hallowed by the thronging associations of history, moistened by the blood of the defenders of freedom, and now redeemed from the pollution of barbarian footsteps. The institutions of modern civilization are rapidly forming. With a young prince on the throne of Greece brought up at a court distinguished for literary and classical taste, under the care of a father whose ruling passion is the study of ancient learning and art, and educated in an enthusiastic love of Grecian letters, by one of the most illustrious scholars of Germany; the Greeks may reasonably expect a system of government in genial union with the spirit of their nation, and anticipate a speedy revival of poetry and art, in something approaching their ancient splendor. The enlightened councils of Bavaria, supported by the unanimous approbation of Europe, can hardly fail of rapidly removing every obstacle to the complete regeneration of Greece.

The next two lectures contain a discussion of the "Analogy of the Greek language," or the principles of derivation, inflex-

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ion, and classification according to termination, which prevail throughout its whole structure. In treating this subject, Mr. Moore avails himself of the works of three distinguished scholars; Valckenaer, Von Lennep, and Cattier. The theories of these profound philologists are stated in a very clear and succinct form. We must content ourselves with recommending these two valuable lectures to the particular attention of young students, without further comment.

The sixth and concluding lecture is wholly taken up with the subject of Greek pronunciation. The discussion contains, first, a brief statement of the Reuchlinian and Erasmian systems; then a more particular examination of the Reuchlinian system, and the arguments which lead the author to give it a decided preference. Connected with the foregoing, Mr. Moore handles the subject of Greek accents, treating of their history, import, and use. We acknowledge the ability, learning and candor which the Professor shows in the management of all these topics, but we are obliged to dissent wholly from his opinion of the superiority of the Erasmian over the Reuchlinian pronunciation. The question is attended with many difficulties, and perhaps can never be settled to the satisfaction of all. Without going into the endless field of argument and conjecture, we will attempt to illustrate our view of the merits of the question by a hypothetical example. Suppose the English nation were to be overrun in the course of ages by hordes of barbarous invaders. Suppose their literature to degenerate, and their language to become corrupt. A portion of the people, however, remain unsubdued, and the language continues, under certain modifications, to be written and spoken in the country; so that, in its worst state, it bears so strong a resemblance to the old form, that a good English scholar may learn it in a month. Who, in the case just imagined, would have the best right to settle the pronunciation of old English, the descendants of the ancient English people, or the French, Germans, and Italians? Which would be the best method of approximating to the pronunciation of antiquity, to take the fact of the existing pronunciation, as a basis, or to assume a probability, and by reasoning on abstract principles, infer what it was from what we imagine it ought to have been? What sort of work would a Frenchman make of English, or an Englishman make of French, were he to proceed in the spirit of such a preposterous method? Now the Greeks of this age are descended

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from the Greeks of the age of Demosthenes. There never has been an interregnum in their language; there never has been a time when any other language has taken the place of their own. Corrupted as their language is, the substance of it is Greek. Bad as their pronunciation may be, ours must be worse. If they have departed from the pronunciation of their ancestors, Erasmus and his followers must have departed from it still more. The one has at least the authority of tradition, the other has little more than the authority of conjecture. We confess we are inclined to let the Greeks teach us how to pronounce the language of their country and ancestry. We find it hard not to sympathize with the ludicrous perplexity with which an accomplished Greek gentleman listens to the sounding hexameters of Homer, as they are read to him by an English or American scholar. We have before remarked that, in our opinion, the power of uniting accent and quantity, precisely as the ancients did, is now lost. But we have no doubt that if Demosthenes could rise up to day, and go to a council of state in Athens, he would comprehend with tolerable ease the drift of the arguments there used, provided King Otho's councillors should not take it upon them to discuss the affairs of Greece in High Dutch. But if the awful Shade were to enter a class-room in one of our universities, and hear a Freshman glibly construing his own magnificent oration on the crown, would he not stare with amazement, when told that the young gentleman was reciting the very eloquence he had himself, at the height of his powers and renown, "fulmined over Greece?" Would he be likely to cry out, with the jealous dramatist of Queen's Anne's age, "*that's my thunder?*"

The subject has been ably treated, as the literary world well know, by the Honorable John Pickering, in a paper printed in the transactions of the American Academy. The argument in that paper, has always seemed to us scarcely less than conclusive. But the whole matter is likely to undergo a fresh discussion, as soon as the present Greek nation shall have come into close political and literary relations with the rest of Europe.

The new interest, which the study of classical antiquity will acquire from connecting it with a living, commercial, and literary language, will lead, as we think, to a departure from the present conjectural method of pronunciation. The present language of Greece will have to be studied as an important

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subsidiary aid to the full understanding of the ancient; and our scholars will find it hard, if not impossible, to pronounce the one like a living language, without extending that pronunciation to the other.

We look for much instruction from the native scholars of Greece. We doubt not the beauties of classic literature will be more learnedly and fully displayed than they have ever yet been. There must be in the scenery of the country, in the modes of thought, expressions, customs, traditions of the people, an immense amount of interesting and important illustration. And as to verbal criticism, and conjectural emendation of corrupted passages, who would not prefer the native tact and the sure feeling of a born Greek, to the learned guesses of the ablest commentator in any German University?

ART. V. — *Biographies of Wayne and Vane.*
The Library of American Biography. Conducted by JARED SPARKS. Vol. IV.

THE preceding volumes of this miscellany have been noticed in our journal. We learn with satisfaction, that it will be continued. The volumes, which have hitherto appeared, present an interesting and instructive variety of historical and biographical research. A work conducted on the plan of the library of American biography occupies an important middle ground, between a biographical dictionary and a history. It affords a convenient vehicle for information relative to distinguished individuals and memorable occurrences, which might run into too great length, for the opposite purposes either of a biographical dictionary or a general history. The experience of all ages has pronounced in favor of works of this description. Plutarch's parallel lives may be considered as their representative specimen, and perhaps for all classes of readers, Plutarch's lives is as great a favorite as any work ever composed, the bible excepted.

The present volume of the biographical library contains less variety than some of its predecessors, but it is equally valuable. A memoir of Anthony Wayne occupies the first portion of it, but the greater part of the volume is devoted to a life of

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Sir Henry Vane. The life of Wayne is from the pen of General John Armstrong. It is a narrative of great interest. The grandfather of General Wayne, bearing also the name of Anthony Wayne, emigrated from England to Ireland in 1681, where he established himself as a farmer. He fought on the popular side, at the battle of the Boyne. Not satisfied with the government which he had contributed to establish, nor with the manners of the people among whom he had settled himself, he removed from Ireland to Pennsylvania in the year 1722, at the age of sixty-three years. He established his family in Chester county, where on the first of January 1745, his grandson and namesake, the general Anthony Wayne of the American army, was born. He was the only son of his father, Isaac Wayne, and was sent to school to his uncle Gilbert. Almost all that is known of his boyish days is contained in a letter from Gilbert the uncle, to Isaac the father, of the youthful chieftain, in which the former expresses himself in no very promising terms of his pupil. "I verily suspect," says he, "that parental affection blinds you; and that you have mistaken your son's capacity. What he may be the best qualified for, I know not; but one thing I am certain of, he will never make a scholar. He may make a soldier; he has already distracted the brains of two thirds of the boys, under my direction, by rehearsals of battles, sieges, &c. They exhibit more the appearance ef Indians and Harlequins than of students; this one, decorated with a cap of many colors; and others habited in coats as variegated as Joseph's of old; some laid up with broken heads and others with black eyes. During noon, in place of the usual games and amusements, he has the boys employed in throwing up redoubts, skirmishing, &c. I must be candid with you, brother Isaac; unless Anthony pays more attention to his books, I shall be under the painful necessity of dismissing him from the school."—

The writer of this sketch of the life of the future hero regards the foregoing letter as a hasty report, "and far from prophetic in its forebodings." But it really strikes us as an extraordinary instance of foresight as to future character. We read "mad Anthony" in every line; and if such a thing as phrenology had existed in Chester county, in the middle of the last century, and worthy Mr. Gilbert Wayne had been an adept in that noble science, we should suppose, that he must have found, on the cranium of the youthful hero, language mod-

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erate, combativeness large, and made his report accordingly. The account of the uncle drew forth an earnest and affectionate remonstrance from the father. Anthony returned to school with the best resolutions; abandoned his redoubts and skirmishes, stuck to his books, and in the words of our author, "at the end of eighteen months, not only satisfied his teacher that he possessed a capacity for scholarship, but even drew from him a confession, that 'having acquired all, that his master could teach, he merited the means of higher and more general instruction.'" His father was not slow in acting on this more favorable estimate of his son's capacity, and the young Anthony was accordingly sent to the Philadelphia academy to complete his education. There he remained till his eighteenth year, when, having acquired a competent knowledge of the lower branches of the mathematics, he returned to his native county, and opened an office as a land surveyor.

After the peace of 1763, a land company was formed at Philadelphia, with a view to the settlement of a portion of the back country. Young Wayne, then in his twenty-first year, was selected, on the recommendation of Dr. Franklin, as the agent to visit the territory, inspect the soil in reference to its agricultural character and commercial facilities, and finally to *locate* the settlement. He acquitted himself in this trust so much to the satisfaction of his employers, as to be still farther entrusted by them, with the actual superintendence of the infant settlement; which, however, was broken up in 1767, by the increasing embarrassment of the relations of the Colonies with the mother country. In the course of this year, young Wayne married the daughter of Benjamin Penrose, an eminent merchant of Philadelphia, and, returning to Chester county, resumed his occupation as a surveyor, devoting himself, in the intervals of his employment in that capacity, to agriculture.

Wayne was prompt in foreseeing the issue of the controversy with England, which had now reached its height. The military passion of his youth revived. He gave himself wholly up to preparation for the impending crisis, and devoted his time to the instruction, in tactics and drill, of the voluntary associations of Chester county. Such was their aptitude and his diligence, that in the space of six weeks, he had organized a volunteer corps, "having more the appearance of a veteran than of a militia regiment."

These indications of military talent and a patriotic spirit at-

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tracted the public notice. In January, 1776, Mr. Wayne was appointed to the command of one of the four regiments raised by Pennsylvania, in the continental service. He was ordered to join the northern army under Major General Sullivan. He commanded one of the three regiments, detached under General Thompson, for the unsuccessful expedition to Trois Rivières on the 3d of July; and on the capture of the commander in chief, General St. Clair, the next senior officer being disabled by a wound, the duty of conducting the retreat devolved on Wayne. Though wounded himself, he performed this duty successfully, and brought the greater part of the brigade back to the American camp at the mouth of the Sorel. On the forced retreat of General Sullivan from this post, the duty of covering the movement was assigned to Wayne with the Pennsylvania regiments, and so critical was it in point of time, that the boat latest in getting into motion was not beyond the reach of musket shot, when the head of the enemy's column entered the fort.

The army remained at Ticonderoga the rest of the year 1776; and on the march of General Gates, with a large portion of the men under his command, to reinforce General Washington, Col. Wayne was left in command, with two thousand five hundred men. This arrangement was sanctioned by Congress, who soon conferred on him a commission as Brigadier General. He remained in command of the fortress till the spring of 1777, when at his own request he was transferred to head-quarters. He joined the main army under General Washington on the 15th of May, and was immediately placed at the head of a brigade, "which," as Washington remarked on the occasion, "could not fail, under his direction to be soon greatly distinguished."

This prediction was shortly fulfilled. In the movements and manœuvres of the early part of the summer of 1777, directed by Washington to countervail the demonstrations of the British army, General Wayne bore a conspicuous part, and received the public commendation of the commander-in-chief, in his report to Congress. At the battle of Brandywine, General Wayne was posted at Chad's ford, and sustained a vigorous attack by the troops under Knyphausen. He maintained his position with great gallantry, till learning the defeat of the American force in his rear, he deemed it necessary to fall back on the main army. In the affair of the 20th, the conduct of

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Wayne was impeached by a subordinate, to whose own failure to perform his duty the losses of the night were imputable; but the Court Martial, which Wayne demanded, acquitted him with honor. In the unfortunate battle of Germantown, General Wayne bore a prominent part, and his own conduct and that of his brigade were mentioned with applause by the commander-in-chief, in his official despatch. In the following winter, General Wayne rendered essential service, by the successful manner in which he conducted the foraging department; a branch of duty rendered as difficult as it was odious, by the necessity of resorting to force, in the entire exhaustion of the military chest. In the battle of Monmouth, the conduct of Wayne was marked by Washington, with particular expressions of approbation. The summer of 1779 was signalized by the capture of Stony-point, achieved by Wayne, at the head of a light brigade, organized at the commencement of the campaign. This affair is pronounced by General Armstrong the most brilliant of the war. It acquired to the fortunate commander a military reputation of the most enviable character. At the commencement of the attack, Wayne was struck by a musket-ball on the head and sunk to the ground. He immediately rose on one knee, and exclaimed, "march on, carry me into the fort; for, should the wound be mortal, I will die at the head of the column."

The author of this biography has taken renewed occasion of the narrative of the capture of Stony-point, to correct the alleged errors of the late Chief Justice of the United States. We confess ourselves not wholly gratified with the tone, in which these corrections are made. In the present case, as the statement of Marshall is substantially a repetition of that of Washington, in his despatch to Congress of the 20th of June 1779, the effect of the correction appears to be to impugn the accuracy of Washington, in a statement of facts necessarily within his own knowledge. In the body of that despatch Washington makes the statement explicitly, and repeats it in the postcript, that, owing to some misconception on the part of General Wayne, of the officers of the guard, or of Captain Fishbourn, the despatches of Wayne to Washington, containing the intelligence of the capture of Stony-point, were not forwarded to General M'Dougall. This failure is declared by Washington to have occasioned a loss of several hours, and is mentioned by him as one of the causes, why the projected attack on

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Verplanck's point did not take place. General Armstrong, in citing the passage of Marshall on which he comments, does not cite it as it stands, either in the first or second edition; and his statement accurately quoted, does not appear to us obnoxious to all the exceptions, which the biographer takes to it; and where it is, it appears to us to be borne out by Washington's despatch already alluded to.

The next service rendered by Wayne, was the attack of Fort Lee on the 21st of July, 1780, and with this affair the active service of the campaign closed. In the following winter, and at the close of the festivities of the 1st of January, 1781, the memorable revolt broke out in the Pennsylvania line, threatening the most disastrous consequences. The address and temper of General Wayne were signally manifested, in bringing the troops to a sense of their duty, and arranging the terms of the accommodation.

In the summer of this year, General Wayne acted under the orders of Lafayette in the campaign in Virginia, which preceded the capitulation of Yorktown. In an affair on the 5th of July, when he unexpectedly found himself, with a small force, opposed to the whole British army, and about to be turned on both flanks, by a bold onset, as happily conceived as gallantly executed, he threw the enemy at once on the defensive, compelled him to call in his detachments, and then, by a rapid retreat, extricated himself from the imminent danger of losing his whole corps.

General Wayne had an active command in the army concentrated at Yorktown, and shared in the honor of the glorious event there consummated. In the month of December following, notwithstanding a wound received in the Virginia campaign, he was detached by General Greene, with a small force, to hold the enemy in check, and to establish the authority of the United States in Georgia. The manner in which he performed this duty, with a force greatly disproportioned to the seeming magnitude of the work to be performed, is truly admirable. The British were shut up within Savannah, the open country wrested from the tories, the auxiliary force of Choctaws and Creeks successively defeated, and all the objects of the campaign effected with singular success. General Wayne remained on this station till the close of the war, and finally granted a capitulation to the garrison of Savannah, honorable to his own clemency and advantageous to the country.

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On the conclusion of the peace, he retired to his native county of Chester, with a reputation for bravery, enterprise, and conduct, not perhaps surpassed by that of any of his brother officers.

He was soon elected to the Council of Censors of Pennsylvania, and afterwards a member of the Convention, which was called to revise and amend the Constitution of the State. He performed the duties thus devolved upon him, with laborious assiduity; but for private reasons, withdrew from any further pursuit of public life. A large grant of land was made to him by the State of Georgia, in consideration of his great services there rendered, at the close of the war; but the unfortunate donation proved a source of serious and long continued embarrassment, which ended only with the sacrifice of the property.

After ten years' retirement, Gen. Wayne was again called to the field. Hostilities, as is well known, had never ceased on the western frontier. A cruel border war had been waged between the settlers and the Indians; and the expeditions of Harmar and St. Clair had successively terminated in disaster. In the year 1793, after a vain resort, for the last time, to negotiation, preparations were made by the general government for another appeal to arms. Wayne was placed in command of the force called into the field; but it was not till mid-summer 1794, that he was enabled to take up his march from Cincinnati. On the 8th of August, he reached the spot where the Indian and Canadian force was concentrated, at the junction of the Auglaize and the Miami of the Lake. On the 19th he attacked them in their entrenchments, from which, with a small loss on his own side, he drove the enemy with great slaughter. Pursuing his advantage, he penetrated the Indian country to Greenville, laying waste the territory of the enemy. Taught by their experience the impolicy of continuing the war, the savages were brought to reasonable terms of pacification, by a treaty of which the basis was settled on the 1st of January 1795, and which was definitively concluded in the course of the following summer. From this treaty, may be dated the efficient settlement of the territory North West of the Ohio.

The biography before us terminates with this event, and in the following terms: —

"Plaudits and thanks, public and private, now accumulated upon Wayne. The Congress, then in session, unanimously

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adopted resolutions highly complimentary to the General and the whole army. The President of the United States conveyed to him expressions of the warmest approbation and the highest respect. His entry into Philadelphia was triumphal. All business in the city was suspended; he was met on his approach by its militia in mass, and conducted through the streets amidst the ringing of bells, the roaring of cannon, and the acclamations of a grateful people. Such was the spontaneous burst of public admiration; and such the high evidence of the universal sense entertained of the important services he had rendered. Nor, (if estimated by the number and character of the benefits they conferred on the nation,) will it be thought that these were overrated Besides putting an end to a war, brutal as bloody, and waged without the smallest respect for age or sex throughout our western frontier, they had the further effect of quieting Indian excitement in both the north and the south; of opening to a civilized population the fine region, which had been the theatre of the late hostilities; and of eventually adding to this a large territory equally inviting to settlement and culture. A further and most useful effect was to allay the feverish and factious feeling at home; which, availing itself of the unfortunate issue of Harmar's and St. Clair's campaigns, had gone far to shake the confidence of the people in the executive branch of the government; while, abroad, it hastened the execution of the pending negotiation with Great Britain, by which, the American posts, so long and pertinaciously held by that power, were at last given up.

"Appointed by the government sole commissioner for treating with the North-western Indians, and receiver of the military posts given up by the British government, General Wayne again returned to the West; and, after a prompt and faithful discharge of the duties attached to these new functions, while descending Lake Erie from Detroit, was attacked by the gout, which in a few days put an end to his life and his labors. His remains, temporarily buried on the shore of the Lake, were removed by his son in 1809 to the cemetery of St. David's Church, in Chester county, Pennsylvania; where a monument, raised to his memory by his comrades of the revolution, exhibits the following inscriptions.

"*North Front.* — Major-General ANTHONY WAYNE was born at Waynesborough, in Chester County, State of Pennsylvania, A. D. 1745. After a Life of Honor and Usefulness, he died in December, 1796, at a military Post on the Shore of Lake Erie, Commander-in-chief of the Army of the United States. His military Achievements are Consecrated in the History of his Country, and in the Hearts of his Countrymen. His Remains are here deposited.

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"*South Front.*— In Honor of the distinguished Military Services of Major-General Anthony Wayne, and as an affectionate Tribute of Respect to his Memory, this Stone was erected by his Companions in Arms, the Pennsylvania State Society of the Cincinnati, July 4th, A. D. 1809, Thirty-fourth Anniversary of the Independence of the United States; an Event which constitutes the most appropriate Eulogium of an American Soldier and Patriot."—pp. 78—81.

And now shift we the scene; from the cemetery of St. David's and the peaceful resting-place of a revolutionary officer, to Towerhill and the bloody scaffold of a murdered witness of the truth; from the glorious battle fields of the war of independence, from Brandywine and from Yorktown, where Wayne, in defence of American liberty is found at the head of his division in the army, in which the militant hopes of the awakened continent, the allied armies of France, and the brave adventurers of half Europe, are assembled, — to the cradle of New England, the little band of austere and high-souled patriots, founders of the republic, agitating the great questions, which disturbed their entire Commonwealth, at a period when its whole population might have been bestowed on one of the large islands in Boston harbor. The scenes are laid on the same continent. A span of time only has intervened. The mighty unities of time and of place are preserved in this stupendous drama, and the Action, in its great principles, is also one; but what mighty expansion of interests what a marvellous chain of events, what an unexampled a connection of feeble beginnings, with a consummation, to which even we who have witnessed it, strive in vain to do justice!

On the third of March 1635, a young nobleman, but lately arrived in Boston from old England, was admitted to the freedom of the colony. He has come, a youth of twenty-three years of age, to a region, where a purely scriptural respect for age is a leading trait of character, a fixed point of manners. Not closely associated with the founders of the colony before their emigration, he follows them across the ocean, after an interval of five years, and when the services, the hardships, and the experience of the first lustre would seem naturally to entitle the active leaders of the great undertaking to a preference, which no new comer, at the eleventh hour, could possibly expect to surmount. Nevertheless, a twelvemonth has scarcely passed away, before the Winthrops, the Dudleys the Endi-

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cotts, the Haynes are set aside, and the youthful stranger, at the age of twenty-four, is chosen governor of the colony. It is plain from this fact, that he must be no common personage. The proverbial *notionalness* of the Boston folks did not surely go the length of thus taking up the last new comer, merely as such. When we look into the English books, we find his name buried almost, it is true, under the bloody ruins of the scaffold, where he shed his blood, and we discern something, amounting almost to a conspiracy against his fame, among the popular writers of his own and following times; but one or two bright witnesses reveal the truth and vindicate the choice of our ancestors. Milton's single sonnet is of itself a charter of immortal renown; and the testimony of Sir James Mackintosh, after the interval of a century and a half, stamps upon that charter the seal of time, of posterity, and of truth. The caprice of the little colony was the prompt perception of merit. The leaders of New England were not disparaged, but temporarily set aside, for one

> "young in years, but yet in counsel old,
> Than whom a better senator ne'er held
> The helm of Rome."

When the people called him, hardly a resident of the country, hardly a citizen of age, to the chief magistracy of the colony, they paid not a servile homage to an emigrating scion of nobility; but a just tribute to a mind of the highest order, — a bold spirit which had sought liberty, on the outer verge of the habitable world, at an age when, in most men, the deep ground swell of the stormy passions has not yet begun its heavings. With that sharpness of perception, which springs from extremities of fortune, strangeness of circumstances, and conscious purity of purpose, they saw at once the man, to whom Sir James Mackintosh has ascribed "one of the most profound minds, that ever existed, not inferior perhaps to Bacon;" and if not inferior to Bacon in the intellectual, how vastly above him in the moral properties of a man!

Mr. Upham, in the biography before us, has discharged the debt of long delayed justice to this extraordinary person; another brilliant instance of the "sera numinis *justitia*." The judgment of Sir James Mackintosh, pronounced in 1819, at a public meeting in London, and afterwards more emphatically reported by an American traveller from his memoranda of Sir James's conver-

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sation, and given to the world, in the pages of this our journal, may be considered as the indication of a great re-discovery of a noble character, almost lost to fame. It is like the report of the scientific geologist, that, in the dark caverns of the earth, he has discovered a fossil fragment of some gigantic but perished animal. "His works," says Sir James, "which are theological, are extremely rare, and display astonishing powers. They are remarkable, as containing *the first direct assertion* OF THE LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE!" From this doctrine no doubt, Sir James argued to the profundity of his intellect and to the wonder of his powers. He had disinterred from one of the rare volumes of Vane's theological writings that glorious truth. It was but one bone of the buried behemoth, but the skilful eye of the philosopher could discover in it the whole form of the *megatherium*. Mr. Upham, with affectionate assiduity, with a research animated and guided by a congenial enthusiasm for liberty and for truth, has gone further and gathered up from their dispersion all the mangled and scattered members; has reproduced us not a single fragment but the entire and noble form; not the mere outline, the dry skeleton of a great character, but the perfect speaking man. He has restored to America and to England, to the cause of freedom and truth, the name of a glorious champion, whom his own succeeding times had almost left to perish.

We hail the happy omen. The time cannot be distant, when that whole chapter of English history, the age of the puritans, will be written with new perceptions of its connexion with the great cause of free government, of liberty of conscience, and political reform. Nothing can be narrower, less generous, less philosophical, than the tone, in which those lofty spirits have been alternately assailed and defended. The English of the present day, who owe it to the Puritans that they are not tossed, like a shuttlecock, from the pikes of an enraged populace to the bayonets of a military police, as their neighbors in France, hurry over the history of the commonwealth with a kind of compassionate or supercilious *non-chalance;* and even we, we, to our shame be it said, we, descendants of that noble stock; we, sprung from the best blood of that high-souled race, we are eternally tasking our wits to find apologies and excuses for our fathers. Apologies for the asserters of the liberty of conscience; excuses for the men that invented representative government; and broke the iron yoke of feudalism!

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Exquisite degeneracy; dainty unworthiness of our origin! What, could Burke himself, loyal to the core, — with the streaming horrors of the French revolution before his eyes, and wrought by them to a political, and almost to a physical phrenzy, could even he say of the leaders of the great English rebellion, "whilst they attempted or affected changes in the commonwealth, they *sanctified* their ambition, by advancing the dignity of the people whose peace they troubled. They had long views. They aimed at the rule not at the destruction of their country. They were men of great civil and great military talents, and if the terror, the ornament of their age. The compliment made to one of the great bad men of the old stamp, (Cromwell,) by his kinsman, a favorite poet of that time, shews what it was he proposed, and what indeed to a great degree he accomplished, in the success of his ambition:

> "Still as *you* rise, the *State*, exalted too,
> Finds no distemper, while 'tis changed by *you*;
> Changed like the world's great scene, when without noise,
> The rising sun night's vulgar lights destroys."

These disturbers were not so much like men usurping power, as asserting their natural place in society. Their rising was to illuminate and beautify the world. Their conquest over their competitors was by outshining them. The hand, that, like a destroying angel, smote the country, communicated to it the force and energy under which it suffered!" Abstract from this splendid eulogium, the qualifications manifestly attached to the praise, to the end that the praise might be forgiven by himself and his age, and what a tribute remains! Cromwell and the men with whom and by whom he subverted the British monarchy, sanctifying their ambition by promoting the dignity of the state, men of great civil as well as great military talent, the ornament of their age; proposing as they rose to elevate their country with them, and to a great degree effecting what they proposed; not so much the usurpers of the places of other men, as asserters of their own; illuminating and beautifying the world, as the rising sun illuminates and adorns the heavens; outshining, not trampling down their competitors; and if they smote their country like a destroying angel, imparting to it at the same time, the force and energy of the destroyer, to smite down and blast its enemies! And shall this be said of Cromwell and his peers; — this by Burke; — this at

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the height of the panic of the French Revolution; this in a discourse intended as a warning cry, a *vox clamantis*, to rouse England and Europe into a crusade against revolutionary France! And shall we, the citizens of a free republic, founded by the long suffering puritans, the inhabitants of a mighty continent, by their nerve and counsel added to the civilized world; shall we, who live in an age when even the heaven-defying horrors of that French revolution begin to be partly forgotten, in the brilliant development of power and talent which it occasioned; begin to be in some measure excused, for the ages of crying oppression which preceded it; begin to be in no small degree atoned for, by the civil regeneration of feudal Europe to which it gave the impulse; shall we, while the whole civilized world, struggling on triumphant, with joyous strides or convulsive starts, is shaping its institutions of civil polity more and more upon the principles first practically set forth and exemplified by our puritan fathers; — shall we, being what we are, and whence we are, and where we are, shall we basely qualify the homage due to these illustrious shades, the men who were faithful when Cromwell and his associates were faithless? Miserable prudery! Why do we not boldly and roundly, without strain or qualification, vindicate their fame, defend their characters, and assert that their very faults were the instruments, with which Providence vouchsafed to accomplish this great work? "They were dark and austere." They needed to be; the children of sunshine would have drooped and fainted under the terrors and gloom of the enterprise. "They persecuted those who differed from them." They had a right to do that, which is falsely called persecuting those who differed from them. The man, who possesses the power at home, and persecutes his brother who differs from him; the man who at home will not let his neighbor live in peace and die in his bed, because he differs from him, is a tyrant. But the victims of persecution, the men who have given up native land, and home, and forefather's graves to those who will not tolerate their difference, and crossed the awful deep, and found out a place of refuge in the horrid wilderness, where hardships and danger are their constant attendance, those men have a right to their own way, in their own desert. They have a right to be undisturbed by sights and sounds and doings and sayings, which shock their sense of religious decency. No wandering melancholic, or fanatic opinionist has a right to

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invade their place of voluntary exile, and claim the toleration and protection of the banished society, for his own annoying peculiarity. The utmost he can demand is a right to do what they have done, quit them in peace, and seek a wilderness still more remote, where he, in his turn, may claim a right to worship God according to his own peculiarity. "But the puritans were cruel, and hung persons charged with witchcraft;" and what should we do? If we honestly believed, as they honestly believed, that the wretched victims of these delusions, were in personal league with the enemy of man; if we saw the incarnate principle of Evil where they saw it; if the state of philosophy, of public sentiment, of popular theology, was to us what it was to them, and we believed ourselves to be fighting a perilous battle, amidst the flashing fires of the opening pit; are we quite sure, that we should go into the ghastly contest, with soft and elegant phrases on our lips, and mild and placid affections in our bosoms? No, no. Let it suffice us to be ourselves tolerant and merciful. Let us be content with our own liberality; our own abhorrence of persecution, which in us would be our crime; but let us not judge great and honored names of other days, by a standard either of opinion or duty, which does not apply to their age, their circumstances, or their vocation. Do not let us quarrel with the noble and massy edifice, because it was the work of successive generations; because it did not rise like an exhalation from the soil; because they who laid the foundation did not carry up the head-stone. Let us not murmur at the oak, because it did not shoot up from the acorn like a mushroom, in a single night. Let us not impeach the wisdom of our forefathers for not bringing to perfection, in a day, the system of social institutions, which required for its perfection that it should not be the work of a day; which required precisely, more than every thing else, the operation of successive years, the seasoning of long time, the discipline of experience, the rectification of errors by their results, the preparation for one stage of advancement in the training of a former stage, the enthusiasm caught from prophetic glimpses of a gradually unfolding future.

But it is more than time, to revert to Mr. Upham's biography of Vane, and it is no exaggerated praise to pronounce it a production of the most distinguished excellence. The character of Vane, to which full justice had never before been done, is conceived in all its dignity, originality, and spirit. In turning

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the pages, we pass through not a dry accumulation of dates and facts, but through the successive passages of a real life; the strong and significant manifestations of a decided character, skilfully drawn. We take for granted that almost every one, who peruses this volume, will admit that he has acquired much valuable knowledge, which he did not before possess, of a great and strangely undervalued benefactor of mankind. This result is produced, by the great diligence employed by Mr. Upham, in exploring and collecting the authorities, particularly as contained in the works of Vane himself; by the penetration, with which he has seized and harmonized the traits of the character portrayed; and above all by the strong sympathy, which animates the biographer with the lofty, varied, and tragic fortunes of his hero.

It is impossible to bring into an analysis the entire contents of the life of Vane, forming as it does the chief part of the volume before us. Our only object is to give a general conception of its character; and adequate specimens of the mode in which it is executed.

Emigrating to America at the age of twenty-four, and chosen to the chief magistracy of the colony of Massachusetts, the following year, the active life of Vane, of course, commenced here. The events of his brief administration are related with spirit and judgment. It was distracted by the Antinomian controversy, of which Mr. Upham has given a very clear and philosophical account. In this part of the subject, Mr. Upham introduces the following sound and ingenious remarks on the topic, on which we have ourselves just hazarded a few observations.

"It has often been remarked that our fathers were guilty of great inconsistency in persecuting the followers of Mrs. Hutchinson, the Quakers, and others, inasmuch as they settled the country in order to secure themselves from persecution. They are often reproached as having contended manfully for the rights of conscience when they were themselves sufferers, and as then turning against others and violating their rights of conscience, so soon as they had the power and the opportunity to do it. But the remark and the reproach are equally founded in error. It was for religious liberty *in a peculiar sense*, that our fathers contended, and they were faithful to the cause *as they understood it*. The true principle of religious liberty, in its wide and full comprehension, had never dawned upon their minds, and was never maintained by them.

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"In their own country they were oppressed and in various ways afflicted in the exercise of their consciences, and in the expression and enjoyment of their own religious principles and way of worship. They saw no prospect of a remedy, because it was then universally supposed, that, in order to live in peace and liberty, Christians must agree in sentiment and speculation. Such an agreement was manifestly impossible in the old world. They were therefore led to conceive the plan of withdrawing from Christendom into a wilderness beyond the ocean, where, without disturbing others, they themselves might enjoy 'freedom to worship God.' It did not occur to their imaginations, that any, besides those who sympathized with them in views and feelings, would voluntarily join them in encountering the perils of the deep, and the sufferings of a new settlement, on a foreign and savage shore. It was their solemn and most sacred purpose to rear up their children in the faith they cherished; and they rejoiced in having, as they thought, devised a scheme of society, in which, far removed from all who differed from them, they might enjoy their own institutions and profess their own principles, without giving or suffering molestation, and free from all division or dissent.

"Such was the theory upon which New England was planted. It was, as the event has abundantly proved, visionary and impracticable. Without considering the difficulty of excluding persons of discordant opinions, coming from abroad, it was utterly in vain to attempt to bring any system of education to bear with such complete effect upon a whole people as to prevent difference of opinion among their descendants. It was however a beautiful vision, and, upon the whole, very creditable to those who indulged it. While we cannot lament that it failed of being realized, it is impossible not to sympathize with our fathers in the disappointment they so bitterly experienced, when, after all their sacrifices, and toils, and privations, and sufferings, and before they had got comfortably settled in their new abode, they discovered, to their amazement, that they had not escaped the differences and dissensions which they so much dreaded. It seemed hard, that, after having left Christendom, country, and home itself, and effected a lodgment in a far-off wilderness, where *their only hope was a peaceful harmony of opinion, beyond the* reach of oppression, and rescued from all temptation to oppress,— it was indeed hard to be pursued and tormented by those very disputes, which they had sacrificed their very all to avoid. It ought not to be wondered at, as a strange or inconsistent thing, that they used every effort to drive from their territory those who advocated discordant opinions, and that they employed every device to prevent their introduction. In so doing they did not violate, but on the contrary fully acted out the principles, upon which

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they emigrated to America, and planted the colony. The law to which we have just referred was but an expression of those principles, and indicated the only probable policy by which they could be developed and preserved. It was regarded with disapprobation at the time, not because it was inconsistent with the principles of the commonwealth, but because it presented those principles in an aspect so naked and palpable, that their narrowness and deformity were more exposed to view than they had ever been before."—pp. 147 — 150.

On his return to England, Vane was drawn at once into the vortex of affairs. Notwithstanding his known attachment to the doctrines and discipline of the puritans, his alliance was sought by the court, and he received the honor of knighthood. On the 13th of April 1640, he took his seat in parliament, as the member from Kingston-on-Hull. That parliament, being dissolved, and another (the long parliament) convened, Sir Henry Vane was again returned a member of this body, which according to Warburton, comprehended "a set of the greatest geniuses for government, that the world ever saw embarked together in one common cause." Vane, young as he was, "from the first hour of its deliberations," to use the words of Mr. Upham, "was one of the foremost leaders, and was destined to secure by far the brightest, purest, and most enviable fame."

In the eighth chapter, is related the extraordinary history of Strafford's impeachment and fate, an event in the consummation of which Sir Henry Vane was called to a singular and painful participation. The passage, however, is too long to be quoted and would suffer by abridgment. The religious character of Vane forms the subject of the ninth chapter; and the opposite opinions, of which his theological views and writings have been the subject, form no uninstructive commentary on the contrariety of human judgment and the violence of party prejudice. On this subject, Mr. Upham observes:

"But his religious character, as it shone in his daily life, will be best illustrated by tracing the history of that life. I proceed therefore to the examination of his religious views and principles. And here, again, I shall adopt the plan of quoting what his enemies and calumniators have said respecting him, and then, after presenting the actual truth to the reader, leave him to form his own conclusions.

"Anthony Wood's view of his religious character has already been presented. Clarendon gives the following account. 'Vane was a man not to be described by any character of religion; in

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which he had swallowed some of the fancies and extravagances of every sect or faction, and was become (which cannot be expressed by any other language than was peculiar to the time) *a man above ordinances*, unlimited or unrestrained by any rules or bounds prescribed to other men, by reason of his perfection. He was a perfect enthusiast, and, without doubt, did believe himself inspired; which so far corrupted his reason and understanding (which, in all matters without the verge of religion, was superior to that of most men,) that he did, at some time, believe he was the person deputed to reign over the saints upon earth for a thousand years.' Clarendon, in another place, expresses his wonder, that in Sir Henry's writings there was none of 'that clearness and ratiocination, in which, in discourse, he used much to excel the best of the company he kept.'

"Burnet thus describes him; 'For though he set up a form of religion in a way of his own, yet it consisted rather in a withdrawing from all other forms, than in any new or particular opinions or forms; from which he and his party were called Seekers, and seemed to wait for some new and clearer manifestations. In these meetings he preached and prayed often himself, but with so peculiar a darkness, that, though I have sometimes taken pains to see if I could find out his meaning in his works, yet I could never reach it. His friends told me, he leaned to Origen's notion of an universal salvation of all, both of devils and the damned, and to the doctrine of preëxistence.'

"Hume, after expressing an enthusiastic admiration of Vane's dying deportment, thus speaks of his religious writings. 'This man, so celebrated for his parliamentary talents, and for his capacity in business, has left some writings behind him. They treat, all of them, of religious subjects, and are absolutely unintelligible. No traces of eloquence or even of common sense appear in them.'

"Nothing is more curious than the entirely different views, which discerning and discriminating minds sometimes take of the same subject. In 'The North American Review' for October, 1832, the editor (Mr. Alexander H. Everett) relates a conversation held between Sir James Mackintosh and himself, at London, in 1817. On that occasion Sir James, speaking of the English Calvinists, says; 'Sir Henry Vane was one of the most profound minds that ever existed, not inferior, perhaps, to Bacon. His works, which are theological, are extremely rare, and display astonishing powers. They are remarkable as containing the first direct assertion of the liberty of conscience.'

"Thus we see, that the writings, which to the mind of Hume were 'absolutely unintelligible,' and exhibited 'no traces of eloquence or common sense,' in the estimation of Mackintosh dis-

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played 'astonishing powers,' and entitled their author to the superlative praise of being 'one of the most profound minds that ever existed!' In such a case, we must each exercise an impartial and independent, discernment, and judge for ourselves what is right." — pp. 201 — 204.

In all the transactions of the great struggle between the parliament and the Crown, Vane was a leader. He was one of the commissioners, who were sent to engage the co-operation of the Scotch, and Lord Clarendon having mentioned this circumstance adds, "therefore the others need not be named, since he was all, in any business where others were joined with him;" and after relating the negotiation of the memorable instrument of the solemn league and covenant, he remarks of Sir Henry Vane, "there needs no more be said of his ability, than that he was chosen to cozen and deceive a whole nation, which excelled in craft and cunning, which he did with notable pregnancy and dexterity." But it was not in his diplomatic successes, that the glory of his character lies. The consistency of Vane might have shielded him from the sneers of Hume and of Clarendon. The moment the designs of Cromwell were unmasked, and the freedom of Parliament invaded, Vane retired, indignant and disgusted, to private life. He was guiltless of the blood of the king, and so well known was his disapprobation of his execution, that, on the organization of the Council of State after that event, which he was with great reluctance induced to join, the proposed oath of office, which contained a clause approving the king's trial, was altered in consequence of Vane's unwillingness to take it, in that form. The following passage from this portion of the history, will convey a just and satisfactory idea of his talent for business and the energy of his mind:

"He took his seat in the Council nine days after its instalment, and immediately entered, with his accustomed energy and ability, upon the duties of the office. He continued to be in the Council from 1649 to 1653. The powers exercised by that body were very great. They were entrusted with the entire command of the military force of England and Ireland, and were authorized to raise and control a navy, and to conduct the whole administration of the country in reference both to its offensive and defensive operations in war. Sir Henry Vane was for some time President of the Council, and, as Treasurer and Commissioner for the Navy, he had almost the exclusive direction of that branch of the public

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service. The foreign relations were wholly under his management. He planned and conducted the war with the United Provinces, in which Blake gathered his laurels, and won for his country the proud title of mistress of the seas; and he imparted his own patriotic and generous spirit to his countrymen by exhibiting an example of disinterested devotion to the public cause. In order to lighten the burden of the war, and to encourage the people to carry it on with vigor, he voluntarily relinquished, as has been before observed, the profits of the immensely lucrative office he held, and appropriated them to the common treasury.

"It was in this period that the genius of England, 'both in the cabinet and on the waves,' shone forth with its most resplendent lustre. The fire of liberty seemed, for a time, to burn bright and clear in every heart, and its spirit to nerve every arm. The trident was shaken from the hand of Holland. The world resounded with the fame of the Commonwealth, and every place in the empire became subject to its power. Scilly, Jersey, Guernsey, the Isle of Man, Virginia, and Barbadoes, one after another, all submitted.

"But it was not without a desperate struggle that the Dutch surrendered their supremacy on the ocean. For more than three years the contest continued, and a series of naval engagements took place, which for the courage and resolution manifested on both sides, have never been surpassed. As the war advanced, the Dutch and English increased their naval armaments, and seemed to gather strength from exhaustion. In November, 1652, Van Tromp, after immense preparations, in which the power of Holland was strained to the utmost, took the sea with a fleet of more than seventy ships and falling in with Blake in the Downs, a most sanguinary and long protracted action took place. They fought as though they felt that the fate of both nations was suspended on the issue. Blake's fleet was much less numerous than that of Van Tromp. After maintaining the conflict from noon until night, the English admiral retired, with considerable loss, up the river, and the victorious Hollander rode master of the ocean, and paraded his fleet up and down the English channel with a broom fixed to his mast-head, thus vaunting that he had swept his enemy from the sea.

"The effect of this defeat was felt throughout England, as a deep misfortune. The national pride was wounded, and a general gloom and despondency pervaded the people. It was, of course, particularly disastrous to Sir Henry Vane, as he had promoted and conducted the war, which seemed to have been brought to so inglorious a close. It was supposed that the power of Britain was permanently broken down, and the period was commonly spoken of, at the time, 'as the present day of England's adversity by her wars with Holland.'

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"But Vane was not disheartened. His energy rose with the difficulties of his position. The battle was fought on the 29th of November. He reported the estimates of the expenses of the navy immediately to the House. On the 4th of December it was resolved, that one hundred and twenty thousand pounds per month should be appropriated to the support of the armaments by land and sea, of which forty thousand were for the navy. The next point was, to raise the revenue to meet such an appropriation; and the genius of Vane was not for a moment at a loss to devise the means. On the 6th of December a bill was introduced and read a first and second time, to sell Windsor Park, Hampton Court, Hyde Park, the Royal Park at Greenwich, Enfield Castle, and Somerset House, the proceeds of the whole to be for the use of the navy; and, by the beginning of February, Blake put to sea with eighty ships of war, and soon fell in with Tromp, at the head of a squadron of equal size, convoying two hundred merchantmen. A battle commenced on the 18th of February, off the Isle of Portland, which, for the weight of the armaments engaged, the determined bravery of the combatants, the length of time during which it lasted, and the brilliancy of its results, far transcended every previous naval action on record, and, all things considered, may safely be said not to have been surpassed since. The battle raged incessantly for three days. The power of England at length prevailed. The Dutch lost seventeen or eighteen of their ships of war, and seventy of their merchantmen. From that moment to the present day, the supremacy of England, as a naval power, has never been, to any decisive extent, reduced or shaken.

"But the genius of Sir Henry Vane was not confined to the conduct of foreign wars, brilliant and wonderful as was its exercise in that department. At this period of his life his labors were so various, so complicated, and so constant, that they were regarded as almost incredible. From an early hour in the morning until late at night, he was every moment engaged in the actual transaction of business. In May, 1649, he had been placed at the head of a committee of which Ireton and Algernon Sydney were members, to consider the state of the Representation; and, after the death of the King, and when the Commonwealth had become established, he reported a bill for REFORM in Parliament, which continued for a long time to engage the attention of the House whenever they had the necessary leisure to deliberate upon so important a measure. Every Wednesday was set apart for the discussion of its details, and there was good reason to indulge the hope that the bill would finally pass. The plan of the reform was this. The House was to consist of four hundred members, the small boroughs were to be disfranchised, the elective privilege was to be

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secured equally to persons of all religious persuasions, and the rights of the people were carefully guarded against corruption and oppression.

"It was while Sir Henry Vane was thus conducting operations, which were covering the name of England with glory, and securing to her the position of the first commercial nation and naval power in the world, and at the same time contriving and constructing a just, and equal, and free government for her people, that his career of usefulness and honor arrested the attention of the great POET OF LIBERTY. John Milton addressed to him the following just tribute of praise.

"'Vane, young in years, but in sage counsel old,
Than whom a better senator ne'er held
The helm of Rome, when gowns, not arms, repelled
The fierce Epirot and the African bold,
Whether to settle peace, or to unfold
The drift of hollow states hard to be spelled;
Then to advise how war may best upheld
Move by her two main nerves, iron and gold,
In all her equipage; besides to know
Both spiritual power and civil, what each means,
What severs each, thou hast learnt, which few have done;
The bounds of either sword to thee we owe;
Therefore on thy firm hand Religion leans
In peace, and reckons thee her eldest son.'"

pp. 231—236.

The scene of the final dissolution of the long parliament, and of Cromwell's frantic behavior on that occasion, is finely told by Mr. Upham. On the consummation of the despotic designs of Cromwell in this wild act, Vane once more sought the retirement of his patrimonial seat, Raby Castle, and solaced himself with the composition of his principal theological work, "The Retired Man's Meditations," a quarto volume of four hundred pages. He also published, "A Letter from a True and Lawful Member of Parliament to one of the Lords of his Highness's Council." About this period Cromwell issued a declaration, calling upon the people to observe a general fast, "for the purpose of applying themselves to the Lord, to discover the Achan who had so long obstructed the settlement of these distracted kingdoms." By this and other expressions, an invitation was seemingly given to all so disposed, to discuss the situation of affairs. Vane took the Protector at his word, and produced "The Healing Question," which Mr. Upham pronounces "one of the most remarkable political papers ever written." "It contains," continues Mr. Upham, "the great principles of civil

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and religious liberty, in a complete exposition, and lays down the rules to be observed in constructing a civil government. It developes and illustrates, and perhaps it may with safety be said, for the first time, the idea of a written constitution; or body of fundamental law, by which the government itself is to be controled, restrained, and limited." The general strain of this pamphlet was, of course, entirely adverse to the usurpation of Cromwell, and the views and judgment of the high-minded and courageous author were expressed, at its close, with too much directness to be mistaken. For this publication, he was peremptorily summoned before the council. He acknowledged without scruple the authorship of the work, and was ordered to give bonds in five thousand pounds, "to do nothing to the prejudice of the present government and the peace of the Commonwealth, or to stand committed." He refused to give the proposed security, boldly denied the legality of the proceedings against him, and rebuked the Protector for deserting the cause of liberty. The consequence was his imprisonment in Carisbroke Castle, in the isle of Wight. His confinement was of short duration, but was followed by the more insidious and vexatious policy of subjecting his estate to ruinous litigation and vexatious suits, conjured up to strip him of his possessions. But none of these things moved him.

The death of Cromwell brought about a new crisis in affairs. A new parliament was summoned. Those interested in the continuance of the system established by the Protector desired to perpetuate it through the instrumentality of his son. Measures were in train to effect this object, and no part of Vane's eventful career reflects higher honor on his memory, than the part then taken by him.

"Those, whose desire it was to have the government continue under the Protectorate of Richard Cromwell, considered it an object of the greatest possible importance to prevent the election of Sir Henry Vane to the ensuing Parliament; and they resorted to the most extraordinary and extreme measures to keep him out. He offered himself at Kingston upon Hull, of which place he claimed, as of right, to be considered the lawful representative, having sat as such in the Long Parliament. His right was confirmed by the electors. He was re-chosen by a full majority of their votes; but the managers of the election, being creatures of Richard's party, in defiance of justice and public sentiment, gave the certificate of election to another. Sir Henry was determined

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not to be defeated, by such means; he, therefore, proceeded to Bristol, entered the canvass, and received a majority of the votes. Here, also, the same bold and high-handed outrage was committed by the officers; and others whose names stood below his on the poll-books were declared to be elected. He still persevered and was finally returned from Whitchurch in Hampshire.

"On the opening of the Parliament it was proposed that their first proceeding should be to confirm the government of Richard, and to sanction the House of Peers which his father had created. The republican party opposed these propositions from the first, and, although they were in a minority, finally succeeded. Their measures were taken with the skill and spirit for which their leaders were so preëminently distinguished. The consultations of the party were generally held at Sir Henry Vane's house, near Charing Cross, and he managed the debates, on their behalf, in the House of Commons. In opposing the further continuance of Cromwell's House of Peers, he reminded the Commons of their former protestations against the bishops holding seats in the upper House, during the royal government, the ground then taken having been that bishops, receiving their appointments from the Crown, would naturally be nothing better than the instruments of the King; and he proved that the argument was good also against the whole House of Lords as such, they all having been raised to the peerage by the late Protector, and being inclined therefore to sustain the government of his son, with implicit and servile obedience.

"While the republicans were advancing these doctrines in the lower House, the members of the other House, and the principal military leaders, were endeavoring to resist their measures, and defeat their designs. And, in order to prevent the results, which might be apprehended in case the discussion continued much longer, a petition was drawn up by the leading officers of the army, and forwarded, through the hands of Fleetwood, his brother-in-law, and Desborough, his uncle, to Richard, requesting him to dissolve the Parliament, and intimating very plainly, that, if he did not do so without delay, the army would proceed to deprive him of his power, and assume to themselves the whole government of the country. Richard accordingly despatched the Keeper of the Seal, as he was bidden, to dissolve the Parliament; but, having gotten information of the design, the House determined not to be dissolved, ordered their doors to be closed, and the gentleman usher of the black rod was not permitted to enter. It was on this occasion, that Sir Henry Vane delivered a speech which produced an overwhelming effect upon the House and nation, and entirely demolished the power of the Protector. It has fortunately been preserved, and is now presented entire to the reader. When it is

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remembered, that this speech was addressed to a House in which Sir Henry was in a minority, that it was spoken almost within the hearing of Richard Cromwell himself, when he was in possession of the whole power of the country, and at a moment when he was backed by the army, and acting in compliance with the will of its generals, we can in some degree appreciate the courage of the speaker, and the effect upon the House of his fearless eloquence.

"'Mr. Speaker,

"'Among all the people of the universe, I know none who have shown so much zeal for the liberty of their country, as the English, at this time, have done. They have, by the help of Divine Providence, overcome all obstacles, and have made themselves free. We have driven away the hereditary tyranny of the house of Stuart, at the expense of much blood and treasure, in hopes of enjoying hereditary liberty, after having shaken off the yoke of kingship; and there is not a man amongst us, who could have imagined that any person would be so bold as to dare attempt the ravishing from us that freedom, which has cost us so much blood and so much labor. But so it happens, I know not by what misfortune, we are fallen into the error of those, who poisoned the Emperor Titus, to make room for Domitian, who made away Augustus that they might have Tiberius, and changed Claudius for Nero.

"'I am sensible these examples are foreign from my subject, since the Romans, in those days, were buried in lewdness and luxury; whereas the people of England are now renowned, all over the world, for their great virtue and discipline; and yet suffer an idiot, without courage, without sense, nay, without ambition, to have dominion in a country of liberty.

"'One could bear a little with *Oliver* Cromwell, though, contrary to his oath of fidelity to the Parliament, contrary to his duty to the public, contrary to the respect he owed to that venerable body from whom he received his authority, he usurped the government. His merit was so extraordinary, that our judgment and passions might be blinded by it. He made his way to empire by the most illustrious actions. He held under his command an army that had made him a conqueror, and a people that had made him their general.

"'But as for *Richard* Cromwell, his son, who is he? What are his titles? We have seen that he has a sword by his side, but did he ever draw it? And, what is of more importance in this case, is he fit to get obedience from a mighty nation, who could never make a footman obey him? Yet, we must recognise this man as our king, under the style of Protector! — a man without birth, without courage, without conduct. For my part, I declare, Sir, it shall never be said that I made such a man my master.'"

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"This impetuous torrent swept away every thing before it. Oratory, genius, and the spirit of liberty never achieved a more complete triumph. It was signal and decisive, instantaneous and irresistible. It broke at once and for ever, the power of Richard and his party, and the control of the country again passed into the hands of the republicans. Richard immediately abdicated the Protectorate, having at the same time issued a Proclamation dissolving the Parliament; and the general voice of the country was so clearly and strongly uttered, that the military factions bowed to its demand, and the famous Long Parliament which Oliver Cromwell had dispersed in 1653, was once more summoned to assemble, by a declaration from a council of officers dated on the 6th of May, 1659." — pp. 289 — 294.

On the downfall of Richard Cromwell, Sir Henry Vane was appointed one of the Council, to which supreme power was delegated. He was of course active, conscientious, and disinterested in his attempts to restore and constitute the State, but other events were in train. Monk's splendid treachery was consummated, and Charles the Second brought in.

Vane was one of the first victims. At first secluded in his dwelling-house, and for a short time removed to the Tower, he was afterward confined for two years, in a fortress, on one of the isles of Scilly. During his imprisonment he occupied his mind with the noble studies of theology and philosophy, and composed several elaborate works. The titles of these productions, with an account of the most considerable of them, are contained in the fifteenth chapter of the work before us. Mr. Upham deserves great credit, for the diligence, with which he has studied the writings of Vane. They are found collected in none of our public or private libraries; and it is only by great pains that they could have been procured from England, for the composition of the present work. A beautiful and pathetic letter to his wife will be found at the close of the chapter, but our limits do not allow us to cite it.

On the 7th of March, 1662, Sir Henry Vane was removed to the Tower of London, and the grand jury, having found a bill against him, he was arraigned on a charge of treason, the 2d of June following. His trial was conducted with that disregard of the principles of justice, and that contempt of all the bulwarks, which the law of England has thrown round the life of the accused citizen, which will render the reigns of Charles the Second and James the Second infamous, even after their other

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titles to the execration of honest men, shall be forgotten. And yet, unprincipled as was the conduct of the court, it whitens into purity, compared with the meanness and treachery of the king, who broke the solemn stipulation, into which he had entered, on the passage of the indemnity bill, to spare the blood of Vane.

The closing scene of his life, his demeanor before the Court, and his last noble stand, when brought up to receive sentence; his intercourse with his friends and family in the Tower, his prayers, his valedictions, his address to the people on the scaffold, and his deportment in the last trying moment, form a narrative of the most pathetic and thrilling interest. It is scarcely surpassed by the death of Socrates. When his wife and children left him for the last time, he was heard to say, "There is still some flesh remaining yet; but I must cast it behind me, and press forward to my father."

The following account of his removal from the prison to the scaffold seems, says Mr. Upham, to have been written by an eye-witness.

"'One of the sheriff's men came and told him, there must be a sled; to which Sir Henry replied, "Any way, how they please, for I long to be at home, to be dissolved and to be with Christ, which is best of all." He went very cheerfully and readily down the stairs from his chamber, and seated himself on the sled; (friends and servants standing about him;) then he was forthwith drawn away towards the scaffold. As he went, some in the Tower, prisoners as well as others, spake to him, praying the Lord to go with him. And after he was out of the Tower, from the tops of houses and out of windows the people used such means and gestures as might best discover at a distance their respect and love towards him, crying aloud, "The Lord go with you, the great God of heaven and earth appear in you and for you;" whereof he took what notice he was capable of in those circumstances, in a cheerful manner accepting their respect, putting off his hat and bowing to them. Being asked several times, how he did, by some about him, he answered, "Never better in all my life." Another replied, "How should he do ill, that suffers for so glorious a cause?" To which a tall man in black said, "Many have suffered for a better cause;" "And many for a worse," said Sir Henry; "and when they come to seal their *better cause* (as you call it) with their blood, as I am now going to seal mine, may they not find themselves deceived; and as to this cause," continued he, "it hath given life in death, to all the owners of it, and sufferers for it."

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"'Being passed within the rails on Tower Hill, there were many loud exclamations of the people, crying out, "The Lord Jesus go with your dear soul," &c. One told him, that was the most glorious seat he ever sate on; he answered, "It is so indeed," and he rejoiced exceedingly.

"'Being come to the scaffold, he cheerfully ascends, and being up, after the crowd on the scaffold was broken in two pieces, to make way for him, he showed himself to the people on the front of the scaffold, with that noble and Christian-like deportment, that he rather seemed a looker-on, than the person concerned in the execution. Insomuch that it was difficult to persuade many of the people that he was the prisoner. But when they knew that the gentleman in the black suit and cloak, with a scarlet silk waistcoat (the victorious color,) showing itself at the breast, was the prisoner, they admired that noble and great presence he appeared with. "How cheerful he is!" said some; "He doos not look like a dying man," said others; with many like speeches, as astonished with that strange appearance he shined forth in.

"'Then, (silence being commanded by the sheriff,) lifting up his hands and eyes towards heaven, and then resting his hands upon the rails, and taking a very serious, composed, and majestic view of the great multitude about him, he spake as followeth.

"Gentlemen, fellow countrymen, and Christians,

"'When Mr. Sheriff came to me this morning, and told me he had received a command from the king, that I should say nothing reflecting upon his Majesty or the Government, I answered that I should confine and order my speech, as near as I could, so as to be least offensive, saving my faithfulness to the trust reposed in me, which I must ever discharge with a good conscience unto death; for I ever valued a man, according to his faithfulness to the trust reposed in him, even on his Majesty's behalf, in the late controversy. And if you dare trust my discretion, Mr. Sheriff, I shall do nothing but which becomes a good Christian and an Englishman; and so I hope I shall be civilly dealt with.

"'When Mr. Sheriff's chaplain came to me last night about twelve of the clock, to bring me, as he called it, the fatal message of death, it pleased the Lord to bring that scripture to my mind, in the third of Zachary, to intimate to me, that he was now taking away my filthy garments, causing mine iniquities to pass from me, with intention to give me change of raiment, and that my mortal should put on immortality.

"'I suppose you may wonder when I shall tell you, that I am not brought hither according to any known law of the land. It is true, I have been before a court of justice, (and am now going to appear before a greater tribunal, where I am to give an account of all my actions.) Under their sentence I stand here at this

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time. When I was before them, I could not have the liberty and privilege of an Englishman, the grounds, reasons, and causes of the actings I was charged with, duly considered. I therefore desired the judges, that they would set their seals to my bill of exceptions. I pressed hard for it again and again, as the right of myself and every freeborn Englishman, by the law of the land; but was finally denied it.'

"'At this point, Sir John Robinson, Lieutenant of the Tower, whose duty did not call him to the scaffold, and who attended the execution, undoubtedly for no other purpose than to prevent any dangerous impression being made by the prisoner, interrupted him, saying, in a most furious manner, which gave great dissatisfaction, even to the loyalists who were present, 'Sir, you must not go on thus, you must not rail at the judges; it is a lie, and I am here to testify that it is a lie."

"'Sir Henry replied, "God will judge between you and me in this matter. I speak but matter of fact, and cannot you bear that? 'Tis evident the judges have refused to sign my bill of exceptions." The trumpeters were then ordered to approach nearer to the prisoner and blow in his face to preven his being heard, at which Sir Henry lifting up his hand, and then laying it on his breast, said, "What mean you, gentlemen? Is this your usage of me? Did you use all the rest so? I had even done (as to that,) could you have been patient; but seeing you cannot hear it, I shall only say this, that, whereas the judges have refused to seal that with their hands, that they have done, I am come to seal that, with my blood, that I have done."

"'Sir Henry then proceeded briefly to relate the history of his life. After alluding to his birth and education, he referred, particularly, to his early youth, when "he was inclined to the vanities of this world," a course which was thought "the only means of accomplishing a gentleman." He then spoke of his conversion to a life of virtue and piety in the following beautiful and admirable manner.

"'When my conscience was thus awakened, I found my former course to be disloyalty to God, profaneness, and a way of sin and death, which I did with tears and bitterness bewail, as I had cause to do. Since that foundation of repentance laid in me, through grace I have been kept steadfast, desiring to walk in all good conscience towards God, and towards men, according to the best light and understanding God gave me. For this, I was willing to turn my back upon my estate, expose myself to hazards in foreign parts; yea, nothing seemed difficult to me, so I might preserve faith and a good conscience, which I prefer before all things; and do earnestly persuade all people, rather to suffer the highest contradictions from men, than disobey God by con-

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tradicting the light of their own conscience. In this it is I stand with so much comfort and boldness before you all, this day, and upon this occasion; being assured that I shall at last sit down in glory with Christ, at his right hand.

"'I stand here this day, to resign up my spirit into the hands of that God that gave it me. Death is but a little word, but 'tis a great work to die. It is to be but once done, and after this cometh the judgment, even the judgment of the great God, which it concerns us all to prepare for. And by this act, I do receive a discharge, once for all, out of prison, even the prison of the mortal body also, which to a true Christian is a burdensome weight.

"'In all respects, wherein I have been concerned and engaged as to the public, my design hath been to accomplish good things for these nations.'

"Then, lifting up his eyes and spreading aloft his hands, he made this solemn declaration, 'I do here appeal to the God of heaven, and all this assembly, or any other persons, to show wherein I have defiled my hands with any man's blood or estate, or that I have sought myself in any public capacity or place I have been in.'

"As might have been expected, and as the government had most seriously apprehended, a great impression had by this time been made by the prisoner upon the vast multitude that surrounded him. The people remembered his career of inflexible virtue and patriotism. They had been roused to indignation by the treatment he had received at the hands of Cromwell, and of the restored monarch. His trial had revived the memory of his services and sufferings. The fame of his glorious defence had rung far and wide through the city and nation. The enthusiasm with which he had been welcomed by weeping and admiring thousands as he passed from prison to Tower Hill; the sight of that noble countenance; the serene, and calm, and almost divine composure of his deportment; his visible triumph over the fear of death and the malice of his enemies, all these influences, brought at once to bear upon their minds, and concentrated and heightened by the powers of an eloquence that was the wonder of his cotemporaries, had produced an effect, which, it was evident, could not, with safety to the government, be permitted to be wrought any higher.

"When Sir Henry, therefore, had commenced another sentence after the appeal quoted above, the trumpets were again sounded. The sheriff attempted to catch a paper from his hands. "Sir John Robinson, seeing some persons taking minutes of the speech, ordered their reports to be destroyed. Six note-books

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were delivered up to the officers. In this scene of confusion, Sir Henry preserved his usual firmness, patience, and dignity of manner, merely remarking that it was hard he might not be suffered to speak; 'but,' said he, 'my usage from man is no harder than was my Lord and Master's; and all that will live his life, in these times, must expect hard dealing from the worldly spirit.' The trumpets were again blown, and Sir John Robinson, with two or three others, rushed upon the prisoner and endeavored to seize his papers. He, however, kept them off from his person, and after a while, tearing the papers himself, handed the remnants to one of his friends, from whom they were forcibly taken. The officers then attempted to thrust their hands into the prisoner's pockets, and a scene of disorder and brutal violence occurred upon the scaffold, which filled the multitude of all parties with horror and indignation. Such was the bearing of Sir Henry, however, that all were loud in the admiration of it; and in the midst of the tumult a zealous loyalist was heard to exclaim, in terms which to him were expressive of the highest possible commendation, 'He dies like a prince.'

"Finding that it was determined that he should not be heard, and unwilling to have the few moments of life broken in upon by such disagreeable incidents, he desisted from all further attempts to address the people, merely remarking, 'It is a bad cause, which cannot bear the words of a dying man.'" — pp. 357—366.

When order and silence had been restored, he commenced his more immediate preparation for death by offering a prayer of the most sublime elevation and truly evangelical spirit. This being finished, the great sacrifice was consummated.

"At the conclusion of the prayer, and when his garments had been adjusted to receive the stroke, he looked up, and said, 'I bless the Lord, who hath accounted me worthy to suffer for his name. Blessed be the Lord, that I have kept a conscience void of offence to this day. I bless the Lord, that I have not deserted the righteous cause, for which I suffer.'

"As he bowed his head to the block, he uttered these words, 'Father, glorify thy servant in the sight of man, that he may glorify thee in the discharge of his duty to thee and to his country.' In an instant, and at a single blow, the executioner discharged his office.

"Thus fell Sir Henry Vane. In his death the first age of English liberty reached its termination. It commenced, and it closed, in blood. Lord Strafford was the earliest victim of the incensed spirit of liberty as it entered upon the triumphant possession of the government; and Vane was the last great sacrifice offered

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up to the vengeance of restored despotism. They perished on the same scaffold." — p. 370.

We must pass over the closing eloquent chapter of the work before us, and bring our remarks to a conclusion. Mr. Upham will receive the grateful acknowledgments of the friends of constitutional liberty for this Life of Vane. It is truly a fortunate incident, that his brief residence in this country should thus have given him a hold on the affections of the student of American history. It is doubtful whether his life could have been written, with equal enthusiasm and fondness, in England. His memory, it is true, has found eloquent vindicators there; but a portion of their zeal is required to roll off from his name the load of a mighty prejudice. Nor is it possible that in any country but this, full justice can be done to the truth and depth of Vane's conceptions; ideas are yet deemed chimerical in in England, which may be found plainly indicated, often fully set forth, in the writings of Vane, and which have been reduced to settled practice in America. Thus, on the subject of constituting a government; he states that it should be done by a FULL CONVENTION of the People. The boldest radical reformer has not, that we know, comprehended the simplicity, the justice, the efficacy of this conception, in which the whole science of free constitutional government is wrapped up. With all that is boldly, rationally, and patriotically said, in England, of a government existing by and for the people, it has escaped us, if in either house of parliament, by reformer or agitator, radical or whig, a glimpse has yet been caught of the only way, in which a free government can possibly be constituted, with any pretence to a solid basis in the consent of the governed, to wit, *the act of the people, in convention assembled;* an idea which, if conceived in England, is kept out of sight, as another name for the wildest form of political chaos, an unsettling of all the elements of society; but which our experience has so often and so amply shown to be the great *irenicon* of agitated states. To this mode of forming a constitution Vane alludes in terms.

His biography by Mr. Upham will make this extraordinary man better known. As there will be many readers, both in England and this country, who will wish to possess it in a separate form, we would suggest the expediency of a new edition, in which it should appear by itself. In that shape it will com-

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pose a volume of rare interest, reflecting credit alike on its author, and the illustrious name which he has first effectually rescued from obloquy, misconception and forgetfulness.

ART. VI. — *Richard Lovell Edgeworth.*

Practical Education. By MARIA EDGEWORTH and RICHARD LOVELL EDGEWORTH. New York. 1835.

THE reprint in this country of this useful and popular work, affords us an opportunity to say something of Mr. Edgeworth, the father of the celebrated writer. This is the description by which he is generally known. This of itself is no small distinction, to have aided in forming a mind to which the world has been so much indebted; and not only so, but to have borne a part in those efforts by which her fame is established; for an age that ascribes to education almost unbounded power, must allow that the success of the scholar affords strong presumptive evidence in favor of the teacher and his system. If there were any doubt as to his agency in this respect, it is removed by the express testimony of his daughter, who is too sagacious to claim for him more than he could rightfully demand. She evidently considers herself under obligation to her father, not only for the formation of those intellectual habits which have led to her brilliant success, but for a large and efficient share in the compositions of her best works. She is a good, if not impartial witness; if there were no other proofs of his merits, this alone would to our minds be clear and convincing.

But however plain it may be that a teacher has a right to be honored for the ability and success of the scholar whom it has been the business of his life to form, such honor is not apt to be given, we mean by public applause, though private gratitude be ever so warm in its acknowledgment. It is always found that an illustrious name eclipses other distinguished names beside it; instead of shining in its brightness, they are exceedingly apt to be lost in its light. In ordinary associations there is no help for this unequal distribution of favor; and the secondary party must bear neglect as he may; but in a case like this before us, a father may be supposed, so far from lamenting this circumstance, to take as much pride and de

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light in the reputation of his daughter, as if it were his own; in fact to regard it as his own. This Mr. Edgeworth appears to have done. Without any anxiety to establish his own claims, his whole ambition was to advance his daughter's success, by lending counsel and aid to make her works as perfect as possible. Such manly and self-denying affection was honorable to his name.

The result has been, that all the literary reputation has been carried away by the daughter, or rather given to the daughter; for she certainly has not been ambitious to claim more than is fairly her own. Mr. Edgeworth is little known in this country as a literary man; it is not even known that his tastes inclined decidedly in that direction; it is commonly thought that the aid which he furnished her was of the kind, which in intellectual matters, would be called mechanical; such for example, as supplying subjects and materials; suggesting improvements, and occasionally throwing in some of those sagacious and practical maxims in which her writings abound. Assistance of this kind, though very important to the intellectual laborer, is not estimated by the public, who concern themselves with what has been accomplished, and care little how, or by whose aid it was done. So that Mr. Edgeworth, though his name has been so often associated with his daughter's, as on the title-page of the work before us, has been little known as a literary man. He is generally considered as a man who possessed a remarkable inventive talent with which he amused his idle hours; constructing engines of various kinds, which were better calculated to exercise his ingenuity than to increase the comfort and convenience of life. There is of course nothing wrong in this playful employment of a mechanical genius, nor is this a disparaging view of an able man, living apart from society, and requiring amusement as a relief from various labors; still it is plain, upon examining his life and writings, that amusement was not his object; his desire was to be useful; and to this purpose he devoted talent, time and money, for which, like too many others, he received no other reward than the consciousness of doing good.

It is much to his honor that he did not, like too many who profess to make utility their object, profane and abridge the meaning of the word. One would suppose from the language of many on this subject, that man had nothing but a body to provide for; they account nothing useful but that which tends

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to increase the comfort and supply the wants of the present existence; but to those who have hearts and souls, and who feel that the well-being of the moral and spiritual nature is a thing to be regarded, such a view of the subject and such language on the subject, seems untrue as it is unworthy. They think that there are things of the moral kind, quite as essential in domestic life as cooking-stoves; and that railroads, convenient as they are, are not the only things that deserve the name of public improvements. Every suggestion that throws light on the subject of education, and shows us how to bring the means and agencies of improvement to bear upon our children, every discussion that tends to make men aware of their rights and responsibilities, every philosophical investigation that teaches us the mystery of our own nature, and even all those efforts of taste and imagination which raise us above the bondage of the senses, are useful in the highest acceptation of the word, and he is a stranger to himself and his duty, who does not receive the word utility with all this breadth of meaning. Mr. Edgeworth saw the subject in this light; and after he had retired from social life, in which he bore an enviable part, to the seclusion of his own estate, he devoted much of his time, not only to what are called improvements, but to the cultivation of the minds of his children. Those of his daughter's productions in which he took most interest, were those in which education was the prominent object; probably it was the strong direction of his mind to the subject, which turned her attention to the intellectual paths in which she has travelled with so much fame.

Mr. Edgeworth had the opportunity of learning what good education is from his mother, whose early lessons he well remembered. She became, by some mismanagement in sickness, a cripple for life: and being suddenly thrown upon her own resources, devoted her time to the education of her children. By her calm and judicious firmness she acquired remarkable influence over them. Never following the usual course of parental discipline which varies between severity and indulgence, she took favorable moments to make impressions upon them, teaching them the necessity of putting restraints upon themselves. His temper was naturally fiery and ungovernable, but she taught him that unless his own good sense restrained it, it would be his ruin. Her suggestions and warnings were remembered; and his daughter bears witness to the fact, that in his

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later years, though he had many things to try the goodness of his disposition, he never gave way to anger or any passion, but always kept himself under firm and resolute control.

She also taught him to take correct views of all subjects without being misled by feeling. The manner in which the character receives its bent is shown by some examples in his own history; particularly by the case of a young man of fortune, who married an inferior woman, and filling up his house with her relations led a life of riot and sensuality. The natural consequences of self-indulgence came, and he was confined by sickness to his own apartment. Here he was regaled by crusts of bread, which were cast away as refuse by those who were feasting at his expense below. He was so wounded by this treatment that he sunk away and died. Mr. Edgeworth, in his childhood, having this case before him, became sceptical as to the gratitude of mankind. But before he could form permanent habits of jealousy and suspicion, his mother came to his aid, and showed him the subject in its proper light. This timely aid saved him from that distrust approaching to misanthropy, by which so many are unfitted for social life and its duties. He remarks in his sketch of his own life, that he is convinced, that more ingratitude arises from the unjudicious conduct of benefactors, than from the want of proper feeling in those whom they have obliged.

Mr. Edgeworth was able to remember the manner in which his mind was determined to engage in those experiments and inventions in which he afterwards delighted. His mother had received some strangers with hospitality, and in return for her kindness, the gentleman whom she had laid under obligation, brought her an electrical machine, hoping that it might restore the use of her limbs. It was tried with some beneficial results; but on one occasion, the shock was not given, and the operator was at a loss to account for it. Mr. Edgeworth, then very young, observed that the wire used as a conductor touched a hinge of the table, and asked if that might not be the reason of the failure. It was the cause, as he suspected; and the operator was so much pleased with this instance of observation, in a child, that he paid him the utmost attention, and took pleasure in exhibiting to him his philosophical instruments, and teaching him their uses. This encouragement confirmed his taste for mechanical constructions; and thus by an early association he acquired his decided interest in the business of inventions.

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Examples of this kind show how tastes of any kind may be formed and encouraged, and how the mind may be set at work in any pursuit, by watching, and drawing out those marks of early intelligence on which the formation of characterso much depends.

His mother was particularly attentive to his moral education. We refer here not only to religious principle but to rules of action, such as the young need for the conduct of life, and which they are commonly left to learn by their own experience, which is the best way certainly, if its lessons are not too costly and do not come too late. Observing his peculiar tendencies, she took pains to show him the necessity of quick and decided action. She pointed out examples in which that easiness of temper which finds it hard to say *no*, leads to fatal indulgences, and at last to absolute ruin, while by exciting in others expectations that cannot be answered, it brings unusual anger and reproach on those who would, if it were in their power, do favors to all mankind. Good nature too often appears in the form of a fault; having no power to resist importunities, the easy tempered man is always at the mercy of others; he does not gratify them by his compliances, since what he does for one he does for all; meantime he feels all the misery of a dependent spirit, and goes through life like a drifting vessel entirely at the mercy of the waves and storms. Happy are they who have a parent who has judgment to discern and power to control the early elements of character, and who does not leave to accidental influences that which parental instruction is bound to do.

As Mr. Edgeworth passed from childhood to that age when he became more his own master, he felt the benefit of this early instruction. When he was fourteen, being at an entertainment at Pakenham Hall, Lord Longford put five guineas in his hands and desired him to try his fortune; he won with it in the course of the evening a hundred guineas. The next evening he lost it all, and his lordship offered to lend him more; but he steadily declined and did not again sit down at the table. He was then congratulated by his mother on his self-command, which would secure him from the vice of gambling. The nobleman was rather a perilous moralist, and the experiment might in many cases have led to most injurious results; in this instance however the effect was happy, and he never was tempted to engage in such amusements again.

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He never seems to have been deficient in energetic decision. While he was at Oxford he was present in the courts when a prisoner was on trial for a felony, and observed that the foreman of the jury was completely inattentive to the testimony. While the judge was engaged, the foreman, having observed that Mr. Edgeworth was interested in the trial, asked him what verdict he ought to give. Mr. Edgeworth rose and requested permission to speak. The judge ordered him to sit down; he remained standing, and was threatened by the judge, but still he persevered. He at length obtained a hearing, and stated to the court the manner in which the juror was trifling with his obligations. For this he received the thanks of the court, expressed in terms of strong approbation of the course which he had pursued.

He was still young though a married man, when he lost this parent to whom he was indebted for such judicious instructions. He describes her as a woman of fine understanding, who had read much and thought more on the subject of education, and had applied the results of her thought and study to practice, not fettering herself by servile adherence to any system, but watching carefully the young minds under her control, and giving each the restraint or encouragement, the counsel and warning which it happened to need. She set to her children the example of unpretending piety, and generous benevolence; and enforced all her lessons by the commanding authority of a clear and cultivated mind, which inspires confidence even in children, though they know not why, by producing that consistency of feeling and action, which is always sure to be respected.

The taste for mechanical inventions, which seems to have been natural, or, what perhaps is the same thing, early inspired in Mr. Edgeworth, was never lost in the domestic and social cares and interests of later years. Before he had entered upon professional business, he employed himself in making under unfavorable circumstances, and with indifferent tools, a wooden orrery which required accurate calculation and ingenious contrivance. Though no one cared for his pursuits or sympathized with his success, he kept up his interest in the employment, devoting most of his time to scientific researches. He regretted that his wife had so little regard to his favorite indulgences; but she fortunately had domestic qualifications which were of more importance to his welfare, and by her prudence and good

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management, he was able to live in this manner without a very ample income. When he went to London to keep term at the Temple, he became acquainted with some persons of note who are described at large in his memoirs. Among these was Sir Francis Delaval, one of those men of genius whose ability is admired perhaps more than it deserves, in consequence of the indifference with which it is regarded by its possessor.

Sir Francis Delaval was a man of similar taste in some respects with Mr. Edgeworth. We do not refer to moral tastes in which the baronet was not the best example; but he had never failing resources of invention, which were employed in various wild pranks which served to amuse an idle hour. He often aided his friends with suggestions which saved them from the consequences of foolish wagers, a kind of child's play, which was then as now very common among those who neglected the serious business of life. Mr. Edgeworth, though he had no sympathy with these follies, was interested in Sir Francis as a man of talent, and it was this association which led to the first construction of a telegraph, by which the name of a winning horse at Newmarket was to be transmitted to London some hours before the intelligence could be carried by express.

Mr. Edgeworth's claim to the invention of a telegraph, which was used on this occasion, has exposed him to much abuse, which, as in many other cases, loses its power to injure by reason of the malice with which it is given. He said that he had read the work of Wilkins, and had seen in Stooke's works some suggestion of such communication. Every one knows that such things were in use in ancient times. What he claimed was to have revived this invention; and this claim is evidently made in reference to the French experiments which were many years subsequent to his own. Now that Mr. Edgeworth did construct and use a telegraph in 1767, cannot well be denied; nor is there any question that the French invention was made public many years after; and these facts, so far as we can discover, go to the full extent of his claim. As to his originating the idea of a telegraph in modern times, he does not even pretend it; he expressly says that he took the suggestion from Wilkins and Stooke. It is not easy to state his claims in a more modest and inoffensive form. But a certain journal, notorious for its base and narrow prejudices, made

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a venomous attack upon his veracity in reviewing his memoirs, and founded its charge upon this very invention. Mr. Perrot, Mr. Edgeworth said, was witness to his experiments, and assisted him; and he procured Mr. Perrot's letter, in which he testifies that he had conversations with Mr. Edgeworth on the subject, and recollected the experiments which were made. Now says this amiable journal, Mr. Edgeworth implies that Mr. Perrot gave *practical* assistance, and his letter proves that he did not. It is evident enough to all who can read that Mr. Edgeworth neither says nor implies any such thing. All the assistance implied is such as would be given by suggestions in conversation upon the subject in connexion with his own experiments. This same poor spirit of criticism can deprive Fulton and every other man of genius of the honor of his acknowledged inventions, since nothing is so new under the sun as never to have been suggested before.

When Sir Francis Delaval was dying, he expressed to Mr. Edgeworth his bitter regret that he had wasted the resources of his inventive genius in trifles, and strongly exhorted his young friend, if he wished to escape remorse in his closing scene, to make himself useful to mankind. Mr. Edgeworth does not seem to have needed this advice; it was always his ambition to turn his powers to this account. Beside the many inventions by which he increased the comfort of his household, and others which seem like playful suggestions of an active and original mind, he acted the part of a good citizen, and gave his country or rather offered his country the benefit of his services, and at a critical moment attempted to revive the plan of transmitting intelligence by means of his telegraphic signals. In 1794, the apprehension of a French invasion was general in Ireland, and rumors of the landing of hostile armies kept the country in constant agitation. Mr. Edgeworth asked of the government nothing more than the privilege of putting up a telegraph at his own expense, or in any way that the public authorities might approve. After establishing the practicability of his plan, he submitted a memorial to the government on the subject, which was approved and encouraged so far as to leave no doubt in his mind that his offer would be accepted, but after he had spent several hundred pounds, and given much of his time to the subject, he was informed that nothing would be done. Whether it was that the government had changed its mind, or that it never intended to engage in

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the undertaking, does not appear. He himself always ascribed it to the fetters which statesmen and leaders of parties are compelled to wear. Men in power are apt to be men under authority; and while all are envying their high station of command, they are themselves compelled to submit to the dictation of some unseen masters. Shortly after the rejection of his telegraph, the French were on the coasts. Without taking exception at his former treatment, he renewed his offers; but they were accepted in form, and declined in reality, as before. It is much to his credit that this kind of experience never overcame his good nature, nor abated his zeal for the welfare and honor of his country.

As to the extent to which the government was pledged to him, there can be no doubt that it encouraged him to go on with his experiments, and it was not till he had incurred considerable expense that he was informed that the plan would not be adopted. If it were a case between two individuals, there can be no doubt as to the obligation of the party which thus encouraged the other; although there was no positive promise, there was an equitable claim created, which could not honorably be disregarded. Mr. Edgeworth published a letter to the Earl of Charlemont, containing a temperate statement of all the circumstances; the tone in which it is written is philosophical and high-minded.

At a much later period of his life, Mr. Edgeworth published a work on Roads and Wheel-carriages, describing the results of many intelligent experiments. These were of various kinds; among other things, he pointed out the benefit of springs in carriages to the animals that draw them. It was well known, that the person conveyed was benefited by the springs of the vehicle, but it was not suspected that the horses were also laid under obligations; in fact, the contrary was taken for granted. By these and many other suggestions, of great value, but not ostentatiously proclaimed, he lent efficient aid in preparing the way for the great improvements of modern times. He even struck out the idea of a railway, and applied it on his own estate, to the transportation of materials from one part of it to another. In reclaiming the bogs of Ireland, he proposed to employ wooden railways shod with iron; these were supported on piles driven into the bog; not permanently attached to them, but so constructed that the rail and its support could be removed at pleasure, to any line in which it was necessary for the cars to go. After having

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tested the value of this invention, by using it to convey limestone over his farm, he undertook to apply it on a great scale to public works, and entered upon an engagement with the proprietors of extensive iron-works, to carry all their materials and productions upon railways of this description. Finding however, that the company was not prosperous, he never carried the plan into effect; but his successful experiments on his own estate, showed that the conveyance could be employed to advantage; and as to the honor of the invention, what great public improvement was ever carried to perfection or applied to all its purposes by a single hand?

But we pass from subjects of this kind to consider what Mr. Edgeworth did in the great cause of education, which now inspires so general an interest, that we can hardly conceive how little it was regarded thirty years ago. He always had the highest views of its importance. At some times, he seemed inclined to ascribe to it all the moral and intellectual varieties which are found in the civilized world; but he appeared at last to settle down in the conviction, that while there were certain original differences in minds, by far the greatest differences are those which arise from education. Regarding the subject in this light, he felt how great was the obligation which rested on parents, on teachers, and on statesmen also, who can do more to influence the destinies of their respective nations by giving or withholding encouragement to instruction, than by any other means or measures in their power.

Mr. Edgeworth undertook to educate his eldest son, according to the system of Rousseau, which was then new to the world, and from the novelty of the subject and the method of treating it, made a great impression upon enlightened minds. It was not then known that the fervent pleader of the claims of childhood on parental care, was in the habit of sending his own children to be educated in the Foundling Hospital, where he might never hear of them again. It is curious to observe the enthusiasm with which Day, the author of Sandford and Merton, speaks of Rousseau, as the greatest and best of men. Mr. Edgeworth was not a slave to the system, and he was soon convinced by the results of his experiment that the system was unsound. So far as physical education went, there was nothing to desire; the boy was active, hardy and strong; but the spirit of independence which had been systematically encouraged in him, outgrew all control. Having no taste for

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study, and being somewhat unsettled in his disposition, he went to sea, and afterwards came to South Carolina, where he died in 1776. It is not easy to tell how far the system or the manner of applying it produces such results. Let the course be shaped as direct as possible, there will always be sidewinds and under-currents against which no human wisdom can guard. Mr. Edgeworth was still more painfully disappointed in a daughter by his second wife. She was always an object of inspiring hope; her personal beauty and intellectual accomplishments attracted the admiration of all. Upon her he tried his favorite theory, which maintained that by cultivating the habit of attention, a new direction could be given to the youthful mind. She was deliberate and exact. He wished to awaken an interest in literature, particularly such as excites the imagination. By reading to her, according to his practice in his family, passages from poems and works of fancy, and pointing out their beauties, he effected the desired change, and gave her a decided literary taste. But while she promised to reward his affectionate care, she became the victim of hereditary consumption, and died at the age of fifteen.

It is quite possible to write and reason well on the subject of education without much practical ability; neither is success in a few cases always to be regarded as a test of the merit of the system. But Mr. Edgeworth was in general, very happy in his laborious attempts to educate his children, and in one instance he has given the world ample assurance of his power. In the works of his celebrated daughter, there is a union of talents which do not often exist together, of clear sagacity with brilliant invention; the imagination was evidently the gift of nature, while the just discernment was the result of education. This was according to his theory, which maintained that the resources should be carefully drawn out by attentive care, so as to balance one against another; to remove that which is excessive, and supply that which is wanting. So important did this process appear, that he recommended to parents to keep a private journal in which the peculiarities of the child's character, as they manifested themselves, should be noted down. In short, his opinion was, that parents should make it a serious object to educate their children, and always keep it before them, as an indispensable and sacred duty; not leaving young minds and hearts at the mercy of chance and time; but doing the work which Providence assigns them when it places the children under their care.

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The work which is now republished on the subject of Practical Education, has been more than thirty years before the public, and many of our readers are well acquainted with it; still we have thought the appearance of a new edition an occasion not unsuitable for giving to the author the credit which he deserves. We say the author, for, although it was published in connexion with his daughter, she describes the principles and suggestions as his, and herself as bearing a part only in the execution. The suggestions must have proceeded from one who had thought much on the subject, and corrected his theories by patient and attentive observation. It is full of illustrations, which show that no partiality for systems interfered with his penetrating discernment of truth. In fact, in the latter part of his life he became an observer by profession, devoting much of his time to his family, and steadily following the advice given by his penitent companion, formerly alluded to, to be useful to the very last.

In the works published in conjunction with his daughter, the public, knowing her ability better than his, may have assigned her more than her share of credit; but in 1808 he published a work on Professional Education, which was entirely his own. It is not very generally known in this country; but those who have read it, will agree in pronouncing it one of the best, as well as most interesting works upon the subject. The prevailing idea on which his system is founded, that natural differences can be greatly modified by devoting the attention for the purpose, seems to us judicious and true. But even those who care nothing for the subject, will find entertainment and instruction in the intellectual character of the work, which abounds with sagacious remark and shrewd observation, such as implies extensive knowledge of the mind and heart.

We have made these few remarks upon the literary character and services of Mr. Edgeworth, because justice has not yet been done to his memory, in this country; those who feel the warmest interest in the works and reputation of the daughter, have, unintentionally "done her sire some wrong." But those who read his writings, will see that he was an intellectual man of high order, and though in the early part of his life, he made rather a sportive use of his great mechanical genius, afterwards, in maturer years, he discharged the duties of a father, a friend, and a patriot, with such exemplary fidelity, that his greatest enemies allowed him the praise of a useful man; which, properly

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understood, is the highest praise that ambition can covet, or the world bestow. And those who read, (as who does not?) the works of his daughter, will remember, that he was the diligent former of her mind, both in youth and maturity, so that we are in part indebted to him for the admirable works with which she has favored the world.

ART. VII. — *The Linwoods.*

The Linwoods; or Sixty Years since in America. By the AUTHOR of HOPE LESLIE, &c. 2 vols. 12mo. New York. 1835.

WE think this work the most agreeable that Miss Sedgwick has yet published. It is written throughout with the same good taste and quiet unpretending power, which characterize all her productions, and is superior to most of them in the variety of the characters brought into action and the interest of the fable. It also possesses the great additional attraction, that it carries us back to the period of the revolutionary war, the heroic age of our country, which, although only sixty years distant, begins already to wear in the eyes of the degenerate money-making men of the present times, a poetical, we had almost said fabulous aspect, and consequently offers the finest scenes and materials for romance.

The fair and unaffectedly modest author disclaims in the preface any competition which might seem to be suggested by the title with the "sixty years since" of the great Scottish enchanter; but it is nevertheless certain that the plan has something of the same general character, and the work, though executed with less power, possesses in part the same charm. It spreads before us a map of New York, the young emporium of our western world, now rivalling in wealth, population, splendor and luxury, the proudest capitals of Europe; as she was in her day of small things, a few Dutch-built streets interspersed with gardens and grouped round the battery. We visit the encampment of Washington, nor has our author shrunk from the somewhat hazardous attempt to introduce into her group of characters the grand figure of the hero himself. In this enterprise, she has on the whole acquitted herself with success.

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There is no attempt at effect in any of the scenes where Washington appears, but the propriety of his character is always well sustained. Miss Sedgwick has also transported us to the interior of one of the quiet villages of New England, and has delineated very happily from the living models around her, the simple virtues, which then as now distinguished their inhabitants, and at that period were heightened into heroism by a universal, all-absorbing devotion to country. Upon this rich canvas of historical fact, our author has embroidered a very ingeniously contrived and pleasantly told story, diversified, as we have said, with rather more than the usual variety of incidents and characters. Of heroes and heroines the supply is ample, there being, independently of Washington, Lafayette and their illustrious companions in arms, not less than three of each class. The work is wound off by three well assorted marriages. The party dissensions of the day afford a very convenient and natural machinery for creating the distress of the story, and keeping the lovers asunder for the necessary length of time. Some of the characters are well drawn. Isabella Linwood is a splendid vision. Bessie, though we suspect, a favorite with the author, is not quite so much so with us; nor has Kizel secured a very high place in our good graces. But in order to make ourselves more intelligible, we will give a rapid sketch of the story, interspersing, as we proceed, such remarks as occur to us, with occasional extracts as specimens of the style.

The work opens with the appearance of two of the heroines entering Broadway through a wicket garden gate in the rear of a stately mansion fronting on Broad street, which, it seems, was then the court end of our Hesperian London. The house belongs to Mr. Linwood, the patriarch of the plot, and the young ladies are his daughter Isabella and her friend Bessie Lee, who is making her a visit. The young ladies present in their appearance the usual contrast of brown and fair. Isabella is rather young for a principal heroine, having just entered her teens. She is, however, robust and tall for her years, with the complexion of a Hebe, very dark hair, an eye, albeit belonging to one of the weaker sex, that looked as if she were born for empire, it might be over hearts and eyes, and the step of a young Juno. Bessie, who it seems is still younger, and of course not yet in her teens, is a less pretending beauty. She was of earth's gentlest, softest mould, framed

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for all the tender humanities, with the destiny of woman written on her meek brow, "thou art born to love, to suffer, to obey; to minister, and not to be ministered to." These charming persons are accompanied by a colored attendant named Jupiter, a slave of Mr. Linwood, who, with a female character of a similar description, yclept Rose, makes a considerable figure in the story. We cannot say, that the attempt to imitate the negro jargon produces in this or any other work in which we have seen it made, any great effect. The object of the expedition upon which the young ladies are setting forth, is no other than to have their fortunes told by a personage called Effie, who then exercised the profession of a Pythoness in the good city of Gotham. On their way to the oracle, the girls meet with Herbert Linwood the brother of Isabella, and his friend Jasper Meredith, returning from a hunt, and the whole party proceed together to the place of destination. The scene with the Pythoness furnishes perhaps as good a specimen of the dialogue as any other passage, and gives the reader some obscure hints of the subsequent adventures of the persons who are brought into action. We copy the greater part.

"'What wild goose chase are you on, Belle, at this time of day?' asked her brother. 'I am sure Bessie Lee has not come to Gallows hill with her own good will.'

"'I have made game of my goose, at any rate, and given Bessie Lee a good lesson, on what our old schoolmaster would call the potentiality of mankind. But come,' she added, for though rather ashamed to confess her purpose when she knew ridicule must be braved, courage was easier to Isabella than subterfuge. 'Come along with us to Effie's, and I will tell you the joke I played off on Jupe.' Isabella's joke seemed to her auditors a capital one, for they were at that happy age when laughter does not ask a reason to break forth from the full fountain of youthful spirits. Isabella spun out her story till they reached Effie's door, which admitted them, not to any dark laboratory of magic, but to a snug little Dutch parlor, with a nicely-sanded floor, a fireplace gay with the flowers of the season, pionies and Guelder-roses, and ornamented with storied tiles, that, if not as classic, were, as we can vouch, far more entertaining than the sculptured marble of our own luxurious days.

"The pythoness Effie turned her art to good account, producing substantial comforts by her mysterious science; and played her cards well for this world, whatever bad dealing she might have with another. Even Bessie felt her horror of witchcraft diminished before this plump personage, with a round, good-humored face

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looking far more like the good vrow of a Dutch picture than like the gaunt skinny hag who has personated the professors of the bad art from the witch of Endor downwards. Effie's physiognomy, save an ominous contraction of her eyelids and the keen and somewhat sinister glances that shot between them, betrayed nothing of her calling.

"There were, as on all similar occasions, some initiatory ceremonies to be observed before the fortunes were told. Herbert, boylike, was pennyless; and he offered a fine brace of snipe to propitiate the oracle. They were accepted with a smile that augured well for the official response he should receive. Jasper's purse, too, was empty; and after ransacking his pockets in vain, he slipped out a gold sleeve-button, and told Effie he would redeem it the next time he came her way. Meanwhile there was a little by-talk between Isabella and Bessie; Isabella insisting on paying the fee for her friend, and Bessie insisting that 'she would have no fortune told; that she did not believe Effie could tell it, and if she could, she would not for all the world let her.' In vain Isabella ridiculed and reasoned by turns. Bessie, blushing and trembling, persisted. Effie at the same moment was shuffling a pack of cards, as black as if they had been sent up from Pluto's realms; and while she was muttering over some incomprehensible phrases, and apparently absorbed in the manipulations of her art, she heard and saw all that passed, and determined that if poor little Bessie would not acknowledge, she should feel her power.

"Herbert, the most incredulous, and therefore the boldest, first came forward to confront his destiny. 'A great deal of rising in the world, and but little sinking for you, Master Herbert Linwood; you are to go over the salt water, and ride foremost in royal hunting-grounds.'

"'Good! — good! — go on, Effie.'

"'Oh what beauties of horses, — a pack of hounds — High! how the steeds go — how they leap — the buck is at bay — there are you!'

"'Capital, Effie! — I strike him down?'

"'You are too fast, young master, — I can tell no more than I see, — the sport is past, — the place is changed, — there is a battle-field, drums, trumpets, and flags flying. — Ah, there is a sign of danger — a pit yawns at your feet.'

"'Shocking!' cried Bessie; 'pray, don't listen any more, Herbert.'

"'Pshaw, Bessie! I shall clear the pit. Effie loves snipe too well to leave me the wrong side of that.'

"Effie was either offended at Herbert's intimation that her favors might be bought, or perhaps she saw his lack of faith in his laughing eye, and, determined to punish him, she declared that

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all was dark and misty beyond the pit; there might be a leap over it, and a smooth road beyond, — she could not tell, — she could only tell what she saw.

"'You are a croaking raven, Effie!' exclaimed Herbert; 'I'll shuffle my own fortune;' and seizing the cards he handled them as knowingly as the sibyl herself, and ran over a jargon quite as unintelligible; and then holding them fast, quite out of Effie's reach, he ran on — 'Ah, ha — I see the mist going off like the whiff from a Dutchman's pipe; and here's a grand castle, parks, and pleasure-grounds; and here am I, with a fair blue-eyed lady, within it.' Then dashing down the cards, he turned and kissed Bessie's reddening cheek, saying, 'Let others wait on fortune, Effie, I'll carve my own.'

"Isabella was nettled at Herbert's open contempt of Effie's seership. She would not confess nor examine the amount of her faith, nor did she choose to be made to feel on how tottering a base it rested. She was exactly at that point of credulity where much depends on the sympathy of others. It is said to be essential to the success of animal magnetism, that not only the operator and the subject, but the spectators, should believe. Isabella felt she was on disenchanted ground, while Herbert, with his quizzical smile, stood charged, and aiming at her a volley of ridicule; and she proposed that those who had yet their fortunes to hear should, one after another, retire with Effie to a little inner room. But Herbert cried out, 'Fair play, fair play! Dame Effie has read the riddle of my destiny to you all, and now it is but fair I should hear yours.'

"Bessie saw Isabella's reluctance, and she again interposed, reminding her of 'mamma, the coming night,' &c.; and poor Isabella was fain to give up the contest for the secret conference, and hush Bessie, by telling Effie to proceed.

"'Shall I tell your *fortin* and that young gentleman's together?' asked Effie, pointing to Jasper. Her manner was careless; but she cast a keen glance at Isabella, to ascertain how far she might blend their destinies.

"'Oh, no, no, — no partnership for me,' cried Isabella, while the fire which flashed from her eye evinced that the thought of a partnership with Jasper, if disagreeable, was not indifferent to her.

"'Nor for me, either, mother Effie,' said Jasper; 'or if there be a partnership, let it be with the pretty blue-eyed mistress of Herbert's mansion.'

"'Nay, master, that pretty miss does not choose her fortune told, — and she's right, — poor thing!' she added, with an ominous shake of the head. Bessie's heart quailed, for she both believed and feared.

"'Now, shame on you, Effie,' cried Herbert; 'she cannot

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know any thing about you, Bessie; she has not even looked at your fortune yet.'

"'Did I say I *knew*, Master Herbert? Time must shew whether I know or not.'

"Bessie still looked apprehensively. 'Nonsense,' said Herbert; 'what can she know? — she never saw you before.'

"'True, I never saw her; but I tell you, young lad, there is such a thing as seeing the shadow of things far distant and past, and never seeing the realities, though they it be that cast the shadows.' Bessie shuddered, — Effie shuffled the cards. 'Now just for a trial,' said she; 'I will tell you something about her, — not of the future; for I'd be loath to overcast her sky before the time comes, — but of the past.'

"'Pray, do not,' interposed Bessie; 'I don't wish you to say any thing about me, past, present, or to come.'

"'Oh, Bessie,' whispered Isabella, 'let her try, — there can be no harm if you do not ask her, — the past is past, you know, — now we have a chance to know if she really is wiser than others.' Bessie again resolutely shook her head.

"'Let her go on,' whispered Herbert, 'and see what a fool she will make of herself.'

'"Let her go on, dear Bessie,' said Jasper, 'or she will think she has made a fool of you.'

"Bessie feared that her timidity was folly in Jasper's eyes; and she said, 'she may go on if you all wish, but I will not hear her;' and she covered her ears with her hands.

"'Shall I?' asked Effie, looking at Isabella; Isabella nodded assent, and she proceeded. 'She has come from a great distance, — her people are well to do in the world, but not such quality as yours, Miss Isabella Linwood, — she has found some things here pleasanter than she expected, — some not so pleasant, — the house she was born in stands on the sunny side of a hill.' At each pause that Effie made, Isabella gave a nod of acquiescence to what she said; and this, or some stray words, which might easily have found their way through Bessie's little hands, excited her curiosity, and by degrees they slid down so as to oppose a very slight obstruction to Effie's voice. 'Before the house,' she continued, 'and not so far distant but she may hear its roaring, when a storm uplifts it, is the wide sea, — that sea has cost the poor child dear.' Bessie's heart throbbed audibly. 'Since she came here she has both won love and lost it.'

"'There, there you are out,' cried Herbert, glad of an opportunity to stop the current that was becoming too strong for poor Bessie.

"'She can best tell herself whether I am right,' said Effie, coolly.

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"'She is right, — right in all,' said Bessie, retreating to conceal the tears that were starting from her eyes.

"Isabella neither saw nor heard this, — she was only struck with what Effie delivered as a proof of her preternatural skill; and more than ever eager to inquire into her own destiny, she took the place Bessie had vacated.

"Effie saw her faith, and was determined to reward it. 'Miss Isabella Linwood, you are born to walk in no common track,' — she might have read this prediction, written with an unerring hand on the girl's lofty brow, and in her eloquent eye. 'You will be both served and honored, — those that have stood in kings' palaces will bow down to you, — but the sun does not always shine on the luckiest, — you will have a dark day, — trouble when you least expect it, — joy when you are not looking for it.' This last was one of Effie's staple prophecies, and was sure to be verified in the varied web of every individual's experience. 'You have had some trouble lately, but it will soon pass away, and for ever.' A safe prediction in regard to any girl of twelve years. 'You'll have plenty of friends, and lots of suiters — the right one will be — '

"'Oh, never mind, — don't say who, Effie,' cried Isabella, gaspingly.

"'I was only going to say the right one will be tall and elegant, with beautiful large eyes, — I can't say whether blue or black, — but black, I think; for his hair is both dark and curling.'

"'Bravo, bravissimo, *brother* Jasper!' exclaimed Herbert; 'it is your curly pate Effie sees in those black cards, beyond a doubt.'

"'I bow to destiny,' replied Jasper, with an arch smile, that caught Isabella's eye.

"'I do not,' she retorted — 'look again, Effie, — it must not be curling hair, — I despise it.'

"'I see but once, miss, and then clearly; but there's curling hair on more heads than one.'

"'I never — never should like any one with curling hair,' persisted Isabella.

"'It would be no difficult task for *you* to pull it straight, Miss Isabella,' said the provoking Jasper. Isabella only replied by her heightened color; and bending over the table, she begged Effie to proceed.

"'There's not much more shown me, miss, — you will have some tangled ways, — besetments, wonderments, and disappointments.'

"Effie's version of the 'course of true love never does run smooth,' interrupted Jasper.

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"'But all will end well,' she concluded; 'your husband will be the man of your heart, — he will be beautiful, and rich, and great; and take you home to spend your days in merry England.'

"'Thank you, — thank you, Effie,' said Isabella, languidly. The 'beauty, riches, and days spent in England' were well enough, for beauty and riches are elements in a maiden's *beau-ideal;* and England was then the earthly paradise of the patrician colonists. But she was not just now in a humor to acquiesce in the local habitation and the name which the 'dark curling hair' had given to the ideal personage. Jasper Meredith had not even a shadow of faith in Effie; but next to being fortune's favorite, he liked to appear so; and contriving, unperceived by his companions, to slip his remaining sleeve-button into Effie's hand, he said, 'Keep them both;' and added aloud, 'Now for my luck, Dame Effie, and be it weal or be it wo, deliver it truly.'

"Effie was propitiated, and would gladly have imparted the golden tinge of Jasper's bribe to his future destiny; but the opportunity was too tempting to be resisted, to prove to him that she was mastered by a higher power; and looking very solemn, and shaking her head, she said, 'There are too many dark spots here. Ah, Mr. Jasper Meredith, disappointment! disappointment! the arrow just misses the mark, the cup is filled to the brim, the hand is raised, the lips parted to receive it, then comes the slip!' She hesitated, she seemed alarmed; perhaps she was so, for it is impossible to say how far a weak mind may become the dupe of its own impostures. 'Do not ask me any farther,' she added. The young people now all gathered round her. Bessie rested her elbows on the table, and her burning cheeks on her hands, and riveted her eyes on Effie, which from their natural blue, were deepened almost to black, and absolutely glowing with the intensity of her interest.

"'Go on, Effie,' cried Jasper; 'if fortune is cross, I'll give her wheel a turn.'

"'Ah, the wheel turns but too fast, a happy youth is uppermost.'

"'So far, so good.'

"'An early marriage.'

"'That may be weal, or may be wo,' said Jasper; 'weal it is,' he added, in mock heroic; 'but for the dread of something *after*.'

"'An early death!'

"'For me, Effie? Heaven forefend!'

"'No, not for you; for here you are again a leader on a battle-field, the dead and dying in heaps, pools of blood, there's the end on't,' she concluded, shuddering, and throwing down the cards.

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"'What, leave me there, Effie! Oh, no, death or victory!'

"'It may be death, it may be victory; it is not given to me to see which.'

"Jasper, quite undaunted, was on the point of protesting against a destiny so uncertain, when a deep-drawn sigh from Bessie attracted the eyes of the group, and they perceived the color was gone from her cheeks, and that she was on the point of fainting. The windows were thrown open, Effie produced a cordial, and she was soon restored to a sense of her condition, which she attempted to explain, by saying she was apt to faint even at the thought of blood!

"They were now all ready, and quite willing to bid adieu to the oracle, whose responses not having been entirely satisfactory to any one of them, they all acquiesced in Bessie's remark, that 'if it were ever so right, she did not think there was much comfort in going to a fortune-teller.'" — pp. 19—30.

Our readers have been made acquainted by this extract with several of the prominent characters in the work. Eliot Lee, the only remaining personage of much note, is the brother of Bessie, and was educated for professional life. At college, he forms an acquaintance with Meredith, but their characters are essentially different. Eliot unites all sorts of intellectual and personal advantages, as a hero of romance naturally should, but is withal an upright, single-hearted, straight-forward yankee, and engages with great fervor on the patriotic side of the revolutionary struggle. Meredith, with nearly the same natural and acquired endowments, is a smooth, polished, hollow-hearted worldling. The characters of both are well sustained and contrasted throughout the work. Meredith, on a visit at the home of his friend Eliot, during a college vacation, falls in love with the fair Bessie, and forms a sort of engagement with her, which occasions the principal distress of the plot. Meredith, upon entering the gay world at New York, and finding himself the glass of fashion and the mould of form at the brilliant assemblies of the British General, soon forgets his little village conquest. On being informed of his desertion, Bessie takes it so much to heart, that she loses her reason, and becomes a sort of modern Ophelia. It seems to be intimated indeed, that the madness of Bessie, and with it perhaps the plot of the work, were suggested by seeing Fanny Kemble in that character. The description of Bessie's insanity occupies a pretty large space, and is, as we have said, the most ambitious portion of

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the work, though not perhaps, on the whole, the most successful. While in this state, she sets off from her native village, upon a pilgrimage to New York, for the purpose of returning to Meredith certain locks of hair and other presents, which she had received from him, as tokens of love. In this particular, she seems to copy the example of her fair prototype in Shakspeare.

"*Ophelia.*—My Lord, I have remembrances of your's
That I have long longed to re-deliver,
I pray you now receive them.

"*Hamlet.*—No, not I.
I never gave you ought.

"*Ophelia.*—My honored lord, you know right well you did,
And with them words of so sweet breath composed
As made the things more rich. Their perfume lost,
Take these again; for to the noble mind,
Rich gifts seem poor when givers prove unkind."

On her way to New York, Bessie is taken ill, and detained for a considerable time, under rather embarrassing circumstances, from which she is finally relieved by an accidental encounter with Lafayette, who sends her forward to the city. Here she recovers her reason, but not her lover, who proves unworthy of her, and finally meets with poetical justice, by falling into the toils of a professed coquette. Bessie returns to her native village. "Her pilgrimage was not a long one, and when it ended, the transition was gentle from the heaven she made on earth, to that which awaited her in the bosom of the Father." We extract the passage which describes the commencement of her insanity.

"The issue of Eliot's second interview with Washington is already known, so far as it appeared by the despatches sent to New York. He had the consolation of being assured that not a shadow of distrust remained on Washington's mind. Never man more needed solace in some shape than did Eliot at this conjuncture of affairs. On first going to his quarters he found there a packet from his mother. He pressed it to his lips, and eagerly broke the seal. The following is a copy of his mother's letter.

"'My Dear Son,—I perceive by your letters of the first, which, thanks to a kind Providence, have duly come to hand, that it is now nearly three months since you have heard from us. Much good and much evil may befall in three months! Much good have I

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truly to be grateful for; and chiefly that your life and health have been thus precious in the sight of the Lord, and that you have received honor at the hand of man (of which our good Dr. Wilson made suitable mention in his prayer last Sabbath); and, as I humbly trust, approval from Him who erreth not.

"'We have had a season of considerable worldly anxiety. The potato-crop looked poorly, and our whole harvest was cut off by the blight in the rye, which, as you see in the newspapers, has been fatal through Massachusetts. This calamity has been greatly aggravated by the embargo they have laid on their flour in the southern states. The days seems to be coming upon us when "plenty should be forgotten in our land, and sore famine overspread the borders thereof." — Our people have been greatly alarmed, and there have been fasts in all our churches, at which the carnally-minded have murmured, saying it would be time enough to fast when the famine came. It is indeed a time of desolation in our land — "there is no more in our streets the voice of mirth and the voice of gladness — the voice of the bridegroom and the voice of the bride" — the step of the father and the brother are no more heard on the thresholds, and we stretch our ears for tidings of battles that may lay them in the dust. Think you, my son, that our children's children, when they bear their sheaves rejoicing, will remember those who sowed in tears, and with much patience and many prayers?

"'For my own part, my dear Eliot, I have had but little part in this worldly anxiety, for divers reasons which you will presently see. One care eats up another.' (Bessie's name was here written and effaced.) 'Let me tell you, before I forget it, that the Lord has smiled on our indian corn. I had an acre put in the south meadow, which you know is a warm soil, and Major Avery tells me it will prove a heavy yield. He is a kind neighbor (as indeed we all try to be in these times), and called yesterday to ask me to get into his wagon, and take a ride, saying it would cheer me up to see the golden ears peeping out of their seared and rustling leaves; but I did not feel to go.' — (Here again Bessie's name was written, and again effaced — the tender mother shrunk from giving the blow that must be given.) 'Do not have any care, dear Eliot, about our basket and our store; they are sufficiently filled. The children are nicely prepared for winter, even to their shoes. Just as I was casting about to see how I should get them made, there being no shoemaker left short of Boston, Jo Warren came home, his term of Service having expired, and he, as he says, "liking much better the clack of his hammer and lap-stone than bloody-soldiering."

"'My dear son, I have written thus far without touching on

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the subject which fills heart and mind, day and night. I felt it to be suitable to mention the topics above; but I knew if I left them to the last you would read without reading, and thereby lose the little comfort they might give you. Fain would I finish here! God grant you may receive with submission what follows. You know, that never since you went away have I been able to hold out any encouragement to you about your poor sister. The dear child struggled, and struggled, but only exhausted her strength without making any headway; I shall always think it was from the first more weakness of body than any thing else, for she had such a clear sense of what was right, and this it was that weighed her down — a forever tormenting sense that she was wasting in idle feelings the life and faculties that God had given to her. She tried to assist me in family duties, but she moved about like a machine; and often her sewing would drop from her hands, and she would sit silent and motionless for hours.

"'In the first part of Herbert Linwood's visit she was more like her former self — old feelings seemed to revive, and I had hopes — but oh! they were suddenly dashed, for immediately on his going away she seemed to have such self-reproach — such fear that she had foregone her duty, and had forever forfeited your confidence. All night she was feverish and restless, and during the day she would sit and weep for hours together. She never spoke but to accuse herself of some wrong committed, or some duty unperformed. When the clock struck she would count the strokes, and you could see the beatings of her heart answer to each of them, and then she would weep till the hour came round again. Dr. Wilson and some of our godly women hoped she was under conviction; but I did not favor their talking to her as often as they wished, for I knew that her health was much broken, her mind hurt, and that in this harp of a thousand strings (as Dr. Watts says) there were many they did not understand.

"'Through the summer her flesh has wasted away till she seemed but the shadow of her former self. Her eyes appeared larger, and as the shadows deepened about them, of a deeper blue than ever — sometimes as I looked at her she startled me; it seemed to me as if all of mortality were gone, and I were standing in the presence of a visible spirit. There was such a speaking, mournful beauty about her, that even strangers — rough people too — would shed tears when they looked at her.

"'She never spoke of ——. If the children mentioned his name, or but alluded to him, she seemed deaf and palsied. She never approached the honeysuckle window where they used to sit. She never touched the books he read to her — her favorite books; and, one after another, she put away the articles of dress he had noticed and admired. Still with all these efforts she grew worse,

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till her reason seemed to me like the last ray of the sun before its sitting.

" 'Two weeks ago she brought me a small box, enveloped and sealed, and asked me to keep it for her; " be sure," she said, "and put it where I cannot find it, mother." From this moment there was a change — it seemed as if a pressure were taken off, from hour to hour her spirits rose — she talked with more than her natural quickness and cheerfulness, joined in the children's sports, and was full of impracticable plans of doing good, and wild expectations of happiness to all the world. I saw a fearful brightness in her eye. I knew her happiness was all a dream; but still it was a relief to see the dear child out of misery. I hoped, and feared, and lived on, trembling from hour to hour. Last night she asked me for her box, and when she had taken it she threw her arms around me, and looked in my face smiling — O! what a wild, strange smile it was. She then kissed the children and went to her room. She has scarcely been in bed five minutes together for the last fortnight; and as she did not come to breakfast in the morning, I hoped she was still sleeping, and truly thankful for this symptom that her excitement was abating, I kept the house still. Ten o'clock came, and not yet a sound from her room — an apprehension darted through my mind — I ran up stairs — her room was empty, her bed untouched.

" 'On the table, unsealed, was the packet I enclose to you. I read it, and was relieved of my worst fear. Our kind neighbors went yesterday in search of her, but in vain — last evening we heard the tramp of a horse to the door, and it proved to be Steady. He has been kept in the home-pasture all the fall; and it seems the poor child, who you know is so timid that she never before rode without you or —— at her side, had put on the saddle and bridle, and started in the night. How far she rode we can only conjecture from Steady appearing quite beat out. Major Avery judges he may have travelled eighty miles, out and home. You will conclude with me that it is Bessie's intention to go to New York; and when I think of her worn and distracted condition, and the state of the country through which she must pass, filled with hostile armies and infested with outlaws, do I sin in wishing she were dead beneath her father's roof? If any thing can be done, you will devise and execute — my head is sick with thinking, and my heart faint with sorrowing. Farewell, my beloved son. Let us not, in our trouble, forget that we are all, and especially the poor, sick, wandering lamb of our flock, in the hands of a good Being who doth not willingly afflict us. — Your loving, grieving mother. S. Lee.'

" The first part of Bessie's letter appeared to have been written

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at intervals, and some weeks antecedent to the conclusion. It was evidently traced with a weak and faltering hand, and had been drenched with her tears. She began:

"Dear brother Eliot,' (the word 'dear' was effaced and re-written): 'I am but a hypocrite to call you "dear" Eliot, for all permitted affections are devoured by one forbidden one. The loves that God implanted have withered and died away under the poisonous shadow of that which has been sown in my heart — think you by the evil spirit, Eliot? I sometimes fear so. I used to love our overkind mother; and for our little brothers and sisters my heart did seem to be one fountain of love, ever sweet, fresh, and overflowing; and you, oh Eliot, how fondly — proudly I loved you! — and now, if I were to see you all dead before me, it would move me no more than to see the idle leaves falling from the trees.

"'I have read your letters over and over again, till they have fallen to pieces with the continual dropping of my hot tears; but every syllable is imprinted on my heart. You did not believe your "sister would waste her sensibility, the precious food of life, in moping melancholy." Oh, Eliot, how much better must I have appeared to you than I was! I have been all my life a hypocrite. You believed "my mind had a self-rectifying power," and I imposed this belief on you! I am ready, now, to bow my head in the dust for it. "Love," said your letter, "can never be incurable when it is a disease; that is to say, when its object is unworthy." Ah, my dear brother, there was your fatal mistake. It was I that was unworthy — it was your simple sister that, in her secret, unconfessed thoughts, believed he loved her, knowing all the while that his lot was cast with the high, the gifted, the accomplished — with such as Isabella Linwood, and not with one so humble in condition, so little graced by art as I am. I do not blame him. Heaven knows I do not. "Self-rectifying power!" Eliot, talk to the reed, that has been uprooted and borne away by the tides of the ocean, of its "self-rectifying power.'

"A long interval had elapsed after writing the above; and the subsequent almost illegible scraps indicated a mind in ruins.

"'Oh, Eliot, pray — pray come home! They are all persecuting me. The children laugh at me, and whistle after me; and when I am asleep, they blow his name in my ears. Mother looks at me, and will not speak.

"'They have printed up all the books. Even the Bible has nothing but his name from beginning to end. I can never be alone; evil spirits are about me by day and by night; my brother, I am tormented.

"'Eliot my doom is spoken! Would that it were to cut down the cumberer of the ground! but, no: I am to stand forever on

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the desolate shore, stricken and useless, and see the river of life glide by. The day, as well as the night, is solitary; and there is no joyful voice therein.

" 'Oh, memory! — memory! — memory! what an abyss of misery art thou! The sun rises and sets, the moon rolls over the sky, the stars glide on in their appointed paths, the seasons change, but no change cometh to me, — the past, the past is all, there is no present, no future!

" 'I remember hearing Dr. Wilson preach about sin deserving infinite punishment, because it was against an infinite Being. I did not comprehend him then — now I do. In vain I raise my faded eyes and fevered hands to God.'

" The remainder was written in a more assured and rapid hand.

" ' Eliot, you have seen those days, have you not? when clouds gathered over the firmament; when, one after another, each accustomed and dear object was lost in their leaden folds, when they grew darker and came nearer, till you felt yourself wrapped about in their chilling drapery, and you feared the blessed sun was blotted out of Heaven. Suddenly God's messenger hath come forth — the clouds have risen at his bidding, and unveiled his beautiful works. The smiling waters and the green fields, one after another, have appeared — the silvery curtain has rolled up the mountain's side, and then melted away and left the blue vault spotless. Such darkness has oppressed me; such brightness is now above and around me. Dear Eliot how glad you will be! My spirits dance as they did in my childhood. The days are all clear, and the nights so beautiful, that I would not sleep if I could. Shame to those who steep themselves in the dull and brutish oblivion of sleep, when the intelligences of Heaven are abroad on the moonbeams, calling to the wakeful spirit to leave the drowsy world and join their glorious company — to career from star to star, and commune in the silence of night with their Creator. Oh, Eliot! I have heard the music " of the young eyed cherubim;" and I have learned secrets — wonderful secrets of the offices and relations of spirits, if I were sure you would believe them — but no, you cannot. The mind must be prepared by months of suffering — it must pass a dark and winding way to reach (while yet on earth) the bright eminence where I stand. But take courage, brother; when you pass the bounds of time you will hear, and see, and know what I now do.

" ' You will wonder how I have escaped the manacles that so long bound me. I cannot explain all now; but thus much I am permitted to say, that they were riveted by certain charms; and I cannot be assured of my freedom till I myself return them to him from whom they came — to him who has so long been the lord of

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my affections and master of my mind. Then, and not till then, shall I be the "self-rectified" being you blindly but truly predicted. I must go to New York ; but mind, dear brother, and indulge no idle fears for me. Do you remember once when we read Comus together, wishing your sister might, like the sweet lady there, be attended by good spirits — dear Eliot, I am. I cannot always see them through this thick veil of mortality, but I can both hear and feel them.

" ' Our good mother pesters me so. Should you think, brother, that a being accompanied as I am, could eat and drink, and lie down and sleep as other mortals do ? Oh, no! And, besides, are they not all the time praying that the Lord would send corn into their empty garners ; and yet, poor dull souls, they cannot see their prayer is answered, when I am fed and satisfied with bread from Heaven — sweet, spiritual food!

" ' I shall set forward to night when they are all steeped in this sleep they would fain stupify me with. I have not hinted to our mother my purpose, because, dear Eliot, since you are gone she is quite different from what she was. I would say it to none but you in the world ? but the truth is, she has grown very conceited, and would not believe one word of my superior knowledge. I do not blame her. The time is coming when the scales will fall from her eyes. Farewell, dear brother, — " angels guard thee," as Jasper used to say ; — I can write his name now with a steady hand — what a change ! They do guard me — the blessed angels ! Once more, fear nothing, Eliot. In going, I am attended by that " strong siding champion, conscience ;" if I stay, he will desert me.'

" Eliot's manliness was vanquished, and he wept like a child over his sister's letter. He reproached himself for having left home. He bitterly reproached himself for not having foreseen the danger of her long, exclusive, and confiding intercourse with Meredith. He was almost maddened when he thought of the perils to which she must have been exposed, and of his utter inability to save her from one of them. The only solacing thought that occurred to him was the extreme improbability that her fragile and exhausted frame could support the fatigues she must encounter, and that even now, while he wept over her letter (a fortnight had elapsed since it was written,), her gentle spirit might have entered upon its eternal rest." — pp. 37 — 49.

Eliot Lee, who, as we remarked, is led by his patriotic zeal in the cause of the country, to enter the army, repairs to the encampment of Washington, by whom he is favorably received, and after a while despatched upon a confidential mission to New

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York. Herbert Linwood, who had also entered the army, much to the regret and displeasure of his father, accompanies Eliot in disguise, but is discovered, and in imminent danger of being executed as a spy. The account of his position and of the means that are taken to relieve him, is one of the most interesting portions of the narrative. He finally effects his escape by the aid of the young ladies, who accompany him, and are thus conveyed to the head-quarters of Washington. Here a very good opportunity offers for the respectful attachment which Eliot had formed for the superb Isabella, on his visit to New York, to ripen into a confirmed passion. Whether the machinery employed for bringing the two parties into that propinquity, which, as Miss Edgeworth well observes, is so important a preliminary for match-making, be the most natural that could have been imagined, is a point which we leave it to the better judgment of our author to decide. It is certainly not common for two young ladies of fashion to accompany a young officer in his escape from imprisonment, although the case is not in these latter days, entirely without parallel. We find, in fact, in one of our late newspapers, an advertisement by Mr. Amaziah String, announcing that his two daughters have gone away with a single Lothario, whose name we do not now recollect. The incident is noticed by the editor, under the head of *Two Strings to a Beau.* In the case before us, however, propinquity, though rather violently brought about, has its natural operation. Isabella, who had been upon the point of forming an engagement with Meredith, is luckily extricated from this entanglement, at the very last moment, and just in time to become attached to Eliot. Herbert Linwood, on his part, takes advantage of his forced residence at New York, to captivate the affections of a young damsel from beyond the sea, Lady Anne Seton, a great fortune, who has been brought out by her mother, a marrying dowager, for the express purpose of being thrown in the way of Meredith, and who very properly takes care to throw herself in the way of the right man. Every thing is thus prepared for the two marriages, which conclude the work, and which are celebrated at Morristown, during the hard winter of 1780, under the auspices of Mrs. Washington, Colonel Hamilton giving away the brides.

Jasper Meredith, as we have already said, after basely deserting the gentle Bessie and paying ineffectual court to the superb Isabella, is finally ensnared by a professed coquette

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Miss Helen Ruthven. This personage is delineated with a good deal of skill and furnishes some of the best scenes.

"Without being beautiful, by the help of grace and versatility, and artful adaption of the aids and artifices of the toilet, Miss Ruthven produced the effect of beauty. Never was there a more skilful manager of the blandishments of her sex. She knew how to infuse into a glance 'thoughts that breathe,' how to play off those flatteries that create an atmosphere of perfume and beauty, how to make her presence felt as the soul of life, and life in her absence a dreary day of nothingness. She had little true sensibility or generosity (they go together;) but selecting a single object on which to lavish her feeling, like a shallow stream compressed into a narrow channel, it made great show and noise. Eliot stood on disenchanted ground; and, while looking on the real shape, was compelled to see his credulous and impulsive friend becoming from day to day more and more enthralled by the false semblance. 'Is man's heart,' he asked himself, 'a mere surface, over which one shadow chaseth another?' No. But men's hearts have different depths. In some, like Eliot Lee's (who was destined to love once and forever,) love strikes a deep and ineradicable root; interweaves itself with the very fibres of life, and becomes a portion of the undying soul.

"In other circumstances Eliot would have obeyed his impulses, and endeavored to dissolve the spell for his friend; but he was deterred by the consciousness of disappointment that his sister was so soon superseded, and by his secret wish that Linwood should remain free till a more auspicious day should rectify all mischances. Happily, Providence sometimes interposes to do that for us which we neglect to do for ourselves.

"As has been said, Linwood devoted every leisure hour to Helen Ruthven. Sometimes accompanied by Charlotte and Eliot, but oftener without them, they visited the almost unattainable heights, the springs and waterfalls, in the neighborhood of West Point, now so well known to summer travellers that we have no apology for lingering to describe them. They scaled the coal-black summits of the 'Devil's Peak;' went as far heavenward as the highest height of the 'Crow's Nest;' visited 'Bull-Hill, Butter-Hill, and Break-neck,' places that must have been named long before our day of classic, heathenish, picturesque, and most ambitious christening of this new world.

"Helen Ruthven did not affect this scrambling 'thorough bush, thorough briar,' through streamlet, snow, and mud, from a pure love of nature. Oh, no, simple reader! but because at her home in the glen there was but one parlor; there, from morning till bedtime, sat her father; there of course must sit her mother;

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and Miss Ruthven's charms, like those of other conjurers, depended for their success on being exercised within a magic circle, within which no observer might come. She seemed to live and breathe alone for Herbert Linwood. A hundred times he was on the point of offering the devotion of his life to her, when the image of his long-loved Bessie Lee rose before him, and, like the timely intervention of the divinities of the ancient creed, saved him from impending danger. This could not last much longer. On each successive occasion the image was less vivid, and must soon cease to be effective.

"Spring was advancing, and active military operations were about to commence. A British sloop-of-war had come up the river, and lay at anchor in Haverstraw Bay. Simultaneously with the appearance of this vessel there was a manifest change in the spirits of the family at the glen, — a fall in their mercury. Though they were still kind, their reception of our friends ceased to be cordial, and they were no longer urged, or even asked to repeat their visits. Charlotte, who, like her father, was warm and true-hearted, ventured to intimate that this change of manner did not originate in any diminution of friendliness; but, save this, there was no approach to an explanation; and Eliot ceased to pay visits, that it was obvious, were no longer acceptable. The mystery as he thought, was explained, when they incidentally learned that Captain Ruthven, the only son of their friend, was an officer on board the vessel anchored in Haverstraw Bay. This solution did not satisfy Linwood. 'How, in Heaven's name,' he asked, 'should that affect their intercourse with us? It might, to be sure, agitate them; but, upon my word, I don't believe they even know it;" and, in the simplicity of his heart, he forthwith set off to give them information of the fact. Mr. Ruthven told him, frankly and at once, that he was already aware of it, and Helen scrawled on a music-book which lay before them, 'Do you remember Hamlet? "ten thousand brothers!"' What she exactly meant was not plain; but he guessed her intimation to be that ten thousand brothers and their love were not to be weighed against him. Notwithstanding this kind intimation, he saw her thenceforth unfrequently. If he called, she was not at home; if she made an appointment with him, she sent him some plausible excuse for not keeping it; and if they met, she was silent and abstracted, and no longer kept up the show of the passion that a few weeks before had inspired her words, looks, and movements. Herbert was not destined to be one of love's few martyrs; and he was fast reverting to a sound state, only retarded by the mystery in which the affair was still involved. Since the beginning of his intercourse with the family, his Sunday evenings had been invariably spent at the glen; and now he received a note from Miss

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Ruthven (not, as had been her wont, crossed and double-crossed,) containing two lines, saying her father was ill, and as she was obliged to attend him, she regretted to beg Mr. Linwood to omit his usual Sunday evening visit! Linwood had a lurking suspicion, — he even just beginning to suspect — that this was a mere pretext; and he resolved to go to the glen, ostensibly to inquire after Mr. Ruthven, but really to satisfy his doubts. It was early in the evening when he reached there. The cheerful light that usually shot forth its welcome from the parlor window was gone; all was darkness. 'I was a rascal to distrust her!' thought Linwood, and he hastened on, fearing good Mr. Ruthven was extremely ill. As he approached the house he perceived that, for the first time, the window-shutters were closed, and that a bright light gleamed through their crevices. He put his hand on the latch of the door to open it, as was his custom, without rapping; but no longer, as if instinct with the hospitality of the house, did it yield to his touch. It was bolted! He hesitated for a moment whether to knock for admittance, and endeavor to satisfy his curiosity, or to return as wise as he came. His delicacy decided on the latter course; and he was turning away, when a sudden gust of wind blew open one of the rickety blinds, and instinctively he looked through the window, and for a moment was riveted by the scene disclosed within. Mr. Ruthven sat at a table on which were bottles of wine, olives, oranges, and other most rare luxuries. Beside him sat a young man, his younger self. Linwood did not need a second glance to assure him this was Captain Ruthven. On a stool at her brother's feet sat Charlotte, her arm lovingly resting on his knee. Mrs. Ruthven was at the other extremity of the table, examining, with enraptured eye, caps, feathers, and flowers, which, as appeared from the boxes and cords beside her, had just been opened.

"But the parties that fixed Linwood's attention were Helen Ruthven and a very handsome young man, who was leaning over her chair while she was playing on the piano, and bestowing on him those wondrous glances that Linwood had verily believed never met any eye but his! What a sudden disenchantment was that! Linwood's blood rushed to his head. He stood as if he were transfixed, till a sudden movement within recalling him to himself, he sprang from the steps and retraced his way up the hill-side: — the spell that had well-nigh bound him to Helen Ruthven was broken for ever. No man likes to be duped, — no man likes to feel how much his own vanity has had to do with preparing the trap that ensnared him. Linwood, after revolving the past, after looking back upon the lures and deceptions that had been practiced upon him, after comparing his passion for Helen Ruthven with his sentiments for Bessie Lee, came to the consol-

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ing conclusion that he had never loved Miss Ruthven. He was right, — and that night for the first time in many weeks, he fell asleep thinking of Bessie Lee." — pp. 135—141.

Miss Helen occasionally flies at higher game than the hearts of young lieutenants. She contrives a plot of no less consequence than getting possession of the person of Washington and delivering him up to the British. In the course of her operations she undertakes to go on board a sloop of war lying in the river below West Point. She is seen by the young American officers in a place called Kosciusko's garden, where the gallant Pole himself is also at the time-keeping watch, and which is prettily described in the following passage.

"She spent a sleepless night in contriving, revolving, and dismissing plans on which, as she fancied, the destiny of the nation hung, and, what was far more important in her eyes, Helen Ruthven's destiny. She at last adopted the boldest that had occurred, and which, from being the boldest, best suited her dauntless temper.

"The next morning, Tuesday, with her mother's aid and applause, she effected her preparations; and having fortunately learned, during her residence on the river, to row and manage a boat, she embarked alone in a little skiff, and stealing out of a nook near the glen, she rowed into the current and dropped down the river. She did not expect to escape observation, for though the encampment did not command a view of the Hudson, there were sentinels posted at points that overlooked it, and batteries that commanded its passage. But rightly calculating on the general humanity that governed our people, she had no apprehensions they would fire on a defenceless woman, and very little fear that they would think it worth while to pursue her, to prevent that which she dared to do before their eyes and in the face of day.

"Her calculations proved just. The sentinels levelled their guns at her, in token not to proceed; and she in return dropped her head, raised her hands deprecatingly, and passed on unmolested.

"At a short distance below the Point there is a remarkable spot, scooped out by nature in the rocky bank, always beautiful, and now a consecrated shrine; a 'Mecca of the mind.' On the memorable morning of Miss Ruthven's enterprise, the welcome beams of the spring sun, as he rose in the heavens, casting behind him a soft veil of light clouds, shone on the gray rocks, freshening herbage, and still disrobed trees of this lovely recess. From crevices in the perpendicular rocks that wall up the tableland above, hung a sylvan canopy; cedars, studded with their blue

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berries, wild raspberries, and wild rose-bushes; and each moist and sunny nook was gemmed with violets and wild geraniums. The harmonies of nature's orchestra were the only and the fitting sounds in this seclusion; the early wooing of the birds; the water from the fountains of the heights, that, filtering through the rocks, dropped from ledge to ledge with the regularity of a water-clock; the ripple of the waves as they broke on the rocky points of the shore, or softly kissed its pebbly margin; and the voice of the tiny stream, that gliding down a dark, deep, and almost hidden channel in the rocks, disappeared, and welled up again in the centre of the turfy slope, stole over it, and trickled down the lower ledge of granite to the river. Tradition has named this little green shelf on the rocks 'Kosciusko's Garden;' but as no traces have been discovered of any other than nature's plantings, it was probably merely his favorite retreat, and as such is a monument of his taste and love of nature.

"The spring is now enclosed in a marble basin, and inscribed with his name who then lay extended beside it; Kosciusko, the patriot of his own country, the friend of ours, the philanthropist of all, the enemy only of those aliens from the human family who are the tyrants of their kind. An unopen book lay beside him, while, gazing up through the willows that drooped over the fountain, he perused that surpassing book of nature, informed by the spirit and written by the finger of God, — a Book of revelations of his wisdom, and power, and goodness.

"Suddenly his musings were disturbed by approaching footsteps; and looking up, he saw Linwood and Eliot winding down the steep pathway between the piled rocks. He had scarcely exchanged salutations with them, when the little boat in which Helen Ruthven was embarked shot out from behind the dark ledge that bounded their upward view of the river. They sprang forward to the very edge of the sloping ground. Helen Ruthven would most gladly have escaped their observation, but that she perceived was impossible; and making the very best of her dilemma, she tossed her head exultingly, and waved her handkerchief. The young men instinctively returned her greeting. 'A gallant creature, by heaven!' exclaimed the Pole; 'God speed you, my girl!' And when Linwood told him who she was, and her enterprise, so far as he thought fit to disclose it, he reiterated, 'Again then, I say, God speed her! The sweetest affections of nature should be free as this gushing rill, that the rocks and the earth can't keep back; I am glad when they throw off the shackles imposed by the cruel and inevitable laws of war.' They continued to gaze after the boat till it turned and disappeared with the river in its winding passage through the mountains." — pp. 145—149.

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The intention is to seize Washington in the house of Mr. Ruthven, where he is invited to dine. The young officers who have been led by the conduct of Helen and other circumstances, to conclude that a plot is brewing, communicate their suspicions to the General, and endeavor to persuade him not to keep his engagement, but in vain. Finding him resolute, they place themselves in such a position as to observe every thing that passes, in season to give him timely warning should there be any danger.

"Eliot determined to go to the glen, and station himself on the margin of the river, where, in case (a chance that seemed to him at least possible) of the approach of an enemy's boat, he should descry it in time to give Washington warning. He went in search of Linwood, to ask him to accompany him; but Linwood was nowhere to be found. He deliberated whether to communicate his apprehensions to some other officer. The confidence the general had manifested had nearly dissipated his apprehensions, and he feared to do what might appear like officiousness, or like a distrust of Washington's prudence; that virtue, which, to remain, as it then was, the bulwark of his country's safety, must continue unsuspected.

"Eliot in his anxiety had reached the glen while it was yet daylight; and, careful to escape observation, he stole along the little strip of pebbly beach where a mimic bay sets in, and seated himself on a pile of rocks, the extreme point of a hill that descends abruptly to the Hudson. Here the river, hemmed in by the curvatures of the mountains, has the appearance of a lake; for the passage is so narrow and winding through which it forces its way, that the eye scarcely detects it. Eliot for a while forgot the tediousness of his watch in looking around him. The mountains at the entrance of the Hudson into the highlands, which stand like giant sentinels jealously guarding the narrow portal, appeared, whence he saw them, like a magnificent framework to a beautiful picture. An April shower had just passed over, and the mist was rolling away like the soft folds of a curtain from the village of Newburgh, which looked like the abode of all 'country contentments,' as the setting sun shone cheerily on its gentle slopes and white houses, contrasting it with the stern features of the mountains. Far in the distance, the Catskills, belted by clouds, appeared as if their blue heads were suspended in the atmosphere and mingling with the sky, from which an eye familiar with their beautiful outline could alone distinguish them. But the foreground of his picture was most interesting to Eliot; and as his eye again fell on the little glen sleeping in the silvery arms of the rills between which it lies — 'can this place,' he thought,

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'so steeped in nature's loveliness, so enshrined in her temple, be the abode of treachery! It has been of heartlessness, coquetry, duplicity — ah, there is no power in nature, in the outward world, to convert the bad — blessings it has; blessings manifold, for the good.'

"The spirit of man, alone in nature's solitudes, is an instrument which she manages at will; and Eliot, in his deepening seriousness and anxiety, felt himself answering to her changing aspect. The young foliage of the well-wooded little knoll that rises over the glen had looked fresh and feathery, and as bright as an infant awaking to happy consciousness; but as the sun withdrew its beams, it appeared as dreary as if it had parted from a smiling friend. And when the last gleams of day had stolen up the side of the Crow's Nest, shot over the summit of Break-neck, flushed the clouds and disappeared, and the wavy lines and natural terraces beyond Cold Spring, and the mass of rocks and pines of Constitution Island, were wrapped in sad-colored uniform, Eliot shrunk from the influence of the general desolateness, and became impatient of his voluntary watch.

"One after another the kindly-beaming home lights shot forth from hill and valley, and Eliot's eye catching that which flashed from Mr. Ruthven's window, he determined on a reconnoitre; and passing in front of the house he saw Washington and his host seated at a table, served with wine and nuts, but none of those tropical luxuries that had been manifestly brought to the glen by the stranger-guests from the sloop-of-war. Eliot's heart gladdened at seeing the friends enjoying one of those smooth and delicious passages that sometimes vary the ruggedest path of life. That expression of repelling and immovable gravity, that look of tension (with him the bow was always strained) that characterized Washington's face, had vanished like a cloud; and it now serenely reflected the social affections (bright and gentle spirits!) that, for the time, mastered his perplexing cares. He was retracing the period of his boyhood; a period, however cloudy in its passage, always bright when surveyed over the shoulder. He recalled his first field-sports, in which Ruthven had been his companion and teacher; and they laughingly reviewed many an accident by flood and field. 'No wonder,' thought Eliot, as in passing he glanced at Ruthven's honest, jocund face; 'no wonder Washington would not distrust him!'

"Eliot returned to his post. The stars had come out, and looked down coldly and dimly through a hazy atmosphere. The night was becoming obscure. A mist was rising; and shortly after a heavy fog covered the surface of the river. Eliot wondered that Kisel had not made his appearance; for, desultory as the

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fellow was, he was as true to his master as the magnet to the pole. Darkness is a wonderful magnifier of apprehended danger; and, as it deepened, Eliot felt as if enemies were approaching from every quarter. Listening intently, he heard a distant sound of oars. He was all ear. 'Thank Heaven!' he exclaimed, 'it is Kisel — a single pair of oars, and his plashy irregular dip!' In a few moments he was discernible; and nearing the shore, he jumped upon the rock where Eliot stood, crying out exultingly, 'I've dodged 'em, hey!'

"'Softly, Kisel; who have you dodged?'

"'Them red birds in their borrowed feathers. Cheat me? No. Can't I tell them that chops, and reaps, and mows, and thrashes, from them that only handles a sword or a gun, let 'em put on what ev'yday clothes they will?'

"'Tell me, Kisel, plainly and quickly, what you mean.'

"A command from Eliot, uttered in a tone of even slight displeasure, had a marvellous effect in steadying Kisel's wits; and he answered with tolerable clearness and precision: — 'I was cutting 'cross lots before sunset with a mess of trout, long as my arm — shiners! when I stumbled on a bunch of fellows, squatted 'mong high bushes. They held me by the leg, and said they'd come down with provisions for Square Ruthven's folks; and they had not got a pass, and so must wait for nightfall; and they'd have me stay and guide 'em across, for they knew they might ground at low water if they did not get the right track. I mistrusted 'em. I knew by their tongues they came from below; and so I cried, and told 'em I should get a whipping if I didn't get home afore sundown; and one of 'em held a pistol to my head, loaded, primed, and cocked, and told me he'd shoot my brains out if I didn't do as he bid me. "Lo'd o' massy!' says I, 'don't shoot —'twon't do any good, for I hant got no brains, hey!"'

"'Never mind what you said or they said; what did you do?'

"'I didn't do nothing. They held me fast till night; and then they pushed their boat out of a kind 'o hiding-place, and come alongside mine, and put me into it, an told me to pilot 'em. You know that sandy strip a bit off t'other shore? I knew my boat would swim over it like a cob,—and I guessed they'd swamp, and they did; diddle me if they didn't!'

"'Are they there now?'

"'There! not if they've the wit of sucking turkeys. The river there is not deep enough to drown a dead dog, and they might jump in and pull the boat out.'

"A slight westerly breeze was now rising, which lifted and wafted the fog so that half the width of the river was suddenly unveiled, and Eliot descried a boat making towards the glen. 'By Heaven! there they are!' he exclaimed; 'follow me,

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Kisel;' and without entering the house, he ran to the stable close by. Fortunately, often having had occasion, during his visits at the glen, to bestow his own horse, he was familiar with the 'whereabouts;' and in one instant General Washington's charger was bridled and at the door, held by Kisel; while Eliot rushed into the house, and in ten words communicated the danger and the means of escape. General Washington said not a word till, as he sprang on the horse, Ruthven, on whose astounded mind the truth dawned, exclaimed, 'I am innocent.' He replied, 'I believe you.'

"Washington immediately galloped up the steep imbowered road to the Point. Eliot hesitated for a moment, doubting whether to attempt a retreat or remain where he was, when Mr. Ruthven grasped his arm, exclaiming, 'Stay, for God's sake, Mr. Lee, stay, and witness to my innocence.' The imploring agony with which he spoke would have persuaded a more inflexible person than Eliot Lee. In truth, there was little use in attempting to fly, for the footsteps of the party were already heard approaching the house. They entered, five armed men, and were laying their hands on Eliot, when Mr. Ruthven's frantic gestures, and his shouts of 'He's safe, he's safe, he's escaped ye!' revealed to them the truth; and they perceived what in their impetuosity they had overlooked, that they held an unknown young man in their grasp instead of the priceless Washington! Deep were the oaths they swore as they dispersed to search the premises, all excepting one young man, whose arm Mr. Ruthven had grasped, and to whom he said, 'Harry, you've ruined me; you've made me a traitor in the eyes of Washington; the basest traitor! He said, God bless him! that he believed me innocent; but he will not when he reflects that it was I who invited him,—who pressed him to come here this evening,—the conspiracy seemed evident,—undeniable! Oh, Harry, Harry, you and your mad sister have ruined me!'

"The young man seemed deeply affected by his father's emotion. He attempted to justify himself on the plea that he dared not set his filial feeling against the importance of ending the war by a single stroke; but this plea neither convinced nor consoled his father. Young Ruthven's associates soon returned, having abandoned their search, and announced the necessity of their immediate return to the boat. 'You must go with us, sir,' said Ruthven to his father; 'for blameless as you are, you will be treated by the rebels as guilty of treason.'

"'By Heaven, Harry, I'll not go. I had rather die a thousand deaths,— on the gallows, if I must—I'll not budge a foot.'

"'He must go, there is no alternative, you must aid me,' said young Ruthven to his companions. They advanced to seize his

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father. 'Off! off!' he cried, struggling against them. 'I'll not go a living man.'

"Eliot interposed; and addressing himself to young Ruthven, said, 'Believe me, sir, you are mistaking your duty. Your father's good name must be dearer to you than his life; and his good name is blasted forever, if in these circumstances he leaves here. But his life is in no danger—none whatever—he is in the hands of his friend, and that friend the most generous, as well as just, of all human beings. You misunderstand the temper of General Washington, if you think he would believe your father guilty of the vilest treachery without damning proof.' Young Ruthven was more than half convinced by Eliot, and his companions had by this time become impatient of delay. Their spirit had gone with the hope that inspired their enterprise, and they were now only anxious to secure a retreat to their vessel. They had some little debate among themselves whether they should make Eliot prisoner; but, on young Ruthven's suggestion that Lieutenant Lee's testimony might be important to his father, they consented to leave him, one of them expressing in a whisper the prevailing sentiment, 'We should feel sheepish enough to gain but a paltry knight, when we expected a checkmate by our move.'

"In a few moments more they were off; but not till young Ruthven had vainly tried to get a kind parting word from his father. 'No, Harry,' he said, 'I'll not forgive you, I can't; you've put my honor in jeopardy, no, never;' and as his son turned sorrowfully away, he added, 'Never, Hal, till this cursed war is at an end.'

"Early next morning Eliot Lee requested an audience of Washington, and was immediately admitted, and most cordially received. 'Thank God, my dear young friend,' he said, 'you are safe, and here. I sent repeatedly to your lodgings last night, and hearing nothing, I have been exceedingly anxious. Satisfy me on one point, and then tell me what happened after my forced retreat. I trust in Heaven this affair is not bruited.'

"Eliot assured him he had not spoken of it to a human being, not even to Linwood; and that he had enjoined strict secrecy on Kisel, on whose obedience he could rely.

"'Thank you, thank you, Mr. Lee,' said Washington, with a warmth startling from him, 'I should have expected this from you, the generous devotion of youth, and the coolness and prudence of ripe age — a rare union.'

"Such words from him who *never* flattered and rarely praised, might well, as they did, make the blood gush from the heart to the cheeks. 'I am most grateful for this approbation, sir,' said Eliot.

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"'Grateful! Would to Heaven I had some recompense to make for the immense favor you have done me, beside words; but the importance of keeping the affair secret precludes all other return. I think it will not transpire from the enemy, — they are not like to publish a baffled enterprise. I am most particularly pleased that you went alone to the glen. In this instance I almost agree with Cardinal de Retz, who says, 'he held men in greater esteem for what they forbore to do than for what they did.' I now see where I erred yesterday. It did not occur to me that there could be a plot without my friend being accessory to it. I did not err in trusting him. This war has cost me dear; but, thank Heaven, it has not shaken, but fortified, my confidence in human virtue!' Washington then proceeded to inquire into the occurrences at the glen after he left there, and ended with giving Eliot a note to deliver to Mr. Ruthven, which proved a healing balm to the good man's wounds.

"Our revolutionary contest, by placing men in new relations, often exhibited in new force and beauty the ties that bind together the human family. Sometimes, it is true, they were lightly snapped asunder, but oftener they manifested an all-resisting force, and a union that, as in some chemical combinations, no test could dissolve." — pp. 153—163.

Although Miss Ruthven fails in her enterprise upon the person of Washington, she succeeds to her mind, as we have said, with Meredith. The encounter of these two personages, is in the nature of "diamond cut diamond," but the superior aptitude of the sex for this kind of management, carries the day, and Meredith is fairly out-generalled. We copy the account of the last decisive manœuvre. He has just received a note from Isabella Linwood, in which she gives him a final dismission, when Helen Ruthven enters.

"Meredith was roused by the soft fall of a footstep. He started, and saw Helen Ruthven, who had just entered, and was in the act of picking up the note he had thrown down. She looked at the superscription, then at Meredith. Her lustrous eyes suffused with tears, and the tears formed into actual drops, rolled down her cheeks. 'Oh, happy, most happy Isabella Linwood!' she exclaimed. Meredith took the note from her and threw it into the fire. Miss Ruthven stared at him, and lifted up her hands with an unfeigned emotion of astonishment. After a moment's pause, she added, 'I still say, *most* happy Isabella Linwood. And yet, if she cannot estimate the worth of the priceless kingdom she sways, is she most happy? You do not answer me; and you, of all the world, cannot.' Meredith did not reply by

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word; but Miss Ruthvens's quick eye perceived the cloud clearing from his brow; and she ventured to try the effect of a stronger light. 'I cannot comprehend this girl,' she continued; 'she is a riddle; an insolvable riddle to me. A passionless mortal seems to me to approach nearer to a monster than to a divinity deserving your idolatry, Meredith. She cannot be the cold apathetic, statue-like person she appears —'

"'And why not, Miss Ruthven?'

"'Simply because a passionless being cannot inspire passion; and yet — and yet, if she were a marble statue, your love should have been the Promethean touch to infuse a soul. Pardon me — *pity* me, if I speak too plainly; there are moments when the heart will burst the barriers of prudence — there are moments of desperation, of self-abandonment, I cannot be bound by those petty axioms and frigid rules that shackle my sex — I cannot weigh my words — I must pour out my heart, even though this prodigality of its treasures 'naught enriches you, and makes me poor indeed!'

"Helen Ruthven's broken sentences were linked together by expressive glances and effective pauses. She gave to her words all the force of intonation and emphasis, which produce the effect of polish on metal, making it dazzling, without adding an iota to its intrinsic value. Meredith lent a most attentive ear, mentally comparing the while Miss Ruthven's lavished sensibilities to Isabella's jealous reserve. He should have discriminated between the generosity that gives what is nothing worth, and the fidelity that watches over an immortal treasure; but vanity wraps itself in impenetrable darkness. He only felt that he was in a labyrinth of which Helen Ruthven held the clew; and that he was in the process of preparation to follow whithersoever she willed to lead him.

"We let the curtain fall here; we have no taste for showing off the infirm of our own sex. We were willing to supply some intimations that might be available to our ingenuous and all-believing young male friends; but we would not reveal to our fair and true-hearted readers the flatteries, pretences, false assumptions, and elaborate blandishments, by which a hackneyed woman of the world dupes and beguiles; and at last (obeying the inflexible law of reaping as she sows) pays the penalty of her folly in a life of matrimonial union without affection — a wretched destiny, well fitting those who profane the sanctuary of the affections with hypocritical worship.

"While the web is spinning around Meredith, we leave him with the wish that all the Helen Ruthvens in the world may have as fair game as Jasper Meredith." — pp. 208—210.

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We are tempted, at the risk of extending our extracts too far, to copy the passage describing the scene in which Bessie Lee restores to Meredith, on meeting him in New York, the presents which he had made to her.

"Eliot retreated, and stood still and breathless to catch the first sound of Bessie's voice; but he heard nothing but the exclamation, 'She is not here!' Eliot sprang forward. The door of the apartment which led into the side passage and the outer door were both open, and Eliot, forgetful of every thing but his sister, was rushing into the street, when Bessie entered the street door with Jasper Meredith! Impelled by her ruling purpose to see Meredith, she had, on her first discovery of the side passage, escaped into the street, where the first person she encountered was he whose image had so long been present to her, that seeing him with her bodily organ seemed to make no new impression, nor even to increase the vividness of the image stamped on her memory. She had thrown on her cloak, but had nothing on her head; and her hair fell in its natural fair curls over her face and neck. Singular as it was for the delicate, timid Bessie to appear in this guise in the public street, or to appear there at all, and much as he was started by her faded, stricken form, the truth did not at once occur to Meredith. The wildness of her eye was subdued in the dim twilight; she spoke in her accustomed quiet manner; and after answering to his first inquiry that she was perfectly well *now*, she begged him to go into Mrs. Archer's with her, as she had something there to restore to him. He endeavored to put her off with a commonplace evasion — 'he was engaged now, would come some other time,' &c., but she was not to be eluded; and seeing some acquaintances approaching, whose observation he did not care to encounter, he ascended Mrs. Archer's steps, and found himself in the presence of those whom he would have wished most to avoid; but there was no retreat.

"Bessie now acted with an irresistible energy. 'This way,' said she, leading Meredith into the room she had quitted — 'come all of you in here,' glancing her eye from Meredith to Isabella and Eliot, but without manifesting the slightest surprise or emotion of any sort at seeing them, but simply saying with a smile of satisfaction, as she shut the door and threw off her cloak, 'I expected this — I *knew* it would be so. In visions by day, and dreams by night, I always saw you together.

"It was a minute before Eliot could command his voice for utterance. He folded his arms around Bessie, and murmured, 'My sister! — my dear sister!'

"She drew back, and placing her hands on his shoulders and

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smiling, said, 'Tears, Eliot, tears! Oh, shame, when this is the proudest, happiest moment of your sister's life!'

"'Is she mad?' asked Meredith of Isabella.

"Bessie's ear caught his last word. 'Mad!' she repeated — 'I think all the world is mad; but I alone am not! I have heard that whom the gods would destroy they first make mad; men and angels have been employed to save me from destruction.'

"'It is idle to stay here to listen to these ravings,' said Meredith, in a low voice, to Miss Linwood; and he was about to make his escape, when Isabella interposed; 'Stay for a moment, I entreat you,' she said; 'she has been very eager to see you, and it is sometimes of use to gratify these humors.'

"In the meantime Eliot, his heart burning within him at his sister's being gazed at as a spectacle by that man of all the world from whose eye he would have sheltered her, was persuading her, as he would a wayward child, to leave the apartment. She resisted his importunities with a sort of gentle pity for his blindness, and a perfect assurance that she was guided by light from Heaven. 'Dear Eliot,' she said, 'you know not what you ask of me. For this hour my life has been prolonged, my strength miraculously sustained. You have all been assembled here — you, Eliot, because a brother should sustain his sister, share her honor, and partake her happiness; Jasper Meredith to receive back those charms and spells by which my too willing spirit was bound; and you, Isabella Linwood, to see how, in my better mind, I yield him to you.'

She took from her bosom a small ivory box, and opening it, she said, advancing to Meredith, and showing him a withered rose-bud, 'Do you remember this? You plucked it from a little bush that almost dipped its leaves in that cold spring on the hill-side — do you remember? It was a hot summer's afternoon, and you had been reading poetry to me; you said there was a delicate praise in the sweet breath of flowers that suited me, and some silly thing you said, Jasper that you should not, of wishing yourself a flower that you might breathe the incense that you were not at liberty to speak; and then you taught me the Persian language of flowers. I kept this little bud; it faded, but was still sweet. Alas! — alas! I cherished it for its Persian meaning.' Her reminiscence seemed too vivid, her voice faltered, and her eye fell from its fixed gaze on Meredith; but suddenly her countenance brightened, and she turned to Isabella, who stood by the mantelpiece resting her throbbing head on her hand, and added, 'Take it, Isabella, it is a true symbol to you.'

"Eliot for the first time turned his eye from his sister, and even at that moment of anguish a thrill of joy shot through every vein, when he saw Isabella take the bud, pull apart its shrivelled

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leaves and throw them from her. Meredith stood leaning against the wall, his arms folded, and his lips curled into a smile that was intended to express scornful unconcern. He might have expressed it, he might possibly have felt it towards Bessie Lee; but when he saw Isabella throw away the bud, when he met the indignant glance of her eye flashing through the tears that suffused it, a livid paleness spread around his mouth, and that feature, the most expressive and truest organ of the soul, betrayed his inward conflict. He snatched his hat to leave the room; Bessie laid her hand on his arm: 'Oh, do not go; I shall be cast back into my former wretchedness if you go now.'

"'Stay, sir,' said Eliot; 'my sister shall not be crossed.'

"'With all my heart; I have not the slightest objection to playing out my dumb show between vaporing and craziness.'

"'Villain!' exclaimed Eliot — the young men exchanged glances of fire. Bessie placed herself between them, and stretching out her arms, laid a hand on the breast of each, as if to keep them apart. — 'Now this is unkind — unkind in both of you. I have come such a long and wearisome journey to make peace for all of us; and if you will but let me finish my task, I shall lay me down and sleep — for ever, I think.'

"Eliot pressed the burning hand to his lips. 'My poor, dear sister,' he said, 'I will not speak another word, if I die in the effort to keep silence.'

"'Thanks, dear Eliot,' she replied; and putting both her arms around his neck, she added, in a whisper, 'do not be angry if he again call me crazy; there be many that have called me so — they mistake inspiration for madness, you know.' Never was Eliot's self-command so tested; and retiring to the farthest part of the room, he stood with knit brows and compressed lips, looking and feeling like a man stretched on the rack, while Bessie pursued her fancied mission. 'Do you remember this chain?' she asked, as she opened a bit of paper, and let fall a gold chain over Meredith's arm. He started as if he were stung. 'It cannot harm you,' she said, faintly smiling, as she noticed his recoiling. 'This was the charm.' She smoothed the paper envelope. 'As often as I looked at it, the feeling with which I first read it shot through my heart — strange, for there does not seem much in it.' She murmured the words pencilled by Meredith on the envelope,

> "'Can she who weaves electric chains to bind the heart,
> Refuse the golden links that boast no mystic art?'

"'Oh, well do I remember,' she cast up her eyes as one does who is retracing the past, 'the night you gave me this; Eliot was

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in Boston; mother was — I don't remember where, and we had been all the evening sitting on the porch. The honey-suckles and white roses were in bloom, and the moon shone in through their leaves. It was then you first spoke of your mother in England, and you said much of the happy destiny of those who were not shackled by pride and avarice; and when you went away, you pressed my hand to your heart, and put this little packet in it. Yet' (turning to Isabella) 'he never *said* he loved me. It was only my over-credulous fancy. Take it, Isabella; it belongs to you, who really weave the chain that binds the heart.'

"Meredith seized the chain as she stretched out her hand, and crushed it under his foot. Bessie looked from him to Isabella, and seemed for a moment puzzled; then said, acquiescingly, 'Ah, it's all well; symbols do not make nor change realities. This little brooch,' she continued, steadily pursuing her purpose, in the shape of a forget-me-not, 'I think was powerless. What need had I of a forget-me-not, when memory devoured every faculty of my being? No, there was no charm in the forget-me-not; but oh, this little pencil,' she took from the box the end of a lead pencil, 'with which we copied and scribbled poetry together. How many thoughts has this little instrument unlocked — what affections have hovered over its point, and gone thrilling back through the heart! You must certainly take this, Isabella, for there is yet a wonderful power in this magical little pencil — it can make such revelations.'

"'Dear Bessie, I have no revelations to make.'

"'Is my task finished?' asked Merideth.

"'Not yet — not quite yet — be patient — patience is a great help; I have found it so. Do you remember this?' She held up before Meredith a tress of her own fair hair, tied with a raven lock of his in a true-love knot. 'Ah, Isabella, I know very well it was not maidenly of me to tie this; I knew it then, and I begged it of him with many tears, did I not, Jasper? but I *kept* it — that was wrong too. Now, Mr. Meredith, you will help me to untie it?'

"'Pardon me; I have no skill in such matters.'

"'Ah, is it easier to tie than to untie a true-love knot? Alas, alas! I have found it so. But you must help me. My head is growing dizzy, and I am so faint here! She laid her hand on her heart. 'It must be parted — dear Isabella, you will help me — you can untie a true-love's knot?'

"I can sever it,' said Isabella, with an emphasis that went to the heart of more than one that heard her. She took a pair of scissors from the table, and cut the knot. The black lock fell on the floor; the pretty tress of Bessie's hair curled around

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her finger; — 'I will keep this for ever, my sweet Bessie,' she said; the memorial of innocence, and purity, and much abused trust.'

"'Oh, I did not mean that — I did not mean that, Isabella. Surely I have not accused him; I told you he never *said* he loved me. I am not angry with him — you must not be. You cannot be long, if you love him; and surely you do love him.'

"'Indeed, indeed I do not.'

"'Isabella Linwood! you *have* loved him.' She threw one arm around Isabella's neck, and looked with a piercing gaze in her face. Isabella would at this moment have given worlds to have answered with truth — 'No, *never!*' She would have given her life to have repressed the treacherous blood, that, rushing to her neck, cheeks, and temples, answered unequivocally Bessie's ill-timed question.

"Meredith's eye was riveted to her face, and the transition from the humiliation, the utter abasement of the moment before, to the undeniable and manifested certainty that he had been loved by the all-exacting, the unattainable Isabella Linwood, was more than he could bear, without expressing his exultation. 'I thank you, Bessie Lee,' he cried; 'this triumph is worth all I have endured from your raving and silly drivelling. Your silent confession, Miss Linwood, is *satisfactory*, full, and plain enough; but it has come a thought too late. Good-evening to you — a fair good-night, to you, sir. I advise you to take care that your sister sleep more and *dream* less.'

"There is undoubtedly a pleasure, transient it may be, but real it is, in the gratification of the baser passions. Meredith was a self idolater; and at the very moment when his divinity was prostrate, it had been revived by the sweetest, the most unexpected incense. No wonder he was intoxicated. How long his delirium lasted, and what were its effects, are still to be seen. His parting taunts were lost on those he left behind.

"Bessie believed that her mission was fulfilled and ended. The artificial strength which, while she received it as the direct gift of Heaven, her highly-wrought imagination had supplied, was exhausted. As Meredith closed the door, she turned to Eliot, and locking her arms around him, gazed at him with an expression of natural tenderness, that can only be imagined by those who have been so fortunate as to see Fanny Kemble's exquisite personation of Ophelia, and who remember (who could forget it?) her action at the end of the flower-scene, when reason and nature seeming to overpower her wild fancies, she throws her arms around Laer-

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tes's neck, and with one flash of her all-speaking eyes, makes every chord of the heart vibrate." — pp. 180—189.

We take our leave of Miss Sedgwick, on this as on every former occasion of the same kind, with feelings of unmixed gratitude for the entertainment afforded by her works, and for the favorable moral influence which they exercise upon the community. If her literary power be somewhat less than that of her illustrious English prototype, Miss Edgeworth, the moral strain of her writings is of a yet higher cast. There are some appearances in the present state of learning, which seem to show that the ladies are taking the department of novel-writing into their own hands, and if they would all manage it with the ability, taste and discretion of our author, we cannot say that we should deeply regret the revolution. We noticed, not long ago, accounts in the newspapers of a meeting of female writers of this and other countries, at the residence of Miss Sedgwick, in Berkshire. If we were not misinformed by the daily chronicles of the times, Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Butler, Miss Martineau, Miss Gould, and we know not how many more of their fair compeers, were assembled upon this occasion, constituting a sort of female *wittenagemote*, or, in more intelligible language, a *Blue Congress*. The newspapers, after dwelling with great enthusiasm upon what was to be expected from this brilliant assemblage, have preserved a rather ominous silence upon what was really done, nor has any authentic journal of proceedings been issued, as far as we are apprised, by the Diet itself. We venture to hope, however, that the object of the fair members of this re-union, was to encourage each other to persevere in the literary pursuits, to which they have all devoted themselves with so much success. There is something in the department of polite learning, and especially of the novel, dwelling as it does, or should do, chiefly on the scenes and characters of domestic life, that renders it a field peculiarly fitted for the graceful genius of the sex. When a man sits down to write a novel, he is apt to consider it as a means of effecting some, as he supposes, more important end, and you find with dismay, before you have finished the first volume, that you are perusing, under this seductive form, a treatise on metaphysics, or an inquiry into the antiquities of Italy, Egypt or China. But a female novelist gives up her whole work, with her heart and soul in it, to the distresses of the lovers. When she has introduced her hero and heroine in all their faultless perfection, at-

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tended with the usual accompaniment of other personages, has led them through the mazes of intrigue and adventure for the regular four volumes, and brought them, at the close of the last, to the desired consummation of a fortunate marriage, she is fully satisfied. She would not exchange her achievement for the most perfect political constitution that ever came out of the pigeon-holes of the Abbé Siéyes. And this is as it should be. These, after all, are the novels for our money. We like metaphysics, we like morals, we like history ; but we like them all in their places, and we do not like them dished up in the form of a novel. Let then Miss Sedgwick continue to give us more Clarences, and more Linwoods. Let her accomplished relative bring us acquainted with more of the family of Allen Prescott. Let the interesting stranger who is now refreshing us with the light of her countenance, open again, on her return to her native country, the rich store-house of her Illustrations, taking care, if it please her, that the seasoning of political economy be a little less copious. Let the author of the Affianced One, draw the curtain, and shew us the Two Brides whom she has so long reserved for her private society; or, if she prefer it, let her weave a new and plaintive tale of some love-lorn Greek, or Italian Princess. Let Mrs. Butler, having now sown her wild oats, string her golden harp to the high strain of which it is capable. Let Miss Gould and Mrs. Sigourney warble their native wood notes wild. Come one; come all. The public, we think we can assure them, will read, and what is better, buy, as long as they will write. We can add, if it will give them any further satisfaction, that while we continue our critical labors, their charming productions shall never want faithful, however in other respects, incompetent Reviewers. Such of them as are well versed in the mysteries of the craft, are aware that this point is one of no small consequence, and they will be encouraged, we trust, by this assurance, to pursue their useful and agreeable labors, with redoubled assiduity.

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ART. VIII. — *Arago on Comets.*

1. *Des Comètes en Général et en Particulier de la Comète qui doit reparaître en* 1832 *et dont la Revolution est de* 6 *ans* $\frac{3}{4}$. 18mo. Paris 1831. Par M. ARAGO, Membre du Bureau des Longitudes.
2. *Des Comètes en Général et en Particulier de celles qui doivent paraître en* 1832 *et* 1835. Par M. ARAGO, Membre du Bureau des Longitudes. 18mo. Paris. 1834.

THE present return of Halley's comet seems a fit occasion for some remarks upon this class of heavenly bodies, and upon that wonderful science which has revealed to us the secret mechanism of their motions. How different the impression now produced upon the public mind, from that which was manifested five revolutions ago, in 1456, when all good christians were solemnly called upon by their acknowledged head, the Pope, to curse the Comet together with the Turks, whose arms then threatened the subjugation of the fairest portions of christendom. We of the present day, have our eyes indeed directed to the same object, but with a state of mind how different? We are not taken by surprise; we are not alarmed at the novel spectacle; we were fully prepared for it, were expecting it almost impatiently; we had indicated the time when, and the spot where it was to make its first appearance; had traced among the stars, the path it was to describe; foretold the rate of its progress from day to day, and the general increase of its magnitude and brightness; when it was to be seen with the telescope, and when with the naked eye. All these minute particulars, and many more have long been before the world. They have been presented in every variety of form, adapted to the comprehension of different classes of readers. What a responsibility is thus assumed, on the part of those who have undertaken to make the future present? What confidence is thus manifested in the truth of those principles which have led to such astonishing predictions? With what a firm and unhesitating faith have these predictions been received? Who has doubted whether or not a comet would appear at this time, attended by those peculiar phenomena by which it has been distinguished? Is any one surprised at what has actually

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occurred; that in every essential particular the prediction has been verified? It may be said, perhaps, that nine persons out of ten have not thought about the matter, and have given themselves no concern whether the comet made its appearance or not, or whether it conformed or not to what was foretold. But we would ask whence this indifference and unconcern? How happens it that men's minds are not now agitated as they were formerly? Who has taught us, that unusual appearances are no occasion for alarm and terror? That they are not to be regarded as symptoms of derangement or interruptions of established order, or tokens of the displeasure of the Almighty? Is not this absence of all anxiety and concern on the part of the unlearned one of the beneficial results, and not the least, which has attended the successful study of the stars? From year to year we are taught in our almanacs, which are perhaps more widely diffused than any other class of publications, not only the regular and stated occurrences of particular seasons, but rare and extraordinary events in the heavens, as eclipses of the sun and moon, the obscuration of a star or planet, and now and then the return of a comet to the sun, after long wandering in the remote regions of space. These predictions, accompanied as they are, with the minutest detail as to time, place, and circumstance, and followed as they have now been, for so many years, with the most exact fulfilment, have had an almost miraculous influence upon the public mind. The most illiterate are capable of appreciating this evidence, this undeniable and irrefragable proof of the high advancement of that science, which has thus enabled us to penetrate the future, and to forewarn mankind of events that are to come.

The history of this branch of astronomy, dates back only about two centuries. The accounts of comets that have come down to us from earlier times, although somewhat numerous, and in many cases relating to extraordinary celestial objects, are nevertheless so vague, and in all probability so exaggerated, as to be of little value. While the opinion prevailed, that comets were temporary fires lighted up in our own atmosphere, that is, of the same nature with those transient meteors that attract a momentary gaze and disappear, no exact observations were made, and no pains seem to have been taken to verify an hypothesis so hastily and generally received. It appears not a little strange to us of the present day, that it

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did not occur to men so acute, and sagacious as Aristotle and others, who evidently had paid some attention to this subject, that meteors, and all atmospherical objects are to be seen only over a small extent of the earth's surface, and that they are seen in opposite directions from places not very remote from each other. The great meteor, for instance, which exploded over Weston, in the state of Connecticut, in 1807, seemed to be in a southwesterly direction, to persons in the neighborhood of Boston, whereas to a spectator near Philadelphia, it appeared in the opposite part of the heavens; and it was below the horizon, or wholly invisible, to persons situated at the distance of only a few hundred miles. Now it is very well known, that when a comet presents itself, it is not only seen over an extent of thousands of miles, but it seems to occupy throughout this region, the same place in the heavens. It appears in the same constellation, and near the same star. The path of the present comet, for instance, traced among the stars, is essentially the same to European and American observers. It is hence manifest, without having recourse to any exact observations, that comets cannot be very near the earth, as the ancient astronomers supposed; that they must be far removed out of our atmosphere even to the region of the planets. This important circumstance was first fully ascertained by Tycho Brahe; and being well established, it was sufficient of itself to overthrow the ancient doctrine on this subject. One reason, no doubt, why this crude opinion prevailed so long, was the belief in the existence of solid crystal orbs supporting the planets, and wheeling one within the other. The idea of large bodies, like what we now understand the comets to be, intersecting and traversing those solid spheres of crystal, was wholly inadmissible and irreconcilable with the received notions, touching the heavenly bodies; a striking example of the tendency of error to propagate itself.

Comets being thus recognised as very distant bodies like the planets, the next inquiry was to ascertain the paths they described, and the laws which govern their motions. The keen and penetrating eye of Newton was now directed to this subject, and comets at once assumed the dignity of planets, revolving round the same central body, describing the same kind of curves, preserved in their places by the same forces, subjected to the same laws, and differing only, or principally in this: that their orbits are more oval, or more elongated, and

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lie in all manner of directions. This bold position was put to the test, in the case of the remarkable comet of 1680, which presented itself at this critical juncture, as if to vindicate this class of bodies of which it was so splendid a representative. The genius of Newton triumphed in this as in all his great enterprises; and comets now began to be regarded as an important part of the solar system. To put this rational and sublime theory beyond all question, and to convince the world of its truth, it was only necessary to identify a comet as one which had before appeared, or, in other words, to foretel the return of one of these bodies, and delineate beforehand its path through the heavens. This nice and difficult task was undertaken and accomplished by Halley. By comparing a comet which appeared in 1682, and which he saw himself, with one which was observed in 1607, they seemed to describe one and the same orbit.* It was not to be supposed that two comets would follow each other in identically the same path round the sun. It was fairly presumed therefore, that these were not two separate comets, but different appearances of one and the same comet; and that the interval between 1607 and 1682, or about 75 years, was the time employed to complete a revolution. This conclusion was rendered still more probable by going back about 75 years further, namely to 1531, when we find a comet described, that, from the observations that have come down to us, evidently pursued the same track through the heavens, which was described by that of 1607, and that of 1682. If any doubt remained of the identity of these comets, it must certainly be removed, when we are told further, that at another interval of the same length, that is to say, in the year 1456, there is a record of a comet whose path seemed evidently to correspond with those already referred to.

* An orbit is recognised to be the same with a former one, when it has in all respects the same position in the heavens, that is, when there is an agreement in the following particulars. 1. The *perihelion distance*, or distance of the point of nearest approach to the sun. 2. The position of this point or *longitude of the perihelion*. 3 The *inclination* of the plane of the orbit to the plane of the ecliptic. 4. The position of the intersection of these planes, or the *longitude of the node*. 5. The *direction* of the motion, whether from west to east like the planets or the reverse. The comet of 1682, for instance, had its orbit determined as follows;

Perihelion distance.	Longitude of the perihelion.	Inclination.	Longitude of the node	Direction.
0. 58 Sun's distance from the earth, being 1.	301° 36′	17° 42′	50°48′	Retrograde.

The following are the corresponding particulars for the comet of 1607.

0.58	302° 16′	17° 2′	50° 21′	Retrograde.

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With such evidence before him, Halley ventured to infer that the comet of 1682 revolved round the sun, in about seventy-five or seventy-six years, and that consequently it might be expected to appear again, after the lapse of another such period. He accordingly had the courage and the good fortune to predict that this same comet would return towards the close of the year 1758, or the beginning of 1759. The time of a revolution seemed to be liable to considerable variation, which might be attributed, with great probability, to the attraction of the planets. To fix the time of the predicted return, as precisely as the nature of the case would admit, Clairaut undertook to calculate the effect which the larger planets, Jupiter and Saturn would have, in accelerating or retarding the motion of the comet, the result of which was, that the return of the comet to its perihelion, would be delayed by these two planets, about one year and eight months. The time fixed by Clairaut for the comet's reaching its point of nearest approach to the sun, was the 4th of April. He observed, at the same time, that he might err a month, by neglecting small quantities in the calculation. The comet was first seen near Dresden, by a peasant, on the 25th of December, 1758, thus verifying the prediction of Halley; and it passed its point of nearest approach to the sun, the 13th of March, 1759, within twenty-three days of the time fixed by Clairaut, for the perihelion passage, and accordingly falling within the assigned limits. The fulfilment of this memorable prediction, placed the theory of comets upon a sure basis. It has not only confirmed those who had entered into all the *a priori* reasoning upon the subject, but it was of a nature to carry conviction to the unlearned and the sceptical, to convert the mass of mankind, and make them firm believers, not only in the new doctrine respecting comets, but in the whole science of modern astronomy. A comet is no longer a meteor, a transient fire in our atmosphere. It is no longer a messenger of evil. It is no longer to be dreaded as a mysterious and unwelcome intruder among the celestial luminaries. It is to be ranked among the great works of nature. It is not only a curious object to behold, but it affords an interesting subject of contemplation. We delight to trace it through its long journey of three fourths of a century; and when the eye can no longer distinguish it, to follow it in imagination, as it pursues its upward flight, leaving planet after planet far behind, penetrating the unexplored depths of space, with an almost

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inexhaustible force, and not ceasing its ascent, till it has doubled the distance of the most remote of the planetary bodies.

Other comets are at length found, as might be expected, to possess the character of revolving bodies. A comet appeared in 1818, which was recognised as one which had been observed several times before. Its orbit was of so small an extent, compared with that of most comets, as to admit of its period, or time of a complete revolution, being computed. This was ascertained by Encke, to be about three years and a third, and its return was predicted to take place in June 1822. Astronomers were apprised at the same time, that its situation in the heavens, would be such as to render it invisible in Europe and this country; but that it would be seen by the inhabitants of New South Wales. It actually returned according to the prediction; and after sufficient time had elapsed for intelligence to arrive from that quarter of the globe, we were greeted with a regular set of observations, made by Mr. Rumker, an experienced astronomer, at Paramata, completely justifying the anticipations of the sagacious Encke. This name has therefore already become familiar to us, like that of Halley, as a convenient means of designating a comet, with which we are continually becoming more and more acquainted, and through it, with the whole class to which it belongs. As it completes a revolution in about three years and a third, it has returned several times since 1822, namely, in 1825, 1828, 1832, and in the month of August of the year just closed. These frequent returns have been applied to a valuable purpose. They have served to teach us that the celestial spaces are in all probability not absolutely void, as we have been accustomed to regard them. There is the strongest reason for believing that this comet is resisted by an ether or some extremely rare medium. At each successive return, the evidence has accumulated, till at last the position assumed seems scarcely to admit of a doubt. The effect of the supposed medium has been, by checking the motion of the comet, in the direction of a tangent to its orbit, to cause the attraction toward the sun to predominate, whereby the path described is continually contracted into a sort of spiral, the time of a revolution at the same time being continually diminished. The amount of this diminution is found to be about two days each revolution, after making allowance, with all possible precision, for the disturbing influence of the planets. No other effect has been observed

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to take place, after the most careful scrutiny, except that which would necessarily arise from the alleged cause.

Another comet is now supposed to afford additional evidence on this all important point, which gives an extraordinary interest, to each successive return of those comets whose periods are known. "It cannot be doubted," says Sir John Herschel, "that many more will be discovered, and by their resistance, questions will come to be decided, such as the following. What is the law of density of the resisting medium which surrounds the sun? Is it at rest or in motion? If the latter, in what direction does it move? Circularly round the sun, or traversing space. If circularly, in what plane? It is obvious that a circular or vorticose motion of the ether would *accelerate some comets and retard others*, according as their revolution was, relative to such motion, direct or retrograde. Supposing the neighborhood of the sun to be filled with a material fluid, it is not conceivable that the circulation of the planets in it for ages, should not have impressed upon it some degree of rotation, in their own direction, and thus may preserve them from the extreme effects of accumulated resistance."*

Another comet, known as Biela's, appeared in 1826. It is recognised as being the same which was observed in 1805 and in 1772. It was found to have a period of six years and three quarters. Its return was accordingly predicted to take place in October, 1832; and it actually made its appearance at the time and place assigned. It is remarkable for its near approach, not to the earth itself, but to the earth's orbit, the least distance being less than the sum of the semidiameters of the comet and the earth, so that if the earth had happened to be in that point, at the same time with the comet, it would certainly have been involved, to a greater or a less degree, in the nebulous matter of the comet. The earth, in fact, reached this point, a month later than the comet, and did not, at any time, come within about fifty millions of miles, or half the distance of the earth from the sun. This comet, at its greatest distance from the sun, departs about six times the earth's distance, or somewhat beyond the orbit of Jupiter. Its next return will take place in 1838.

It is thus abundantly proved that comets are revolving bodies like the planets, and that they obey the same great laws of at-

* Herschel's Astronomy, Art. 434. Note.

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traction. There seems, notwithstanding, to be a marked difference in their physical constitution. Comets appear to be composed of a substance extremely light compared with that of the planets. Thus Halley's comet which, as we have seen, was detained a year and eight months by the attraction of Jupiter and Saturn, seems to have had little or no reciprocal influence upon either of these planets. A still more striking instance to the same purpose, occurs in a comet which appeared in 1770, which, according to the highest authority, had been revolving in an orbit that did not admit of its being seen from the earth, completing a revolution in about fifty years; but passing in 1767 within a short distance of Jupiter, its course was entirely changed, so as to bring it near to the earth in 1770, and cause it to complete one revolution about the sun in the short period of about five years and a half. Coming near to Jupiter a second time, in the remote part of its course, its orbit is again shifted to one requiring a period of about twenty years. In one of these cases the comet is proved to have passed so near to Jupiter, that its attraction to this planet was two hundred times greater than its attraction to the sun. Still, it not only had no sensible effect upon the planet itself, but it did not even disturb the motion of its satellites, although it passed between them and the body of Jupiter.

This comet came nearer to the earth than any other whose path is known. Its least distance was about six times that of the moon. It was retarded in consequence, about two days, by the earth's attraction. If the comet had the same quantity of matter with the earth, it must have affected the length of our year to the amount of nearly three hours; but it did not exert the least perceptible influence. If the year had suffered an alteration to the amount of two seconds, it would probably have been detected. It is hence inferred that the quantity of matter contained in this comet could not exceed the five thousandth part of that contained in the earth.

What is here stated with respect to the lightness of comets, agrees very well with the result of actual observation. Many comets have appeared that seem to be destitute of any nucleus or solid, compact mass at the centre. They are apparently composed of a matter resembling the thinnest vapor, so that the light of the faintest star which is obscured by the least perceptible fog, scarcely suffers any diminution by penetrating many thousand miles of this substance. The comets of Encke

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and Biela, and some others, seem to be thus constituted. In those cases where there are signs of a solid nucleus, it is for the most part of small extent. It has been estimated in two instances at less than thirty miles in diameter. The comets of 1807 and 1811 were supposed by Sir W. Herschel to have each a diameter of about five hundred miles.

Even where there is the appearance of a compact mass at the centre, there is still surrounding it, the same nebulous appearance of vast extent, which seems to constitute, in other cases, the whole matter of the comet. This nebulous appearance, instead of being of a uniform or a progressively increasing brightness from the circumference inward, is often apparently composed of one or more rings or strata, many thousand miles in thickness, alternating with fainter portions, an appearance not unlike what would be presented to a spectator viewing from a distance our earth with its different layers of clouds, one above another separated by portions of transparent atmosphere.

A remarkable circumstance has been observed in two or three instances, which consists in the great contraction of the body of the comet as it approaches the sun. Encke's comet was carefully examined at different distances from the sun, varying from about one hundred and fifty to fifty millions of miles. In the former case, its diameter was twenty-five times as great as in the latter, and its bulk, of course, was reduced to about one sixteen thousandth part by a reduction of its distance to one third part. This enormous change in its dimensions, has been ascribed by some, to the varying density of the sun's atmosphere, the gaseous matter of the comet, being, as is supposed, more and more condensed as it penetrates the denser strata of this supposed medium, just as a balloon is enlarged or contracted, according as it is situated in a denser or rarer part of the earth's atmosphere. Others suppose, that as the parts of the nebulous matter of the comet are distant, and held together by so feeble a power, they revolve in a degree independently of one another, each having its own perihelion, whereby they are brought nearer to each other, as they approach the sun, and separate again farther and farther as they depart from it. Another hypothesis is that the nebulous matter of the comet, like fog or common vapor, which disappears before the rising sun, ceases to be visible, in like manner, as the comet approaches its perihelion, in consequence of the heat to which it is exposed, and that it is restored to its sensible form, when it is sufficiently withdrawn from the influence of the solar rays.

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But the most obvious and striking characteristic of comets, especially to the majority of observers, is the luminous train, called the *tail*, with which they are generally attended. We say generally, since this is not by any means a constant appendage. Many comets have appeared, as those of Encke and Biela, that seemed to be as round as the planets. Others again, as the present comet for instance, have exhibited a train only in certain parts of their course and not in others: sometimes it is visible only in certain parts of the earth, and in certain states of the atmosphere. Where it exists at all it seems to increase as the comet approaches the sun, and to be more conspicuous, and of greater extent after the comet has passed its perihelion than before. It is also remarked that the direction of this luminous train is, for the most part, in a line opposite to the sun. There are remarkable exceptions, however to this rule. It is found in some instances, to be at right angles to a line joining the comet and sun.

In its common position the train is often curved more or less, the extreme parts being left as it were a little behind, while the preceding or convex portion is observed to be somewhat brighter than the rest, as though there were some rare medium which condensed the luminous matter and slightly impeded its motion.

Where the train is not curved, it is often remarked that the light is faintest in the middle and strongest towards the edges, as though it were a hollow cylinder, or truncated cone. The tail is sometimes divided into two or more branches, lying in some cases the same way, but often more or less inclined to each other. The comet of 1744 had six tails, opening and diverging like the sticks of a fan, but curved at the same time like a sickle. They were each about 4° broad, and from 30° to 44° long. The light was so strong, that they were distinctly perceived after the sun rose.

Single trains have been observed of all lengths less than 100°. The absolute lengths have been computed in many instances, and found to vary from a few millions to one hundred millions of miles.

Nothing that deserves the name of an explanation has yet been offered, respecting the constitution and manner of production of this curious phenomenon. The hypothesis most in vogue, is that which ascribes it to the mechanical impulse of the solar rays, penetrating such an extent of vaporous matter very feebly held together by the small central attraction; just

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as a discharge of shot through a mass of cotton or eider down may be supposed to carry a portion of this light substance with it, to different distances. This notion is of course wholly inapplicable to those cases where the luminous train does not lie in the direction of the sun's rays. It is, moreover, less entitled to consideration, now that light itself, instead of being an emanation of particles, is beginning to be more generally considered, as depending upon the undulation of a medium, which medium may be that very ether indicated by Encke's comet, as already mentioned.

It seems to be taken for granted, that this train is a material substance, and that this substance is of the same nature with the nebulous atmosphere of the comet; and that it once made a part of that atmosphere. But how is it separated and borne along to such enormous distances? What power retains it, and keeps it in its relative place, when, as it should seem, the attraction exerted by such an inconsiderable mass as that of a comet, is wholly insufficient? What should cause the extremity of the tail, to move ten or twenty times as fast as the comet itself, when it is so many times farther from the sun, as it must do in order to keep the same position with respect to the central body? If it is said in reply, that it is perpetually renewed by every new emission of solar light, we beg leave to ask what becomes of these long trains, when they have served their momentary purpose, and why should they not continue to reflect the light that falls upon them, long after they have been generated? thus producing a broad luminous tract throughout the space over which the tail has swept.

It is indeed, generally admitted, that more or less of the luminous train is left behind, and wholly detached from all connexion with the body, whence it proceeded. This is rendered probable, not only for the reasons above suggested; but also from the fact that in several instances this appendage is found to become shorter and shorter, and less and less conspicuous, at each successive return. Not only the train, but the body of the comet seems to be wasting away, as in the case of Biela's, which at its last return could scarcely be discerned with a good ten feet telescope, in the most skilful hands; and was actually invisible to the inhabitants of this continent; for want of sufficient aid to the natural sight.

If comets are thus destined to part with the matter of which they are composed, and the celestial spaces are continually

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strewed with this highly rarified, and all but immaterial substance, we have arrived at a probable source of that medium, which seems to have been detected by the motions of Encke's comet. We may remark also, that the substance surrounding the sun, and lying in the direction of its equator, and extending many millions of miles, giving rise to what is called the *zodiacal light*,* may have the same origin, that is, may be composed of the tails of innumerable comets.† Indeed, the sun itself may be said to have a tail or train extending in opposite directions, borrowed, perhaps, by little and little from each passing comet; and this train may in some degree resemble that of a comet, and be a conspicuous object to a spectator situated in such a manner as to admit of its being seen unmixed and unobscured by the light of his own atmosphere.

It will be inferred, we are aware, from what we have said, that comets may, by slow degrees, be dispersed through the celestial spaces and absorbed into the sun's atmosphere, and thus cease to be comets any longer. There is also another way in which they may terminate their existence as comets. This very medium, this solar atmosphere, strewed with the wreck of we know not how many of these ill fated bodies, seems fitted to prove destructive to many more. Encke's comet, by its short period and frequent returns, affords the best opportunity hitherto presented, of judging of the consequences that must result from such a state of things. This comet is evidently approaching nearer and nearer to the sun, each revolution. There is no cause known to astronomers, that can save it from its impending fate; and hereafter, when we shall have become familiar with the return of comets, and are well acquainted with their diminishing periods, it may become an object of emulation to astronomers, to calculate and foretell the time when a comet shall terminate its career by falling into the sun. The comet of 1680 has already approached so near as to be only one sixth of the sun's diameter distant when in perihelion.

* This light is of a pyramidal or leaf-like shape, having the sun for its basis and the ecliptic, or rather the solar equator for its axis, or line of direction. It is faint like the tail of a comet, or the milky way, and is for the most part confounded with the twilight, except in low latitudes, where it is more frequently seen. But in the month of April, in the evening, or in October, in the morning, it makes so large an angle with the horizon in the temperate latitudes, and extends so high, that it may be seen after the twilight has ceased in the evening, and before it begins in the morning.

† Herschels's Astronomy, Art. 626.

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It appeared in Newton's time, and no doubt seems to have existed in the mind of that great man, that it would at some future epoch, cease to revolve. This opinion he retained to the latest period of his life, and he seems to have made some estimate of the time that might be expected to elapse before such a catastrophe would take place; "possibly" he says, "after five or six revolutions."

This idea of the destiny of comets, that they were designed ultimately to fall into the sun, and be consumed, was the more readily received formerly, when the sun was regarded as a mass of ignited matter, that required replenishing like our domestic fires. Light itself, moreover, being supposed to be an emission of particles, it seemed to be necessary to find some means of supplying this continual exhaustion of the sun's substance. Other and more remote phenomena were referred to as strikingly analogous to the case in question. Several of the fixed stars had, at different times, suddenly burst forth with great splendor, so as to surpass even Jupiter and Venus, and in some instances to be visible in the day time. These stars, it was supposed, owed their increased brilliancy to a fresh supply of fuel in the form of a precipitated comet. Such are the conjectures and speculations of some of the greatest men the world has produced.

But among astronomers of the present time, who allow this tendency in cometary bodies toward the sun, without being able to point out any sufficient check, some maintain that matter so exceedingly rare, and indeed matter of any kind and of any form with which we are acquainted, must in all probability be completely volatalized by the solar heat, and absorbed into the solar atmosphere, long before it could reach the body of the sun. It is believed that some comets already give indications of a rapid approach to this sort of dissolution.

Another fruitful subject of speculation relates to the possibility or probability of a comet's coming so near the earth, as to occasion a great revolution in the physical condition of our globe. The nearest approach of one of these bodies that has hitherto taken place, so far as our knowledge extends, was that of the comet of 1770, as already mentioned. The least distance, in this case, was no less than 1,456,840 miles. No effect upon the earth or moon was perceived, although an exceedingly slight one, if it had existed, must have been detected.

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A much nearer approach than this, is liable to take place, from the known position of the orbits of other comets whose elements have been calculated. The great comet of 1680, so remarkable in other respects, is also distinguished as coming near to the earth's path. Its least distance is about twice that of the moon, or 440,000 miles. Its attractive force, therefore, would be only one fourth of that of the moon, on the supposition that it contained as much matter. Even this force would be exerted only for a short time, not long enough, probably, to produce any sensible disturbance in the waters of the ocean. The effect of the moon in causing the tides, is the accumulated result of a long continued effort, with comparatively little change in the position of the attracting body, or the direction of its action. With all the force that the moon actually exerts, it would have very little, if any, sensible influence in disturbing the ocean, if it were to dart by us with the rapidity of the comet under consideration.

Biela's comet has already been described as coming so near the earth's track, as to be liable actually to involve a part of the earth at least, in its nebulous atmosphere. Let us now see what chance there is of the earth's being, for instance, within half a million miles either way, of the particular point of danger. There being in the circumference of the earth's orbit six hundred millions of miles, in round numbers; on the supposition that the comet passed the point in question, once a year, there would be an equal chance for each portion of a million of miles, that the earth would be there at that juncture; of course, according to the doctrine of chances, the earth may be expected to be within half a million of miles of the point under consideration, once in six hundred years, it being supposed that the comet passes this point once a year. But as it actually passes it only once in six years and three quarters, the above period must be increased in the same proportion; that is, the near approach of the earth and comet, above referred to, cannot be supposed to occur more than once in about forty centuries.

Allowing the possibility of the event in question, what would be the probable consequences of a near approximation, or even a rencountre? Not, so far as we can judge, a violent shock or concussion, like that occasioned by one vessel running against another, not a sudden and overwhelming rush of the waters of the ocean over the land. This comet of Biela, according to the best information we possess, seems to be merely

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a collection of the thinnest possible vapor. Let us imagine a person in a balloon approaching a cloud. The object might seem a formidable one; but the æronaut is plunged in the vaporous mass before he is aware of it. He is sensible of no material change; he has felt no jar. He only perceives a little obscurity in the objects around him, and wonders what has become of the cloud that seemed so menacing in the distance. So it may be with regard to comets. We may have already encountered one of these bodies without ever dreaming of it. We may have been enclosed in its vast envelope without perceiving any change, except, perhaps, some peculiar hue in the atmosphere, or some uncommon tint in the objects about us. We are passing frequently through parts of space that have, in all probability, been visited by the enormous train of some comet, and which, we have reason to believe, still retain traces of this substance. It is hardly possible to conceive that the earth should have escaped all contact with an element so widely diffused, or that it should fail to attract and appropriate to itself some portion of this matter. We see the zodaical light, supposed to be identicalwith the substance in question, embracing the orbits of Mercury and Venus, and of course enveloping these planets, and mixing with their atmospheres. and subjecting them to all the consequences that we seem to dread from the introduction of matter so foreign. There is little reason to believe that the earth is exempt from the same lot, and little ground to apprehend evil from a condition thatseems the necessary result of the original constitution of thesystem to which we belong. What the tail of a comet is, it were vain to conjecture. Some future chemist may perhaps tell us. But whatever it be, whether watery vapor or any other vapor, or one of the permanent gases, or something different from all these, and wholly unlike any of our aëriform substances, there is little reason to suppose that it would, on the whole, be injurious. Even if it were deleterious in itself, if it were the most virulent poison, still, according to all that we know of it, it is so exceedingly rare, and would constitute so very small a proportion as an ingredient of the air we breathe, that no evil could be apprehended from it. The fixed air and other noxious gases, that are disengaged by volcanoes and discharged into our atmosphere, may often be found to exist in much greater quantity, compared with the vital principle, especially in the vicinity of the volcano, than we are liable to be exposed to, from the lar-

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gest influx from a comet's train. Such an accession of matter to our globe, although it is believed to have actually taken place, perhaps more than once, has not as yet, been distinctly and satisfactorily recognised. There are several instances on record, of a peculiar state of the atmosphere, that has been ascribed to the presence of matter from this source. The following are Mr. Arago's statements and reasoning upon this subject.

"The fog of 1783 began nearly on the same day (the 18th of June) in places very distant from each other, as Paris, Avignon, Turin, Padua;

"It extended from the northern coast of Africa to Sweden; it was also observed in a great part of North America;

"It lasted more than a month;

"The air, at least that of the lower regions, did not appear to be its vehicle, because in some places it came on with a north wind, and in others with a south or east wind;

"Travellers found it on the highest summits of the Alps;

"The abundant rains which fell in June and July, and the highest winds, did not disperse it;

"In Languedoc, its density was occasionally so great that the sun did not become visible, in the morning, till it was 12° above the horizon; it was very red the rest of the day, and might be looked at with the naked eye.

"This fog or smoke, as some meteorologists have called it, had a disagreeable odor.

"The property by which it was particularly distinguished from common fogs, was its being, by all accounts, very dry, whereas most fogs are moist. At Geneva, Sénebier found that the hair hygrometer of Saussure, which in real fogs stands at 100°, ranged in the midst of this, as low as 68°, 67°, 65°, and even 57°.

"Besides all this, there was one very remarkable quality in the fog or smoke of 1783; it appeared to possess a phosphoric property, a light of its own. I find, at least in the accounts of some observers, that it afforded, even at midnight, a light which they compare to that of the full moon, and which was sufficient to enable one to see objects distinctly at a distance of two hundred yards. To remove all doubts as to the source of this light, it is recorded that at the time there was a new moon.

"Such is the state of the facts; let us now see whether, in order to explain them, it will be necessary to admit, that in 1783 the earth was immersed in the tail of a comet.

"The fog of 1783 was neither so constant, nor so thick, as to prevent the stars being seen every night, in all the places where it occurred. Admitting therefore that the earth was in the tail

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of a comet, there is but one way of explaining why the head of that comet was never seen, and this is, by supposing, that it rose and set almost at the same time with the sun; that the superior light of that luminary rendered it invisible; and that this conjunction of the sun and comet lasted more than a month.

"At a time when the proper motions of comets appeared subject to no rule, when every one disposed of them as he pleased, considering them as mere meteors, the supposition we have just made might be admitted; but now that comets are known to all astronomers to be heavenly bodies, as obedient as the planets to the laws of Kepler; now that the mutual dependence of distance and velocity is known; now that observation and theory combine to prove that all these bodies *necessarily* move in their orbits with a rapidity that increases as they approach the sun, it would be contrary to all established principles to admit that a comet, interposed between the sun and earth, could revolve about the sun in such a manner as to appear constantly near it for more than a month, to a spectator on the earth! It is in vain to attempt to explain the difficulty attending an exact conjunction, by supposing the tail very large. If it were as large as that of 1744, the objection would remain in all its force. The dry fog of 1783, then, whatever may have been said of it, was not the tail of a comet." — pp. 88—91.

A dry fog, similar to the one above described, was noticed in different quarters of the globe, in 1831. It was observed on the coast of Africa on the 3d of August, in the south of France on the 10th, and at New York on the 15th of the same month. This fog was so thick, that the sun might be looked at all day, without any colored glass or other protection to the eye; and, in some places, the sun remained invisible till it had risen 15° or 20° above the horizon. When clearly seen, it was often remarked, that the color was changed to an azure blue, and sometimes to greenish or emerald green. At night the heavens occasionally became clear, so that the stars could be seen.

Where this fog was observed and while it continued, there was a very unusual degree of light during the night. In Siberia, at Berlin, and at Genoa, in the month of August, the smallest writing could sometimes be read even at midnight.

This phenomenon, however, was not general, even in Europe. At Paris and some other places, it was but faintly perceived, and for a few days only. If a comet, therefore, had passed at this time, between us and the sun, no reason can be given why it was not seen. We are hence obliged to conclude,

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as in the former case, that the fog was not attributable to a comet.

The following are the remarks of our author upon the agency which this extraordinary fog is supposed by some persons to have had in the uncommon pestilence which made its appearance in Europe, about the same time.

"Many authors have chosen to see some connexion between the extraordinary fog of 1831 and the entrance of the *cholera morbus* into Europe. This opinion reminds me of what an old English traveller, Matthew Dobson, says of the effects of a periodical wind on the west coast of the continent of Africa, which is called the *Harmattan*. On reading over the original narrative just as I was about to send these pages to the press, I was so struck with several points of resemblance between the properties of the air, where this wind prevails, and that which is filled by the dry fogs of Europe, that I determined to give here a short analysis of that memoir. The reader will observe, that out at sea, some distance from the shore, the Harmattan loses its peculiar qualities; and he will remember, that in 1783 the dry fog was not perceived in the middle of the Atlantic, although it darkened at the same time the atmosphere of Europe and America. He will see also, that all fogs of this description are not fatal.

"A wind that blows three times each season from the interior of Africa to the Atlantic Ocean, is call the *Harmattan*. On that part of the coast which lies between Cape Verd (Lat. 15° N.) and Cape Lopez (Lat. 1° S.), the Harmattan is chiefly felt in December, January, and February. Its direction is between E. S. E. and N. N. E. It commonly lasts two days, sometimes five or six. It is always a moderate wind.

"A *fog* of a particular kind, and thick enough to impede at noon all but the red rays of the sun, always presents itself where the Harmattan blows. The particles, of which this fog is formed, are deposited on the grass, on the leaves of trees, and on the skin of the negroes, in such profusion as to produce a white appearance. Of the nature of these particles we are ignorant; we only know that the wind carries them but a short distance from the shore. A league out at sea the fog is much lighter; and, at the distance of three leagues, it disappears entirely, although the Harmattan is still felt in all its force.

"The *extreme dryness* of the Harmattan is one of its most striking characteristics. When it lasts some time, the branches of orange and citron trees die; the covers of books (even when they are shut up in tight trunks, and have additional covering of linen,) warp as if they had been before a large fire. Pannels of doors, window-shutters, and articles of furniture crack and often

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break. The effects of this wind upon the human body are not less remarkable; the eyes, lips, and palate become dry and painful. If the Harmattan last four or five days together, the skin of the hands and face comes off; to prevent this, the natives rub their bodies all over with grease.

"After what has been said of the fatal effects of the Harmattan on vegetables, it may be thought that this wind *must be very unhealthy*, whereas quite the contrary is observed Intermittent fevers are completely cured by the first breath of the Harmattan. Patients reduced by the excessive bleeding practised in that country, recover their strength; remittent and epidemic fevers also disappear, as if by enchantment. Such is the salutary influence of this wind, that, while it lasts, infection cannot be communicated even artificially. This assertion rests upon the following fact:

"In 1770, there was an English vessel at Wydah, called the *Unity*, which was loaded with three hundred negroes. The small pox having appeared among some of them, the owner determined to inoculate the rest. All who were thus operated upon, before the Harmattan began to blow, took the infection. Seventy were inoculated the second day after that wind began to blow, and not one of these had the disease, or the least eruption. However, some weeks afterwards, when the Harmattan no longer blew, these very persons took the disorder. It is also added, that during the second appearance of the malady, the Harmattan began to blow again, and sixty-nine slaves, who had it, all recovered.

"The country over which this remarkable wind passes before it reaches the coast, is for two hundred and forty miles, composed of verdant plains, entirely open, some woods of small extent, and here and there a few rivers and inconsiderable lakes.—pp. 99—103.

Other disasters and indeed all sorts of malign influences, have been attributed to comets by authors every way entitled to respect; and this has been done without taking the trouble to assign any definite cause for effects of so various a character, or to point out any connexion whatever, depending upon the known laws of the world we live in. Mr. Arago, of course, espouses the cause of comets, and maintains their innocence to our entire satisfaction. We have room for only a few quotations, with which we close the present article.

"An English physician, whose name is not unknown to philosophers, Mr. T. Forster, has lately treated particularly of this subject. According to him, '*It is certain*, that ever since the Christian era, the most unhealthy periods are precisely those in which

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some great comet has appeared; that the approach of these bodies to our earth has always been accompanied by earthquakes, eruptions of volcanoes, and atmospheric commotions; whereas, no comet has ever been seen during the salubrious periods.'

"Those who will take the pains to examine critically the long catalogue, given by Mr. Forster, will not, I am sure, be led to the same conclusions.

"The whole number of comets mentioned by historians, reckoning from the beginning of the Christian era to the present time, is about five hundred. At the present time, when the heavens are examined attentively and skilfully, when comets that can be seen only by the aid of the telescope are no longer overlooked, the average number of these bodies is more than two for each year. If we agree with Mr. Forster, that their influence begins before they are visible, and continues some time after, we shall never be without a comet to account for every phenomenon, misfortune, or epidemic that can occur. This remark is applicable also to the Memoirs of the celebrated Sydenham, who was an advocate for the influence of comets; to the dissertations of Lubinietski, &c. Mr. Forster has moreover, I ought to say, so extended, in his learned catalogue, the influences of comets, that it would seem there is scarcely a phenomenon which is not to be ascribed to them.

"Hot and cold seasons, tempests, hurricanes, earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, violent hail-storms, great falls of snow, heavy rains, overflowings of rivers, droughts, famines, thick fogs, flies, grasshoppers, plague, dysentery, contagious diseases among animals, &c., are all registered by Mr. Forster, as consequences of the appearance of some comet, whatever may be the continent, the kingdom, the town, or the village so visited. By thus making out for each year a complete catalogue of all the miseries of this lower world, any one might foresee that a comet would never approach the earth, without finding a part of its inhabitants suffering under some calamity or other.

"By a strange accident, well worthy of remark, the year 1680, the year of the most brilliant of modern comets, the year of its passage so near the earth, is that which has furnished our author with the fewest phenomena. Let us see what is to be found under this date? '*A cold winter, followed by a hot and dry summer; meteors in Germany.*' As to maladies, we find no record whatever! How then, with such a fact as this before us, can we attach any importance to the accidental coincidences noted in other parts of this table? How are we to regard this celebrated comet of 1680, which, blowing now hot and now cold, increased the frosts of winter, and the heat of summer?

"In 1665, the city of London was ravaged by the plague. If, with Mr. Forster, we attribute this to the remarkable comet which

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appeared the same year, in the month of April, how are we to explain why the same pestilence did not extend to Paris, to Holland, to any of the numerous towns in England except the capital? This difficulty must be met; and until it is done away, we shall expose ourselves to the ridicule of every man of sense, if we attempt to make comets the messengers of evil.

"Let us now see which are the comets whose tails may have mingled with the earth's atmosphere; and then search the histories and chronicles of the same period, to discover whether, at the same time, there were not manifested, *in all parts of the earth at once*, unusual phenomena. Science may take note of such researches; though, to tell the truth, the extreme rarity of the matter which composes the tail, would lead one to expect nothing but negative results; but when an author appends to the date of a comet, like that of 1668, the remark that *all the cats in Westphalia were sick;* and to the date of another, that of 1746, the circumstance, very little analogous to the former, to be sure, that an *earthquake* destroyed in *Peru* the towns of Lima and Callao; when he adds that, during the appearance of a third comet, a *meteoric stone* fell in *Scotland*, into a high tower and broke the wheels of a clock; that, during the winter, wild pigeons appeared in large flocks in *America;* or still more, that *Ætna* or *Vesuvius* threw out torrents of lava, — we must consider him as displaying his learning to little purpose. If, in thus registering contemporary events, he thinks he has established some new relations between them, he is as much mistaken as the old woman, mentioned by Bayle, who, never having put her head out of her window without seeing coaches in the Rue St. Honoré, imagined herself to be the cause of their passing.

"I wish, for the honor of science, that I could have dispensed with taking any serious notice of the ridiculous ideas I have just adverted to; but I am satisfied that this exposition will not be without use, for Gregory, Sydenham, and Lubinietski have many followers among us.

"Moreover, if you will only listen, in those circles which are called fashionable, to the long discourses of which the approaching comet is the theme, you may decide whether there is any room to congratulate ourselves upon the pretended diffusion of knowledge, which so many *perfectionists* are pleased to consider as the distinguishing feature of our age. For myself, I have long been cured of these illusions. Under the brilliant but superficial gloss, with which the purely literary studies of our colleges cover all classes of society, we almost always find, to speak plainly, a profound ignorance of those beautiful phenomena, those grand laws of nature, which are our best safeguard from prejudice."— pp. 82—87.

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ART. IX. — *Chief Justice Marshall.*

A Discourse upon the Life, Character and Services of the Hon. John Marshall, LL.D., Chief Justice of the United States of America, pronounced on the fifteenth day of October, at the Request of the Suffolk Bar. By JOSEPH STORY, LL.D. *and published at their request.* Boston, James Munroe & Co. 1835.

THIS beautiful work is entitled to a very high rank among compositions of its class. For the combination of truth, eloquence, and the fine expression of natural feeling, we should be at a loss to point to its equal. The introductory remarks are simple, dignified and elevating; and they breathe that lively sensibility to moral greatness without which no one could do justice to the subject of the discourse. The narrative portion is written in a clear and flowing style, with rather more of a tendency to wander aside into episodical digressions, than a severe criticism might approve, though perhaps, it would not be possible to give a correct view of the life of Chief Justice Marshall without including a good deal of contemporaneous history; his own share in the leading events having been so prominent, and he having been so conspicuous a member of one of the two great parties which divided the country. It is marked by a copiousness and minuteness of detail, arising both from intimate knowledge of the eminent man, whom the discourse commemorates, and a thorough acquaintance with the general and political history of the country, during the period of his active services. Many of the facts and statements are such as could have been derived from no other source than the lips of Chief Justice Marshall himself, and we may esteem ourselves fortunate that the duty of writing his Eulogy has fallen to the lot of one, who, for so many years, enjoyed his confidence so fully, and who had such ample opportunities of becoming familiar with the inmost workings of his mind, and the least obvious manifestations of his character. But the most valuable part of the Eulogy is that, in which the commanding moral and intellectual lineaments of Chief Justice Marshall are so justly and glowingly depicted, and the ruling principles of his life are educed from the events of his biography. In the narrative of facts, one accomplished writer will not vary essen-

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tially from another; but in the analysis of character, in giving us the form and feature of the inner man, in tracing minute lines of distinction, in setting forth those things in which the individual under consideration differs from others, and which constitute his identity, it is here that a leading mind manifests itself most clearly. Every one who recognises the moral beauty of great powers devoted to good ends, will feel grateful to Mr. Justice Story, for the life-like hues in which he has painted his revered associate and friend. The venerable form of that great and good man, whose character, so wonderfully tempered and so exquisitely poised, soars above the reach of common epithets, rises up before us as we read; we catch the glance of that wisdom-beaming eye, and hear the tones of that voice, upon which men were wont to hang, as upon the responses of an oracle. The author pours out his soul with that fervor and glow, which spring from strong personal attachment and deep veneration for the man, as well as the magistrate; and yet there is the discriminating touch of one who loves the truth too well, to sacrifice it even at the altar of friendship. It is a highly honest Eulogy, with none of those rhetorical flourishes which are the fruit of literary vanity, and none of those cold, antithetical phrases, which, as we read them, suggest the impression, that the writer kept them ready made in his brain, to make use of on the first occasion he could bring them to a good market. It is plain that the subject and nothing else, was in the author's mind, when he wrote, and that his only consideration was, how he should do justice to that. With the exception of the historical digressions, there is hardly a sentence which could be taken out and inserted in the Eulogy of another man; and there are very few productions of this sort, of which the same remark can be made. In his comprehensive grasp of the whole character, while gathering up the individual traits that illustrate it, there is something that reminds us of the inimitable portraits of Clarendon. While we admire the skill and fulness of the delineation, merely as a literary effort, we admire no less the courage and heartiness, with which the writer speaks out, and tells us that he loved his friend. We use the word, courage, advisedly, for in these days, when the *nil admirari* doctrine is fashionable, and weakness is esteemed so large an ingredient in enthusiasm, it requires no little courage to let the liquid heart flow out with such self-forgetting fulness. No paltry considerations of official dignity have fro-

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zen the genial current of his soul, and checked the strong expression of natural feeling. Young writers, who are most in danger of doing injustice to themselves by morbid self-restraint, will do well to observe how much is gained in point of true power, by a generous abandonment of ones self to a fine impulse, and how necessary it is for an author to forget himself in his subject, in order to write truly well.

Knowing this discourse to be the production of a most learned lawyer, and a highly distinguished judicial writer, we cannot but be struck with observing how little the author's mind has been cramped and narrowed by professional studies, and how much of energy, freedom and grace there is in its movements. We perceive no marks of a bigoted and absorbing devotion to one science, which regards poetry and ornamental learning as mere surplusage; *nihil hoc ad edictum Prætoris;* but the reflections and allusions reveal a mind enriched by tributes from every department of literature. The style, though it wants that fastidious finish, which can only be attained by an exclusive attention to scholar-like pursuits, and by selecting words with that slow deliberation with which a painter chooses his colors, has nothing of the dryness and huskiness of the mere lawyer; on the contrary, it has a richness and fulness, which show a familiarity with the best models of English writing, and a literary spirit, which has lived and flourished in the close air of legal studies, and in spite of the austere frowns of jurisprudence. We notice this with much pleasure, and are glad that we have among us, so striking a refutation of the old maxim, that a man who would be a lawyer, must cease to be a scholar, and (as Mr. Fearne is said to have done, though we question the truth of the tradition,) throw the poets and classics into the fire. We are persuaded, not only that literature and law are not incompatible, but, that other things being alike, he who is the better scholar will be the better lawyer. Nay more, we believe that none but a good scholar, can be a first rate lawyer; and that the highest attainments in jurisprudence can only be made by a mind which is expanded, fertilized and invigorated by general reading and liberal studies.

Our intention in the present article is, not so much to enter into a critical analysis of a production, which must be familiar to most of our readers, and to which the high reputation, both of its author and of its subject, must secure an extensive circulation, and a permanent place in our literature, as to avail our-

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selves of its assistance in a few remarks, which we propose to offer upon the character and services of Chief Justice Marshall. We approach the task with diffidence, and a consciousness of our inability to do justice to the theme. Though it seems difficult to say too much, yet any thing like extravagance or exaggeration would be peculiarly unworthy of one so remarkable for his simplicity and truth, who was as much above concealing his own nature, as affecting one which did not belong to him. The rough strokes and glaring colors in which the characters of the vulgar herd of great men, so called, may be struck off, cannot express the serene equilibrium of his virtues, and the exquisite temper of his mind. His greatness was unpretending, and little likely to impress a careless observer, or to be felt by a vulgar minded man; and we may safely state it as a general principle, that the tribute of admiration which a man would pay to Chief Justice Marshall, would be in proportion to his own moral and intellectual nature, and that his character could only be fully appreciated by one as wise, as good, and as great as himself.

One is often led to remark upon the peculiar adaptation, which certain individuals manifest for the stations which, in the course of events, they are called upon to fill; an adaptation, in many cases, so very striking, as to press upon us the conviction that Providence, from time to time, raises up and specially endows men, for the performance of grave and high duties, making them important instruments in the promotion of its plans, for the improvement and happiness of the race. The most superficial observer, for instance, must have been struck with the admirable harmony between the mind and character of Washington, and the arduous tasks assigned to him to do; and it is hard for a serious, not to say religious mind, to escape from the feeling that he was a peculiar gift of Heaven, reared and trained to be the deliverer of his people; fitted "to perform justly, skilfully, and magnanimously, all the offices both public and private, of war and peace." In the delicate and trying situations in which he was placed, how easy it is to see, that a change even in the proportions of the elements which make up his matchless character, would often have made him unequal to the exigency; and who could have weathered the storm, had he been obliged to quit the helm? The same extraordinary adaptation is remarkable in the case of a man, in whose nature there was more of alloy, than in that of the spot-

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less commander-in-chief, and who entered into the political disputes of his day, with so much warmth as to make it yet hardly time enough for full justice to be done to his services and his motives; we mean Alexander Hamilton. He appeared to have been expressly created to relieve the country from those desperate financial embarrasments, before which patriotism itself seemed to fold its hands in mute despair. His practical and theoretical skill, his self-confidence, his power of forming the largest plans, and at the same time of grasping the minutest details, and his comprehensive genius, bold even to daring, were necessary to set the new government a going, and give it a fair trial of its powers. A political arithmetician, such a one as in ordinary times would make a very good Chancellor of the Exchequer, or Chairman of the committee of Ways and Means, would have been unequal to the Herculean task. We wanted a creative mind, rich in resources, fertile in expedients, that knew the hidden springs and sources of wealth, and whose magic voice could call it from the earth, the sea, the mountain, the forest and the stream; and such a one was found in Hamilton.

The late Chief Justice of the United States, in like manner, seemed to be so exactly adapted to his high station, that one could hardly help thinking, either that the office was made for the man, or the man for the office. Its duties, always arduous, were peculiarly so at the time when he assumed them, his own original and comprehensive genius having erected many of those guides and landmarks, by which the steps of his successors will be directed, and their labors and responsibility lessened. It was easy to foresee that questions would arise, in which little assistance could be derived from municipal law, the decisions of courts or the dicta of judges; but in which truth was to be elaborated by the severest exercises of reason, and the most patient analysis of logic. To be learned merely, was not enough, for learning, however accurate or profound, would furnish no guiding clue in those new and untried paths of investigation, in which progress could be made only by the self-derived and self-sustained energies of an intellectual pioneer. The constitution also devolved upon the Supreme Court, duties of the most delicate and embarrassing nature. It was to sit as arbiter in questions, which, considering the great and continually increasing extent of the sphere of their influence, may be fairly esteemed the most momentous and important that

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ever came before a human tribunal. It was not to settle merely trivial disputes about lands and money, but to establish great principles of government, to expound an instrument, whose every line was pregnant with vast consequences, to check inferior tribunals, to cross the path of legislative assemblies; and to hold aloft the even-handed scales of justice between conflicting states. Men's strongest hopes, their most deep-rooted prejudices, their most vital prepossessions were the mighty combatants that struggled in its arena. To preside over such a court, wisely and well, required an extraordinary, almost an unprecedented combination of moral and intellectual powers: a mind clear-sighted and original, patient in the discovery and luminous in the exposition of truth; a dignity and elevation of character to give weight to every opinion; and a moral courage, to speak out boldly the convictions of the understanding, without fear or favor. The mere force of authority could not have established the decrees of such a tribunal, unless they had been aided by the irresistible championship of truth, and sustained by arguments extorting the assent even of prejudiced minds. It was necessary too, that there should be the most entire confidence in the purity of motives of its presiding magistrate, and in his single-hearted devotedness to justice; and the suspicion even of a stain would have been fatal to the influence of the most gifted individual, and cast "ominous conjecture" over all his judicial acts. Nor would a violent political partizan have met the reasonable expectations of the public; nor would the decisions of such a man, however learned, eloquent and well reasoned, have been received with silent deference; in those cases in which the political feelings of the people were concerned, and there are few questions of general interest in our country, which do not become party questions. When we also bear in mind how important a part of the government, the Supreme Court is made by the constitution, and how much its success, and consequently the prosperity of the country were to depend upon the manner in which it discharged its functions, and how much too, the character of the Court would partake of the character of its head, we shall be prepared to feel the vast, the overwhelming weight of the responsibility assumed by him, who, at that early period of our history, consented to be clothed with the dignity of Chief Justice of the United States.

That this responsibility was deeply felt by Chief Jus-

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tice Marshall, is an unavoidable inference from his modesty and his conscientiousness, though the favor with which the appointment was received by the country shewed that the community, which rarely forms a wrong estimate of the powers and gifts of a public man, was aware of his eminent qualifications for the office, and expected that the man would not be inferior to the place. He thus entered upon his judicial life with no prejudices against him, but on the contrary with impressions in his favor; and this confidence suffered no diminution, but if possible, was continually on the increase, from that moment to the hour of his death.

The primitive and elemental structure of his mind made him peculiarly fit for the station of a judge. It was calm, contemplative, and profound. He was patient in the investigation of a subject, and able to keep his judgment in suspense, till the question before him had been thoroughly examined in all its bearings, and every argument deliberately considered. He had that strong common sense which lies at the foundation of intellectual greatness. He was, to an extraordinary degree, free from those infirmities of mind which beget distrust in the conclusions arrived at. Sophistry could not darken, nor brilliant rhetoric dazzle his understanding. His vigorous logic unravelled the most tangled web, which a metaphysical advocate could weave, and stripped every question of all those adventitious appendages which were intended to disguise its real shape and feature. He had, in great perfection, that power, which Sir Isaac Newton said was the only thing in which he differed from other men; the ability to keep a subject constantly in his mind, and contemplate it steadily, and apart from every thing else, till the dawning truth by degrees brightened into the perfect day. This calmness and soberness of mind are only found in men of a high order of greatness. A restless mind may be acute and ingenious, but can hardly be profound or even safe. Mr. Coleridge said, that he had known very few men who loved the truth for the truth's sake; if he had known Chief Justice Marshall, he would have included him in the select list. He loved the truth for its own sake, and because his mind could find satisfaction and repose in nothing else. Lord Bacon, in one of those pregnant sentences, which condense a world of thought into a few words, remarks, that "the light of the understanding is not a dry and pure light; but, drenched in the will and the affections; and the intellect forms

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the sciences accordingly. What men most desire to be true, they are most inclined to believe." Chief Justice Marshall was a most striking exception to this general rule. Pure reason seemed to be the element in which his mind lived and moved, and the will and the affections offered no disturbing impulse. His was not one of those minds, which suddenly form an opinion and then cast about to find reasons to support it; on the contrary, he kept himself open to conviction, and came to a conclusion only because he could not help it, and the arguments he used to convince others were precisely those which he had previously used to convince himself.

He was not, in any sense of the word, a learned man. "It is due to truth," says Mr. Justice Story, "as well as to his memory, to declare that his judicial learning was not equal to that of many of the great masters in the profession, living or dead, at home or abroad. He yielded at once, to their superiority of knowledge, as well in the modern as in the ancient law. He adopted the notion of Lord Bacon, that "studies serve for delight, for ornament and for ability, in the judgment and disposition of business." In his purely legal opinions, we do not find that exhausting fulness of discussion, and that copious flood of illustrations from every department of jurisprudence, which characterise those of his distinguished eulogist. Nor had he that rich and ripe scholarship, which gives such grace to the judicial style of Lord Stowell, whose eloquent lips flow with the sweetest honey of the Attic bee. The original and meditative cast of his mind, made him more inclined to reproduce a subject in a new form, and stamped with his own intellectual image, than to seek foreign aid in the pursuit of truth, and to adopt at second hand the impressions of another intellect. The natural tendency of his understanding to grow by observation and reflection, rather than by study, had been increased by the circumstances of his life. The time which most men, who are destined to the learned professions, pass over their books, he, in obedience to the call of patriotic duty, had spent in vigorous action, and although his mind and character were greatly developed by the crowded life which he lived, it certainly was not favorable to the acquisition of learned lore of any kind. Instead of passing from school to college, from college to a lawyer's office, and after admission to the bar, sitting quietly among his books a dozen years or more, with few calls of business to interrupt the even tenor of his

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studies and speculations, we find him, after an irregular and desultory elementary education, at the very dawn of manhood, throwing aside his Blackstone, buckling on his knapsack, and plunging into the dangers and excitements of our revolutionary struggle. From that time he is constantly sustaining active duties, either of peace or war, and is never the solitary student. He is in the Legislature of his own State, in Congress, or absent in a foreign country on a diplomatic mission. He is the confidential friend of Washington, and the decided, though not the violent defender of his administration; he lives in stirring times, when every conspicuous man is called upon to take a part in political measures, and maintain his opinions with all his might. He was made by the force of circumstances, a "public creature," to borrow Mr. Burke's expression in regard to his son, and however much his wishes might have inclined him to the calm retreats of private life, he was too disinterested and too conscientious not to make the sacrifice at the bidding of duty, and prefer the serving of his country to the gratification of his own tastes.

As we have hinted above, we think that the whole course of his life was eminently favorable to the growth of his mind and character. In the highest of all forms of education, the education of circumstances, he was fortunate to an uncommon degree. Providence assigns to every human soul its own peculiar method of culture, and one mind starves in the midst of what is intellectual abundance to another. Some men are meant to study books, and others, things; and Chief Justice Marshall was one of the latter class. His mind drew its natural aliment from observation and reflection, and the various responsible offices which he sustained supplied it with constant food. He was enabled to bring his opinions to the test of experience, and lay strongly the foundations of his intellectual being. His reasoning powers were trained and strengthened, his sagacity was sharpened, the lines of discrimination were more nicely drawn, his masculine logic was wielded with more efficiency and skill, and his understanding acquired that force which springs from symmetrical development. The extensive field of his observation helped him to acquire that rare and inestimable gift, which he had in great perfection, and which is nine parts in ten in the composition of a wise man, the power of seeing things exactly as they are, without confusion, distortion or discoloring. A familiar acquaintance with practical life and with

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the sayings and doings of men under the excitement of hopes, fears and wishes, is an indispensable ingredient in the education of the mind that is to exercise an important influence over others. The advice which a great living poet gives to his bookish friend,

"Come forth into the light of things,"

is as important to be followed by those who are to sustain the great duties of life, as by the bard who desires to translate the language of Nature into the language of men. We cannot therefore regret the hours which Chief Justice Marshall spent in the camp and the senate, or wish that he had rather devoted them to solitary communing with the sages of the law. The wisdom which the former course gave him, was of more importance to his country, than the learning with which the latter might have furnished him.

When we say that he was not a learned man, we are speaking relatively not absolutely. His learning did not bear the same proportion to his original powers, as is generally the case with men who devote themselves successfully to a learned profession; but there was no deficiency in it, on the contrary an ample store. He was incapable of discussing any subject superficially, and when it was necessary to investigate it by the aid of books, he would do it thoroughly. But when his mind was made up he would pursue the inquiry no further. Hence we find in his opinions, no superfluous learning, none of that affluence of legal lore, which shews a mind brimfull of and running over with it. His logical and discriminating understanding enabled him to grasp the essence of a case, and to disengage from a crowd of authorities, the ruling principles of the law applicable to it. He studied with a definite object in view, and because he wished to apply its results to immediate use, and not because he had a predominating love for the employment. He read for the purpose of exercising his reflection, rather than storing his memory, and was more familiar with principles than cases. We should naturally infer from the character of his intellect, that he would be desirous of having every question that came before him, thoroughly argued, and that his powers of analysis and intuitive perception of truth, would give him the mastery over even an unfamiliar subject, when the opposite authorities and conflicting decisions were spread before him. On this point, the testimony of Mr. Justice Story is full and explicit.

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"He was solicitous to hear arguments; and not to decide causes without them. And no Judge ever profited more by them. No matter, whether the subject was new or old; familiar to his thoughts, or remote from them; buried under a mass of obsolete learning, or developed for the first time yesterday; whatever was its nature, he courted argument, nay, he demanded it. It was matter of surprise to see, how easily he grasped the leading principles of a case, and cleared it of all its accidental incumbrances; how readily he evolved the true points of the controversy, even when it was manifest, that he never before had caught even a glimpse of the learning, upon which it depended. He seized, as it were by intuition, the very spirit of juridical doctrines, though cased up in the armor of centuries; and he discussed authorities, as if the very minds of the Judges themselves stood disembodied before him." — p. 70.

His opinions are remarkable for addressing themselves rather to the common than the legal mind. They seem like the reasonings of a powerful understanding, applying the leading principles which lie at the foundation of municipal law, to the solution of the particular problem under consideration, and as a general rule, they can be followed and understood by any strong minded man whether in the profession or not. Those who take pleasure in such speculations, and are interested in observing by what different processes, two superior minds arrive at the same results, will be gratified in reading the opinions of Chief Justice Marshall and Mr. Justice Story in the Dartmouth College Case, reported in the fourth volume of Wheaton's Reports.

The character of his mind, its patience, its calmness, its power of analysis and generalization, and the steadiness of its movements, made him peculiarly fitted for the exposition of constitutional law. Whatever rank may be assigned to him as a common lawyer, in this department he stands confessedly alone and without a rival. Indeed, he cannot with so much propriety be said to have mastered constitutional law, as to have created it. He found it in its rudiments, and left it a beautiful and matured system, bearing on every part the impress of his own commanding intellect. He was in the vigor of manhood at the formation of the constitution, and one of the ablest advocates of its adoption in his native state, and his desire to vindicate it from the objections urged against by its opponents, no less than a conscientious love of truth, made him study it profoundly. And as he understood it well, so he valued it deeply, and he pressed its acceptance with that unbought

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energy and power, which nothing but affection could minister. His convictions of its excellence increased with his years, and when he was called upon to expound it in his judicial capacity, he approached the task with the most devout wish to give to every line its true force, and to interpret it in such a manner as to secure to his fellow-citizens, every advantage intended by its founders. His constitutional opinions bear the stamp of deep meditation and the most pains-taking search after the truth. Every word seems to have been pondered before it was written, and the meaning of every sentence deliberately weighed. Not a position is laid down, till the force of argument could no further go, and every conclusion follows irresistibly from the premises. This single-minded devotion to truth was seconded by unexampled powers of analysis, interpretation and reasoning. His logic was of the most searching kind, and detected sophistry, however ingenious, with unerring instinct. He was equally acute in anticipating and meeting objections, and clear in the exposition of his own views. His argument is indeed so clear and transparent, that one is apt at first to underrate its strength. His manner of reasoning is very strict and compact, and his constitutional opinions are an unbroken chain of inferences and positions, with but little help from analogy. They are close-woven and impenetrable as iron net-work. They are so complete, that nothing could be added to or taken from them, without disadvantage. The premises may be denied, and that is the only way in which they can be answered, for no flaw can be found in the reasoning, and the conclusion, however remote, is inevitable. His opinions, apart from their value as expositions of an instrument, which is the highest law of the land, might be advantageously studied as models of clear and profound investigation, and of the application of vigorous logic to the elucidation of truth. When we regard their originality, their depth, their clearness, and their adamantine strength, we look upon them as among the highest efforts of the human mind. We behold in them, the animating spectacle of a great intellect grappling with a great subject, not from love of display, or the praise of men, but from the highest of motives and for the noblest of ends. Here, he was thrown back upon himself, to make precedents without precedents to aid him, and without authorities, to establish rules and principles, which were to exert an influence upon increasing multitudes of men, hitherto unknown to the decisions of courts of justice.

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His way was a dim and perilous one, and he had no lamp to his feet but the inward light of reason, which is the brightest "effluence of essence increate." He was to launch boldly upon an untried sea of speculation, with no guides but those primal principles of truth and justice, which "shine aloft like stars."

The admiration which one feels for the intellectual powers displayed by Chief Justice Marshall in his expositions of the constitution, is not to be confounded with assent to the results to which he came. It is well known that many distinguished men have differed, and still differ from him in his views of constitutional law, and that his learned associates upon the bench have not, uniformly, all gone along with him. He loved the constitution and he loved the union, and the desire of preserving and maintaining both, was uppermost in his mind. He was in favor of interpreting the constitution largely and generously, and giving to it that liberal construction which would leave no line, or letter inoperative, and which would, by its greater efficiency, draw more closely the cords which bind us together. He was not a States-rights man, as that word is commonly understood, and he was evidently more fearful of the centrifugal than the centripetal force in our system. He was consistent in his political opinions, and made no disguise of them. His views of constitutional law, whether right or wrong, have received the approbation of a large majority both of the profession and the community at large.

In looking back upon the extent of his labors in this department, and recollecting with what patient intellectual toil, the simplest constitutional opinion must be elaborated, "we are lost in admiration at the strength and stretch of the human understanding."* We are struck not only with the superiority of his decisions, when considered separately, but with their unity when combined. They constitute nearly a perfect system of constitutional law, as almost every constitutional question, requiring a judicial decision, came before the court, during the perod in which he presided over it. An analytical examination of these opinions does not form a part of our plan; indeed it would not be possible to include it within the limits of an article. It is an appropriate subject for a volume, and a most valuable one might be made out of it, equally important

* Mr. Justice Buller, speaking of Lord Mansfield in Lickbarrow v. Mason, 2 Term R. 42.

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and interesting to the statesman, the patriot, and the constitutional lawyer, in which full justice might be done, not only to their high rank as productions of the human mind, but to the indirect influence exerted by them, in giving stability to the government and permanence to the Union. We know of no one better qualified for the task, than he, who in this Eulogy has shewn so perfect an acquaintance with the mind and character of Chief Justice Marshall, and in his Commentaries on the Constitution, has displayed so clear an understanding of that instrument and so minute a knowledge of its history. May we venture to hope that he may be induced to undertake a work, which he could do so well, and for which the country and the profession would be alike so grateful to him?

It was fortunate for Chief Justice Marshall's own fame, as well as for the happiness and prosperity of his country, that he went upon the bench of the Supreme Court at such a period, and remained upon it so long, as made it necessary for the most prominent constitutional questions to be subjected to his examination and decision. We perceive the same coincidence between his powers and his opportunities, which strikes the reader of the history of English law, in the case of Lord Mansfield. This great man was made Chief Justice of the King's Bench at a time when the commercial operations of Great Britain were rapidly extending themselves, and it was a matter of necessity that her meagre commercial code should be expanded, to meet its new requisitions, by the principles of natural equity flowing from a mind of large views and comprehensive grasp, and by the incorporation of materials borrowed from foreign sources. Lord Mansfield, from his vigorous and original mind, and his acquaintance with civil and continental law, was precisely calculated for this duty, so that he was enabled almost to create the commercial law of modern England, sometimes drawing from the pure sources of justice in his own breast, at others, silently interweaving with the common law, rules and principles drawn from Roman and European jurisprudence, which the exclusive spirit of Westminster Hall would have rejected, had they been offered with their origin upon their front. In like manner, had Chief Justice Marshall gone upon the bench a quarter of a century later, his own fame must have suffered, as he would not have had it in his power to exercise his faculties so much in that line of discussion in which he shone so preëminent. He would have been an admirable

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judge, would have ennobled and dignified his elevated station; his country would have honored him while living and mourned him when dead; but we should never have known the extent of his powers. To constitute greatness, there must be not only a great man, but great opportunities.

The moral constitution of Chief Justice Marshall was in perfect harmony with his intellectual nature. In this respect, he was one of those rare beings that seem to be sent among men from time to time, to keep alive our faith in humanity. He had as little alloy as ever entered into the composition of a human creature. From the very first, he seemed to do nothing wrong, and to leave nothing undone which it was right for him to do. He wore the yoke of duty, without being conscious, apparently, of its weight, and seemed to find pleasure in those toils and self-sacrifices, to which most men bring themselves, only by dint of severe struggle. He was never betrayed by the exuberance of his temperament and the warmth of his passions, into those errors which wise men pardon, while they lament, and during the course of his long life, he had nothing to look back upon with regret, or to wish forgotten by others. "He needed not the smart of guilt to make him virtuous, nor the regret of folly to make him wise." The qualities of his character were so admirably tempered, and with so happy a mixture of the moving and controlling principles, that he rose at once, and spontaneously, into that moral elevation, to which men commonly attain only by the refining exercises of suffering, and by perpetual self-victories. From the moment that he assumed the office and functions of manhood, he was an object of peculiar interest to all discerning persons. It was plain that here was a man of stern virtue, of uncomprising integrity, who had a natural affinity for every thing honorable and of good report, and upon whose character, any expectations might be rested with unlimited confidence. That John Marshall could ever be the sordid slave of money, the devotee of vulgar ambition, the time-serving sycophant, the mercenary politician, selling his gifts in the market-place, the treacherous enemy, the faithless friend, no more entered into the minds of men, than that the fiery wheels of the sun would roll back in their course, or the streams wind their way from the ocean to the mountain-tops. This purity and strength of moral nature, gave him an influence which talents alone, however eminent, could not have ensured, and which, (as it is a rule without ex-

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ception) is one of the most convincing proofs of the existence of a moral sense among men. It bound his friends to him with links of steel, crowning their regard with that reposing confidence which is never granted to men of no moral nerve, however rich in accomplishments, sweet in disposition, or attractive in manners. It tempered the opposition of those who differed from him in opinion, with high personal consideration. It gave him a rich harvest of opportunities, at a period when most men are in the midst of aimless efforts and crude fancies, abridging to a span the season of promise, so thickly did his duties crowd upon him, so soon did the fruits take the place of the blossoms.

How remarkably his moral organization adapted him for a high judicial station, is evident to any one who remembers how much a man's character affects the manner in which his opinions are received, and how powerful it is, either as an ally or an enemy to his mind. He went upon the bench at an age when the impetuous blood of youth has cooled in the veins, and the conduct and conversation of men, not totally abandoned, are varnished over with an outward show of decencies and gravities, which is hardly distinguished by superficial observers, from the form of authentic virtue. Men, moreover, of a glowing and exuberant nature, must work themselves clear, by a sort of fermentation, in which the fiery and fervid elements pass off, and the pure and strong ones remain, and of such, the finest and noblest beings are often made; but most men have either too little philosophy, or too little charity to understand and feel all this. In a model judge, a judicial beau-idéal, we want no superficial, skin-deep goodness, but a moral system, sound to the very core, and a character so happily moulded, as to begin right, and not merely come right. Mankind, and perhaps it is best that it should be so, respect most highly, him who has had nothing to alter, and nothing to repent, who has always thought, spoken and acted as he ought to have done. There are reptiles in human limbs, whom no lapse of time can persuade to bury in oblivion, the weakness, the error, or the sin of a fellow-creature, and whose delight it is, to drag even from the dread repose of the grave, the forgotten frailties of the good, the wise and the just. Against the attacks of such creatures, Chief Justice Marshall was cased in an armor of proof. Though he had lived in the public eye, from his very boyhood, his life defied the scrutinizing glance of envy. It was a pure

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and cloudless summer's day; a strain of music, perfect to the close, with not one rude note to grate upon the ear. He had laid his first fruits upon the altar of duty, and his last breath was spent in its service. It is not too much to say that this spotless virtue enforced every opinion that he gave, and that his country felt the advantage of it, to a degree hardly to be exaggerated. It bade the murmurs of opposition, which might have swelled into a torrent-like roar, die away in faint whispers. It disposed candid men to believe that he who had always acted right, must also, of necessity, think right.

The manners of Chief Justice Marshall were marked by that unaffected dignity and simplicity, which so well become a great magistrate. That calmness which gave so much strength to his mind, imparted itself to his whole nature. His temperament was of that placid kind, which is most favorable to wisdom, and without which a man can hardly be a practical philosopher. Nothing had power to disturb his equanimity, or ruffle the smoothness of his temper. He had none of that nervous excitability, which good men often find such a "thorn in the flesh." Neither vain repetition, nor frothy verbiage, nor declamatory nonsense, (and how much of all, must have been inflicted upon his "naked ears,") ever wrung from him a peevish remark, or an irritable gesture. In his carriage and deportment was seen a mixture of dignity and sweetness; the gravity of the judge tempered with the courtesy of the gentleman. His moderation was known in all things. He was a stranger to the extremes of exeitement and depression, and the even flow of his cheerfulness betokened a perpetual sunshine of the breast. His conversation never dazzled by its brilliancy, or eloquence, or exuberance, but was characterized by quiet good sense, more than any thing else. He was never engrossing or obtrusive, and rather required to be drawn out. He was no social tyrant, trampling on opponents, with that overbearing intolerance which so often disgraces men who are conspicuous for their talents and station. Many who met him, were disappointed in not finding in his conversation, those striking qualities which they had anticipated; but no one left his presence, without carrying away the most gratifying recollection of his kindness, his sincerity and his entire want of pretension. His simplicity was indeed proverbial. It seemed sometimes to puzzle and disconcert those who saw him for the first time, so unprepared were they to find so great a man, so very plain and unpretending.

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They expected to see the Chief Justice of the United States, keeping up a sort of official state, even in private. But he was above this poor affectation, which is generally the disguise of conscious weakness, fearful of detection. He never desired to pass for any other than what he really was, and did not wish that the Chief Justice should receive a consideration which was not due to John Marshall. No man ever bore his honors more meekly. His dignity was not of that flimsy and unsubstantial texture, which cannot bear a near approach or a rude touch. He had none of that uneasy self-consciousness, which is ever on the watch to see that every one pays the exact amount of deference which is due. He sympathized readily and cordially with others, and was warm and constant in his affections. In particular, he felt a lively interest in the young, and seemed to grow young himself, in watching the glowing hues which paint life's "pleasant morning." He had nothing of that austerity and moroseness which, in old age, sometimes blight the genial charities of the heart. He did not feel cut off and apart from the generations that came after him, nor think that the glory would pass away from the earth, with that to which he belonged. As his youth was tempered with the wisdom and serenity of age, so his age was graced with much of that unworn freshness of feeling, which is so lovely in youth. Not only his early attachments, but his early tastes, even in amusements, were retained by him unimpaired, and he might be seen, in the very last years of his life, engaged with the keen relish of boyhood, in a game of quoits. His fondness for this exercise is one of those characteristic traits which ought to be preserved, and which mark the manly simplicity of his character and his disdain of affectation. If there be any one who thinks this an undignified amusement for a Chief Justice, we will remind him of the story of the Spartan king, who being engaged in some cheerful sport, and observing a solemn coxcomb approaching, remarked to his companions: "My friends, we must be grave, for here comes a fool."

There are some interesting points in the private and domestic character of Chief Justice Marshall, which are given with so much beauty and feeling, by Mr. Justice Story, that we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of transcribing the passages in question.

"He was a man of deep sensibility and tenderness; nay, he was an enthusiast in regard to the domestic virtues. He was en-

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dowed by nature with a temper of great susceptibility, easily excited, and warm, when roused. But it had been so schooled by discipline, or rather so moulded and chastened by his affections, that it seemed in gentleness, like the distilling dews of evening. It had been so long accustomed to flow in channels, where its sole delight was to give or secure happiness to others, that no one would have believed, that it could ever have been precipitate or sudden in its movements. In truth, there was, to the very close of his life, a romantic chivalry in his feelings, which, though rarely displayed, except in the circle of his most intimate friends, would there pour out itself with the most touching tenderness. In this confidential intercourse, when his soul sought solace from the sympathy of other minds, he would dissolve in tears at the recollection of some buried hope, or lost happiness. He would break out into strains of almost divine eloquence, while he pointed out the scenes of former joys, or recalled the memory of other days, as he brought up their images from the dimness and distance of forgotten years, and showed you at once the depth, with which he could feel, and the lower depths, in which he could bury his own closest, dearest, noblest emotions. After all, whatever may be his fame in the eyes of the world, that, which, in a just sense, was his highest glory, was the purity, affectionateness, liberality, and devotedness of his domestic life. Home, home, was the scene of his real triumphs. There, he indulged himself in what he most loved, the duties and the blessings of the family circle. There, his heart had its full play; and his social qualities, warmed, and elevated, and refined by the habitual elegancies of taste, shed around their beautiful and blended lights. There, the sunshine of his soul diffused its softened radiance, and cheered and soothed and tranquillized the passing hours.

"May I be permitted also in this presence to allude to another trait in his character, which lets us at once into the inmost recesses of his feelings with an unerring certainty. I allude to the high value, in which he held the female sex, as the friends, the companions, and the equals of man. I do not here mean to refer to the courtesy and delicate kindness, with which he was accustomed to treat the sex; but rather to the unaffected respect, with which he spoke of their accomplishments, their talents, their virtues, and their excellencies. The scoffs and jeers of the morose, the bitter taunts of the satirist, and the lighter ridicule of the witty, so profusely, and often so ungenerously, poured out upon transient follies or fashions, found no sympathy in his bosom. He was still farther above the common-place flatteries, by which frivolity seeks to administer aliment to personal vanity, or vice to make its approaches for baser purposes. He spoke to the sex, when present, as he spoke of them, when absent, in language of

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just appeal to their understandings, their tastes, and their duties. He paid a voluntary homage to their genius, and to the beautiful productions of it, which now adorn almost every branch of literature and learning. He read those productions with a glowing gratitude. He proudly proclaimed their merits, and vindicated on all occasions their claims to the highest distinction. And he did not hesitate to assign to the great female authors of our day a rank, not inferior to that of the most gifted and polished of the other sex. But, above all, he delighted to dwell on the admirable adaptation of their minds, and sensibilities, and affections to the exalted duties assigned to them by Providence. Their superior purity, their singleness of heart, their exquisite perception of moral and religous sentiment, their maternal devotedness, their uncomplaining sacrifices, their fearlessness in duty, their buoyancy in hope, their courage in despair, their love, which triumphs most, when most pressed by dangers and difficulties; which watches the couch of sickness, and smooths the bed of death, and smiles even in the agonies of its own sufferings; — These, these were the favorite topics of his confidential conversation; and on these he expatiated with an enthusiasm, which showed them to be present in his daily meditations." — pp. 53—56.

Among the qualifications which were possessed by Chief Justice Marshall, for an office as laborious as it is responsible, we must not overlook a healthy physical organization and great soundness of constitution. Without vigor of body, there cannot be permanent vigor of mind, and great intellectual efforts require great physical energies. He was capable of uncommon exertions, both of body and mind, and his habits of exercise and temperance preserved his powers unimpaired to the last. He was very athletic in his youth, fond of field sports, and excelled in all exercises which require strength or agility. The mountain breezes filled his veins with health, and braced his frame with that robust energy, which carried him so triumphantly through the exhausting duties, alike of the camp and the forum. His arduous judicial labors he discharged with an ease which seemed unconscious of their weight. Without doubt, much of that uniformity of health which he enjoyed was due to the calmness of his moral temperament, to his pure and simple tastes, his self-command, and to his never having been, at any period of his life, the slave of wasting passions. Still, without an uncommonly favorable constitution of body, he could never have gone on, nearly to the age of fourscore, performing the duties of his high and laborious office, without the least

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decay of his faculties, and with a vigor of mind which burned clear to the last. Nor is it one of the least remarkable facts about him, that his ablest opinions were written after the age of sixty, when, by the laws of the largest State in the Union, a man ceases to be qualified for a judicial office.

We have been considering Chief Justice Marshall exclusively in his judicial capacity, and have endeavored to shew how admirably the whole constitution of his nature was adapted to the place which he occupied during the last thirty-four years of his life. In doing this, we have by no means overlooked his previous career, nor been insensible to the merit displayed by him as a legislator, a diplomatist, and a statesman. Had he died at the age of forty-five, he would have left behind him a most honorable name, and been gratefully remembered by his country, as one of the most able and high-minded of her sons. But the splendor of his judicial reputation throws a shade over the other efforts of his intellect, imposing as these appear, when contemplated singly. His mind, his character and his temperament were so well calculated for the Bench, that we have preferred to consider all that he did, previous to his appointment, rather as a course of preparatory exercises to educate him for that great station to which he had received a sort of native bias, than as constituting by themselves any considerable portion of his fame. Indeed, his speeches, his arguments, and his writings were all imbued with a kind of judicial character, and in his whole course as a public man, he appeared more like a wise judge, seeking after and announcing the truth, than as a reckless partizan, who wanted to know only on what side he was to fight. His speech in the legislature of Virginia on the occasion of Mr. Jay's treaty with Great Britain, in which he maintained the constitutional right of the Executive to conclude a commercial treaty, (and which has been preserved only by tradition,) had all the characteristics and also all the effect of a judicial opinion. It caused a most important modification in the resolutions of the Assembly, which silently abandoned the constitutional objection, though it had been previously pressed with great warmth and confidence. His well known argument in the House of Representatives of the United States, in the case of Jonathan Robbins, has been preserved. It enjoys an authority almost unknown to any judicial argument. It settled the question under debate entirely at

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the time, and has ever been esteemed unanswerable; and in a point of constitutional law, it would be cited as readily, and be entitled to nearly as much weight, as any of his constitutional opinions.

Had he remained all his life at the bar, he could hardly have occupied the imposing station before his country that he now does. Eminent as he must have been in the very highest ranks of the profession, he would have had comparatively few opportunities of displaying that kind of intellectual power in which he was so richly gifted. He was most remarkable for calm, penetrating, profound wisdom, which is not the quality most important to an advocate; indeed, it would sometimes stand very much in his way. It is hardly consistent with the fervid eloquence which addresses the minds of men through their passions and feelings; for this seldom exists without a taint of exaggeration, and a certain facility of understanding, which makes it the slave of the impulses and affections. That pure reason, — that *mens sine affectu*, which is so essential to a great judge, is not, and cannot be combined with that vividness of feeling and susceptibility of organization, which are ingredients so necessary in the composition of an orator or a poet. We cannot have at once the strength of the oak and the flexibility of the willow. The splendid forensic eloquence of Lord Erskine did not prevent his being an indifferent Chancellor. Chief Justice Marshall could no more have spoken Mr. Ames's speech on the British treaty, than Mr. Ames could have pronounced his opinion on the constitutionality of the United States Bank. The bold and commanding features of his mind were inconsistent with that intellectual dexterity, versatility, and power of doing one thing about as well as another, which our English brethren call cleverness. He would have argued a great legal question with irresistible power, and his exalted character would have given to his simplest statement, a force unknown to the passionate exuberance of rhetoric. But in many points of an advocate's duty, he must have been surpassed by men, who, in intellectual stature, were pigmies to him, and his love of truth, no less than his strong moral sense, must have prevented him from manifesting much ardor, where he felt himself to be clearly in the wrong.

Nor could he have reached his present eminence, if he had

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devoted himself to the graver departments of literature, in which he would undoubtedly have been eminent. His Life of Washington is remarkable rather for its judicial than its literary merit. It wants the vividness, the eloquence, the glowing narrative, the picturesque sketches, and the lively details, which make a biography attractive and popular; but it has, to a high degree, those qualities of accuracy, fidelity and truth, which give permanent value to a work. It is not an easy book to read; nor will it be read by those who read merely for the sake of reading; but it will be always consulted as the highest authority in the subjects of which it treats, equally correct in details, and just in its general views. It is almost unexampled for its candor and firmness, when we bear in mind that the author is narrating events in which he himself took an important share, and has occasion to make frequent mention both of political friends and foes. Let any one compare it with Clarendon's History of the Rebellion, for instance, and he will be prepared to perceive its superiority in these respects, and to understand how important it is that a historian should be a man of stern moral sense.

It is as a judge and a magistrate, that his claim upon the remembrance of posterity and the gratitude of his country, chiefly rests, and in this capacity he is entitled to rank side by side with the most exalted models of judicial excellence that the world has ever seen; with Sir Matthew Hale, Lord Mansfield, and Chancellor D'Aguesseau. In looking back upon his long life, so crowded with the efforts and sacrifices of duty, so spotless, so perfect, beaming with so serene a lustre from every point and period, we cannot but think it a cause of national gratitude, that Providence has given us such a man, and crowned him with such store of useful years. That he was one of our fellow-citizens, is a reason for feeling more proud of our country. A nation is twice blessed in such a being. He exerts a great indirect as well as direct influence upon the community. We are accustomed to speak of the inestimable services which Chief Justice Marshall has conferred upon his country, by drawing more closely the bonds of our Union, and by exercising over the various departments of the government that conservative and directing power, which is so essential to the good order and harmony of so complicated a system as ours. And this is just and proper.

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But we must not overlook the debt of gratitude, which we owe him for his example, and the effect produced by the daily beauty of his life upon all who approached him. He was a man,

> "Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,
> Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
> A constant influence, a peculiar grace."

To converse with him was like beholding virtue in a visible shape; and no susceptible person could leave his presence without feeling every good resolve strengthened, and every weakness rebuked. He was a memorable instance of a man, who, having been always in public life, contracted no stain upon the whiteness of his soul, and never parted with one jot of his own stern self-respect. Did any one wish to cite an example of one, in whom intellectual greatness was combined with unslumbering devotion to duty, and the healthiest moral sense; did any father seek to point out to his son, a faultless model to be studied and imitated, and to make him love that light from Heaven, which shines round the good man's path, the name of Marshall came spontaneously to the mind and the lips. Other conspicuous men had obvious flaws; their public virtue was easily entreated; they acted under the influence of the selfish, animal appetites; they hungered after the loaves and fishes of office, or their private characters were stained with debasing vices, or they neglected the lesser moralities of social life. But here was one, in whose whole nature there was nothing upon which detraction could feed, or over which friendship could seek to cast a mantle of oblivion.

How beautiful is the contemplation of such a life, while passing before our eyes; how beautiful its recollection, when no longer seen. The memory of such men constitutes neither the smallest nor the least valuable portion of a nation's wealth. How superior is it to the trophies and banners of a thousand battle fields, and the laurels and cenotaphs of a thousand mere warriors. Through the night of ages, it beams and sheds sweet influences. No generous-hearted Englishman can, at this day, pronounce the name of Alfred, without a throb of mingled gratitude and admiration. The lapse of time but deepens and hallows the feelings, with which the true-souled patriot contemplates such men as these. Short as has

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been our own national existence, the page of our history is thickly studded with bright names.

> "Great men have been among us; hands that penned,
> And tongues that uttered wisdom; better, none."

The wise, the good, the faithful have toiled and watched and died for us. There is no dreary dearth of men to chill the patriot as he looks back upon the past. If we are insensible, it is not because there are no objects to awaken sensibility. The fault is in our own indifference. It is an ominous sign, when a nation no longer cherishes, with the liveliest fondness, the memory of its great men. When the languid pulse of patriotism shall cease to be animated and quickened by the recollection of such names as Washington, Jay and Marshall, the grave of our prosperity will have been already dug.

ART. X. — *The Anthracite Coal Trade of Pennsylvania.*

1. *Report of the Committee of the Senate of Pennsylvania, upon the Subject of the Coal Trade.* S. J. PARKER, Chairman. *And Appendix of Documents.* Harrisburg. 1834.
2. *Comparative Views of the most important Anthracite Collieries in Pennsylvania; exhibiting their Avenues to Tide Water; with an Appendix, Map, and Draught of Comparative Heights and Distances.* Pottsville. 1835.
3. *Report of the President and Managers of the Schuylkill Navigation Company to the Stockholders.* (In Annual Numbers.) Philadelphia.
4. *Report of the Board of Managers of the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company.* (In annual numbers.) Philadelphia.
5. *Annual Report made by the Board of Trade to the Coal Mining Association of Schuylkill County.* (In annual numbers.) Pottsville.

WE visited, recently, the anthracite coal-mines in the interior of the State of Pennsylvania. The spectacle of enterprise, industry, and prosperity, which we there beheld, was most impo-

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sing to the eye, and most instructive to the mind. In the heart of a wild broken territory, amid the sharp ridges of the Alleghanies, intersected by the hundred rivers and streamlets which swell the tides of the Delaware and Susquehanna, in what was but a few years ago one of the most desert regions of the United States, we found a numerous and fixed population, with all the appliances of refined life, and a multitude of improvements, in railroads, canals, and other public works, of which the most advanced people in America, or even in Europe, might justly be proud. A new world seemed to have sprung up in the wilderness, as if by enchantment. Smiling villages were spread out in peace and abundance beneath overshadowing peaks, and beside mountain-tops reaching up their bleak summits to the sky. The dwellings of cultivated competency, and warehouses stored with merchandize, stood on the very edge of the old primeval forests of the Continent. Here was the centre of a vast business, which had all at once vivified the surrounding country, converted the wildest waste into the theatre of active life, given a fresh stimulus to individual enterprise, created an inexhaustible source of wealth to the State in which it lay, and opened a new commerce and a new bond of fraternity to the whole Union. We left the scene, with a strong and abiding sense of the energy and spirit of our people, with renewed admiration of the resources and destinies of our country, and with deep-felt gratitude to that bountiful Providence which bestowed upon us this our happy land. We cannot hope to communicate our feelings and impressions by words; the scene should be seen to be appreciated. Nor shall we attempt to do so. Neither shall we enter into any speculations or inquiries concerning the geological history, formation, or natural character, of anthracite coal. The objects we have in view are more plain and practical. We have collected, from personal observation, from correspondence, and from a large mass of printed matter, part of which is described at the head of this article, a variety of facts respecting the production and commerce of anthracite coal, a summary statement of which we propose to lay before the readers of the Review.

Pennsylvania abounds in mineral treasures of the most useful kinds, that is, iron, and coal; these being the precise means, out of which the actual grandeur and opulence of Great Britain have in great part sprung. On a future occasion we may recur to its deposits of iron ore, and of bituminous coal; our

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present concern is with its anthracite coal exclusively. It is singular, that, with the general knowledge they already possess of their unexampled mineral resources, and their liberality in the promotion of public improvements, the people of Pennsylvania have not caused to be made an accurate geological survey of the whole territory of their State, by suitable scientific persons, according to the course recently pursued in the State of Massachusetts. So far as the anthracite of Pennsylvania has been explored, and its presence fully ascertained, it occupies three separate and distinct beds or fields, which lie near together on the easterly side of the Susquehanna upon or below its north branch, and bear a striking similitude each to the other in geographical position, extent of area, and geological features. They are, first, the coal-field of Mauch Chunk and Schuylkill; secondly, that of Beaver-Meadow, Shamokin, and Mahanoy; and thirdly, that of Lackawanna and Wyoming. Each of these fields forms a long elliptical basin, with a well defined border of red shale, and surrounded by a barrier of long and sharp mountain ridges. Two of these fields, the first and the second, run side by side, ranging a little north of east; the remaining one is somewhat apart from them, and has a more northerly direction. They may be considered, indeed, from their proximity and general resemblance, as constituting one single coal-region; although, as will hereafter be explained, there is great difference in the superficial character of the country which they respectively traverse. There is a difference, also, in their history, and in their statistical relations; which renders it necessary they should be treated of separately and somewhat in detail.

The Mauch Chunk and Schuylkill coal-field commences near the river Lehigh, on the east, and reaches westerly to the left bank of the Susquehanna, extending thus about seventy miles in length, while it is only from one to five miles in width, being pressed in between Broad Mountain on the north, and Sharp Mountain on the south. These mountains, and the coal-field itself, are penetrated more or less by numerous streams, particularly the Swatara, the Schuylkill and its branches, and the Lehigh, affording outlets for the coal, and natural passes for the location of canals and railroads, which pervade the district in all directions. But there is room for distinction as to the different parts of this field, in regard to the position of the coal, its quality, the mode of working it, and the means of its conveyance to market.

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One portion of this field, its westerly extremity, on the Swatara, and near to the Susquehanna, is not accessible for the Atlantic trade, in competition with the residue; and therefore, although it has a limited market in the interior, it is not possessed of the same general interest and importance as that which is watered by the Schuylkill and Lehigh, and need not occupy our attention.

At the eastern extremity of the field, are the works of the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company, which are in many respects, peculiar, and are conducted on a scale of great boldness of design, and comprehension of enterprise. Disregarding the obvious outlets of the basin by the waters of the Schuylkill, they have ascended the mountain-barrier to its very summit, entered the coal field by a railroad, and thus diverted the coal from its natural channel to the waters of the Lehigh at Mauch Chunk. To effect this object, Messrs. Josiah White, Hazard and Hauto, having acquired the property of the Mauch Chunk mines, obtained an act of incorporation with mining and trading privileges, and undertook the task, which had repeatedly before been attempted without success, of rendering the river Lehigh navigable. To enable them to accomplish this, the State ceded to them the sole jurisdiction of this river, for the distance of eighty-three miles, and the free and uncontrolled use of its waters. This grant has rightly been deemed since, an improvident one; but the Company proceeded to execute what they had undertaken with a spirit worthy of the enterprise. At an expense of about two millions and two hundred thousand dollars, they made their mines accessible to the river Lehigh, and opened the river itself, by a series of works, considered the best of their class, in the United States.

During the year 1834, the freight transported on the Lehigh Canal, amounted to 129,083 tons, of which 106,518 tons consisted of coal, and the residue of flour, iron, lumber, stone and other articles of merchandise.

The coal of the Lehigh Company, at least at their old and principal works, forms an immense mass of carbonaceous matter, intermixed with alternate layers of earth and slate. This deposit they *strip*, or uncover, by digging off the superincumbent earth, so as to leave bare the mass of coal, as in a clay-field; and thus the coal is mined. It is conveyed a short distance up the ridge of the mountain-top, thence it descends by means of an inclined plane, and a railroad upwards of eight miles in length,

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to a *chûte* of seven hundred feet in two hundred and fifteen of perpendicular height, at Mauch Chunk, when it is embarked in the *navigation* of the Lehigh. This railroad, being the first of any extent ever constructed in the United States, has in years past attracted the attention of travellers on this account; as also from the interesting fact of a descent on a railroad for eight or nine miles, by the mere specific gravity of the cars. It is also curious, in another point of view. Enormous trains of loaded coal-cars descend by gravity, to the head of the *chûte*, after which the empty cars are to be returned to the mines and reloaded. They are accordingly drawn up the inclined plane by teams of mules; but these animals cannot be induced either by persuasion or force, to descend the plane on foot, and it becomes necessary to provide cars, in which they may ride down, and which they very contentedly draw up again, together with the empty coal-cars. Circumstances like these give zest and piquancy to the inspection of the works of this Company; the relish of which is enhanced by the beauty and sublimity of the surrounding scenery, mountain after mountain stretching out beneath your eye, as you glide in your self-moving carriage along the descending side of the long steep ridge, overhanging the bright village of Mauch Chunk.

But the most interesting and valuable part of the coal-field is the central or interior track, known as the Schuylkill Region, which is twenty miles long, and from three to four broad. In this region, the numerous head-waters of the river Schuylkill have cut boldly through the strata of coal, presenting a succession of elevated summits and deep ravines, admirably fitted for extensive mining operations. Here, the coal is in veins, generally having an inclination or dip to the south, and consequently reaching the surface, when they are discovered by the depression of the soil over the coal in the process of decomposition, and by the cropping out, as the black dirt which often appears at the surface is termed. The dip is an angle of from forty to sixty degrees, the vein descending to an unknown depth. The beds vary in thickness, from one or two up to thirty feet. Those of from five to twelve feet are considered the best, as they can be worked with greater facility and profit; because they can be so propped and roofed, as to enable the miner to remove all the coal, without any hazard; while those of twenty or thirty feet must be worked in *chambers*, and large pillars of coal be left to support the roof; and even then

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the miners are exposed to injury from falling fragments or masses of the mineral. It is the universal practice in this region to *undermine*. As the veins generally dip in the direction of the mountain-sides, the mode of working in the interior of the mine is regulated in part with reference to this fact. They run a *drift*, or tunnel, into the mountain above the water-level, and construct a rude rail-road upon its floor; and then pierce the seam of coal horizontally for a convenient distance; by which means the entire *breast*, as it is called, of the seam is exposed; and the miners work up the acclivity until they reach the summit or *outcrop*, throwing the coal behind them, where it is loaded into cars, drawn out by horses, screened and separated into the different sizes, and conveyed to the landings, or shot at once into canal-boats. In some cases, very ingenious mechanical contrivances are used in screening the coal; of which a very perfect example is to be seen at the station of the Delaware Coal Company. Hitherto, the veins have been worked almost exclusively from the water-level upward; and instances occur, of two, three and four seams of coal, one above another; but experiments are now in train for pursuing the veins in the opposite direction, downwards, by sinking shafts below the water-level, and clearing out the water through the agency of steam power, as in England.

There is great diversity in the quality of the coal in the various parts of this basin, and even in a single region of it. In his very able Report, Mr. Parker speaks of this point somewhat inaccurately. He alludes to the fact that some of the coal ignites more readily than the rest; and that the red ash coal is by many, regarded as of superior quality; and then proceeds to say; "With these exceptions, there is little difference in the quality of the coal of the region; certainly no more than in trees of the same species, growing upon the same soil, or in coal taken from different parts of the same mine; and if coal of a superior or inferior quality be found in market, it is only because the vender has been more or less careful in freeing it from slate or other impurities." This is far from being correct. If the writer had said that there was the same difference in quality, as between trees of different species, say walnut, oak and maple, growing upon the same soil, it would have been a more just representation of the fact. This truth is perfectly notorious to those who are familiar with the coal region. Anthracite is now divided, for practical purposes, into three classes:

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that which burns freely and leaves a residuum of red ashes; another harder and more difficult to ignite, leaving a residuum of grey ashes; and the third, still harder and more difficult of ignition, leaving a residuum of white ashes; and purchasers of coal for consumption can rely upon this as an easy and conclusive test of its quality. The Lehigh coal is white ash, less easy of ignition, but esteemed for manufacturing purposes; the Schuylkill coal of the better mines is red ash, and the most valuable for domestic use. Very frequently, however, you will find veins of an inferior quality, within fifty or a hundred yards of the best. In a transverse section of the several coal veins from the Sharp to the Broad Mountain, made by Mr. James Wilde, of Pottsville, he lays down seventy-two different veins in the space of four miles. About one fourth part of the best of them are now worked, some much more extensively than others, and differing very materially in quality; and we feel confident that one half of the whole number cannot be worked until the others are entirely worked out, or at least worked so deep below the water-level, as to enhance greatly the expense of mining. Besides the difference in the purity of coal from different veins near to each other, there may be remarked this general difference; that, commencing at the southerly termination of them in the Sharp Mountain, the coal in the vein as you proceed north to the Broad Mountain, gradually becomes harder; and also, proceeding east towards Mauch Chunk it grows harder; while proceeding west beyond Minersville, it becomes softer, until in the neighborhood of the Susquehanna, it becomes too soft and brittle for profitable transportation. This view of the subject is confirmed by reference to the weight of the coal, in the different parts of the field. Thus, at Mauch Chunk, its specific gravity is 1.494; on the waters of the Schuylkill, in and about Pottsville, it is 1.453; and on the Swatara it is 1.400. We make these remarks, of course, without reference to the fractures or *faults*, which occur in a vein occasionally, owing to imperfection in the formation of the coal, a disturbance of it by great natural convulsions.

And this leads us to another consideration of great practical importance to the consumer. The veins have a uniform range, longitudinally with the basin, north seventy-two degrees east, so that whenever a valuable vein is opened on one tract of land it can be traced to the lands adjoining; and the more celebrated veins have been opened in many places for several

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miles beyond the first pit. Such are the Peach-Mountain, Spohn, Lewis, and Gate veins, which were opened before railroads were constructed, at points convenient for conveyance by a turnpike-road to the landings at Mount Carbon. By the introduction of railroads, these veins became accessible at various places in the Schuykill Valley; and there are examples of a vein thus traced and identified for the space of ten miles. This fact shows the necessity of buying coal with reference to the vein from which it is obtained, without being governed exclusively by the name of a particular pit, mine, or property; for it is by regarding the mine, rather than the vein, that retail venders of anthracite coal, from the Schuylkill region, have fallen into so much idle competition of names, and quackery of advertisement, for the purpose of drawing customers. Whoever buys red ash coal, prepared for the market by the Delaware Coal Company, the North American, or any of the respectable individual proprietors or miners in the Schuylkill Valley, may rest assured that he has a good article, and the best of anthracite coal for domestic consumption.

The Schuylkill region seems to have been marked by nature, for individual enterprise; and the State was careful to keep this object in view, in the incorporation of the Schuylkill Navigation Company, on whose canal the coal is conveyed to Philadelphia for distribution along the Atlantic. The history of this canal, as recorded in the annual reports of the officers of the company, and beginning with their Address in 1820, in which they state their anticipation of the vast benefits to result from its construction, down to the Report of the last year, in which their flattering anticipations are so fully realized, presents a fine example of the public good which was achieved by public spirited men, pursuing their own advantage by liberal expenditures of their wealth, in modes still more conducive to the public advantage; and it affords one of a thousand contradictions to the mad outcry against corporate investments of property, issuing from that extravagant spirit of ultraism in all things, good or evil, which at this time agitates the public mind in one part or another of the United States.

The Report of the Company, for the year 1834, presents the following progressive increase of business, omitting the earlier year of its incompleteness.

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Years.	Total Tonnage.	Tons Coal.	Total Toll.
1826	32,404	16,767	$43,108 87 cts.
1827	65,501	31,360	58,149 74
1828	105,463	47,284	87,171 56
1829	134,524	12,973	120,039 00
1830	180,755	89,984	148,165 95
1831	196,413	81,854	134,005 92
1832	327,921	209,271	264,829 70
1833	445,849	252,971	325,486 63
1834	395,720	226,692	299,841 05

Commensurate with this augmenting business of the Canal, has been the prosperity of the coal region, of which it is the outlet. It is an open highway, free to all the world, at the regular rate of tolls. Consequently, the navigation of it is in individual hands, partly of the proprietors of mines, who convey their own coal to market, partly of persons who pursue the business of boating alone, depending on freight from proprietors or undertakers of mines. The mines, also, are in the hands of private corporations, companies, or individuals, invited to the scene by the facilities it affords, in its natural and artificial features, for the prosecution of individual enterprise; among which persons, if any single one may, without derogation to the rest, be signalized for his active and intelligent usefulness, it is Mr. John White, the founder and controlling spirit of the Delaware Coal Company. The consequence of all this has been the rapid growth of a flourishing population, of which Pottsville is the centre, strongly reminding the beholder of the similar results of well applied and well combined capital and industry, as exhibited in the correspondent case of Lowell in Massachusetts.

This immense business of the Schuylkill Valley, it is also interesting to observe, has been growing up simultaneously with that of Lowell, in about the same space of time. Indeed, the prosperity of the manufactories of Lowell, and that of the collieries of the Schuylkill Valley, is much more intimately connected, than a superficial observer, looking only to the distance of the two places one from the other, would be prone to imagine. Coal was known to abound in this region, so early as 1790, and perhaps before; and the mines at Mauch Chunk were partially opened prior to the year 1800. It was used to a very limited extent by some of the blacksmiths in the neighborhood; but not esteemed as of much value. During the war of 1812, however, many intelligent individuals in that

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part of Pennsylvania, had become convinced of the value of anthracite; and serious attempts were unsuccessfully made to introduce it into the market, by Mr. Charles Miner of Wilkesbarre, and by Mr. George Shoemaker of Pottsville, at about the same time. After which, it does not appear that any considerable quantity of anthracite was taken to market, either by the Schuylkill or Lehigh, until 1820, when the Lehigh Company conveyed three hundred and sixty-five tons to Philadelphia. This may be considered, therefore, as the commencement of the business. What progress it has since made, may be partly judged by the table we have given of the transportation on the Schuylkill canal; to which we proceed to add some other statistical facts bearing on the same point.

The Schuylkill Canal affords employment to 570 boats. There were sent to market, in 1834, by the Schuylkill, 224,242 tons of coal; and 106,244 tons by the Lehigh. The value of fixed improvements connected with the Schuylkill and Lehigh coal-field, is estimated as follows:

	Miles.	Cost.
Lehigh Navigation,	46	$1,546,094 96
Former River Improvements,		155,420 80
Rail road to summit mines and laterals,	16½	59,766 39
Room Run rail road,	8¼	123,000 00
Schuylkill navigation,	108	2,966,480 13
West Branch rail road,	15	185,000 00
Lateral roads connected with the above,	10½	31,500 00
Norwegian or Mount Carbon rail road,	9	95,000 00
Laterals connected with the above,	1½	5,250 00
Mill Creek rail road,	4	15,000 00
Laterals connected with the above,	7	11,700 00
Schuylkill Valley rail road,	10	60,000 00
Laterals connected with the above,	11½	19,200 00
Navigable feeder of the Union canal and dam,	21	164,364 38
Pine Grove rail road,	4	20,561 25
Continuation of same	2½	7,500 00
Lykens's Valley rail road,	16	90,000 00
Little Schuylkill or Tamaqua rail road,	20	225,557 11
Lateral branches, single, double and treble tracks	6½	
Delaware division of Pennsylvania canal,	60	1,430,211 85
Total,	377	$7,211,606 07

Number of wagons or rail road cars in the first district, 2,354, at $70 each,	$164,780 00
Boats employed by individuals and companies, 980 at $500 each,	490,000 00
92 colliery establishments, including working capital, utensils, horses, mules, &c. &c. at $4,000 each,	368,000 00
100,000 acres of land at $40 per acre,	4,000,000 00
	$5,022,780 00

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Add to this, the borough of Pottsville, the towns of Port Carbon, Minersville and Schuylkill Haven, and other villages, as Mauch Chunk, Summit-Hill, Tamaqua, Patterson, Tuscarora, St. Clair, New-Castle, Middleport, Mount Carbon, Pine Grove, Coal Castle, Llwellyn, and others, the property in which is valued at three millions of dollars; and we shall then have some idea of the fruits of the coal business in the coal-field of the Schuylkill and Lehigh.

We come now to the second coal basin, that of Beaver Meadow, Shamokin, and Mahanoy. This, being not yet opened to the public markets, does not afford so much matter of observation and remark as the first basin; but still it is not devoid of interest. This coal-field occupies the summit or highest ground between the waters of the Lehigh and Schuylkill on the one hand, and those of the north branch of the Susquehanna on the other, in the midst of a continuous range of double mountain barrier. Its obvious outlets by water are the Mahanoy, flowing into the Susquehanna, and the Beaver Meadow creek, into the Lehigh. The whole basin, as far as regards its form, and the quality and formation of its coal, greatly resembles the one already described; but does not present the same facilities for access to tide water. The veins appear to be of great thickness, and capable of affording an abundant supply of coal, whenever the demand shall be adequate to overcome the difficulties in the way of its reaching the market. There is in this region, one public improvement of striking beauty and boldness. We allude to the Danville and Pottsville railroad, completed as far as Girardsville, a town which Mr. Girard willed to have exist in the heart of this wild region, and which therefore exists. This road is a striking instance of what human art can accomplish, in overcoming natural difficulties. There is no public work in Europe surpassing it in grandeur of design, or beauty of execution. We specify, in illustration, the tunnel, and the series of inclined planes, by which the great elevation of the Broad Mountain is surmounted. This tunnel, perforated right through a sharp high ridge, is eight hundred feet in length, ten in height, and ten in width, with a superincumbent mass of mountain thirty-five feet in height above it. Of the succession of inclined planes, some are self-moving, regulated by *wind-breaks*, or otherwise; and one of them, acted upon by a stationary steam-engine, has a descent of sixteen hundred and twenty-five feet at an angle of about eighteen de-

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grees, in a perpendicular elevation of three hundred and forty-five feet; and the ease and safety, with which you descend this stupendous plane, are as remarkable as the prospect before you, when you step into the car to descend, is appalling to the sense and the imagination. This road will run through the coal regions of the Mahanoy and the Shamokin; and in addition to opening this coal to the consumer, will form a great thoroughfare for the merchandize, produce, and general traffic of the country, and a line of communication between the waters of the Schuylkill at Pottsville, and those of the Susquehanna at Danville and Sunbury.

It remains that we speak of the third coal-field, that of the Wyoming Valley and Lackawanna. In this region, the coal beds are generally more accessible than those of the other two fields, being exposed in a multitude of localities, by deep ravines, abrupt precipices, and small streams; and in some places the coal forms the bottom of the Susquehanna and the Lackawanna. According to the representations of Professor Silliman, who explored this valley, the strata would appear to run transversely across it, forming a series of elliptical curves, and dipping from either side of the boundary in the direction of the waters. The coal is heavier and harder than that of the other two deposites. There is one particular, in which this coal region differs greatly from the others. On the Schuylkill and the Mahanoy, the surface of the earth presents a thin, barren, sterile soil, common to the mountain lands of Pennsylvania; while the beautiful and fertile valley of Wyoming is covered with a deep loam, and is universally celebrated as the very garden of the State. It is alike rich in agricultural productions, and in mineral treasures; its surface and its interior equally invite and reward the hand of labor and the combinations of skill. Its historical reminiscences bespeak the interest of the patriot; poetry has made to be classical, scenes which nature had already invested with undying charms; the statesman sees in its rich ores and its fertile soil one of the great economic resources of the country; and there is none, who ever looked on its verdant fields, and sunny streams, and picturesque hills, whose memory does not revert with delight to "Susquehanna's vale, fair Wyoming."

The coal of this region has been used more or less, in the immediate neighborhood, from the year 1768 to the present time. It is not yet very extensively introduced into trade, the

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quantity conveyed to market from the Lackawanna in 1833 having been 111,777 tons; that in 1834 only 43,700 tons; but it is the field, from which the interior of New York is naturally to be supplied; and as the public improvements made or contemplated in that quarter of the State proceed to their completion, more of this coal will find its way to the consumer. At present, the principal works are at Carbondale, in the valley of the Lackawanna, belonging to the Delaware and Hudson Canal and Coal Company. This Company was formed by Messrs. Maurice and John Wurten, and is another remarkable instance of the greatest public benefits rendered, and the noblest enterprises accomplished, by well directed capital and enterprise acting through the means of a private corporation. Those gentlemen conceived the great design of constructing a rail road and canal from the coal beds on the Lackawanna to the river Hudson, through a dense wilderness, and over a mountain 855 feet in height above the level of the Lackawanna. This magnificent work has been finished, at an expense of nearly two and a half millions of dollars, to the immense advantage of the contiguous regions of Pennsylvania and New York.

Of the property employed and invested in the coal trade of this basin, the following is an estimate:

Canal boats and rail road cars	$157,500
Colliery establishments, utensils, horses, &c.	90,000
Carbondale	250,000
Honesdale	125,000
Coal lands, &c.	240,000
Total	$862,500

Taking into view all the improvements, and property connected with, and dependent upon the anthracite coal trade of Pennsylvania, in the three great coal-fields, we have:

Rail roads and canals made by companies and individuals, including also some parts of the state canals, 489 miles,	$9,750,837
Collieries, boats, cars, &c.	1,270,280
Capital invested in Coal lands,	4,900,000
Mining Capital	480,000
Value of Towns in the coal fields,	3,375,000
Total,	$19,176,217

This, of course, is independent of the value of store-houses, wharves, landings, and other improvements consequent on the Coal Trade, in Philadelphia, New York and other places; and

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also of the value of vessels, and the other capital employed in the conveyance of it by shipping, and its general distribution.

The following table contains a statement of the several varieties of anthracite coal brought to market in each year since the commencement of the business:

Year.	Receipts of Lehigh.	Receipts of Schuylkill.	Receipts of Lackawanna	On hand at tide water 1st April.	Total on hand 1st April and brought to market during the year.
1820	tons. 365	tons.	tons.	tons.	tons. 365
1821	1,073				1,073
1822	2,240				2,240
1823	5,823				5,823
1824	9,541				9,541
1825	28,393	5,306			33,699
1826	31,280	16,835			48,115
1827	32,074	29,493		5,000	64,798
1828	30,232	47,181		8,000	85,292
1829	25,110	78,293	7,000	12,000	122,403
1830	41,750	89,984	41,000	18,000	192,734
1831	40,966	81,854	54,000	50,000	226,820
1832	75,000	209,271	84,500	none	363,871
1833	123,000	250,588	111,777	60,000	545,588
1834	106,000	224,100	43,700	120,000	493,700

We have received, from a competent source, an estimate of the quantity, which would probably be brought to market in the year 1835, as follows:

By the Schuylkill Canal, - - - -	350,000 tons.
Lehigh do. - - - - - -	130,000
Delaware and Hudson do. - -	95,000
Total, - - -	575,000

So that the exports of coal from Pennsylvania, the past year, will have been not far short of half a million of tons, bringing a return of two millions of dollars to that state. And if we take into consideration, as well the canal-boats employed in the interior, as the vessels employed in the river and sea navigation, for the transportation of this coal annually, we shall find that it cannot fall short of 60,000 tons burthen of all kinds, constituting already a highly important branch of our navigation, and destined certainly to a great and constant increase.

In fact, vast as is the amount of capital embarked in it already, this trade is but in its infancy. In England, where coal is almost the only fuel, and is used for all purposes, the consumption rather exceeds one ton for each inhabitant of the kingdom. It is not to be presumed that the same state of

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things, and the same proportion of demand for coal, will soon exist in the United States. Still, the amount consumed must and will gradually advance. We shall continue to import coal from Europe, from England especially; and we shall import it also from Nova Scotia. Of such coal, however, the quantity imported by no means keep pace with the quantity mined at home; the foreign coal imported into the United States in 1833, for instance, being only 84,144 tons, while, as we have seen, the anthracite coal sent to market from Pennsylvania alone, amounted in the same year, deducting what was on hand from the year before, to nearly 500,000 tons. We have not any exact knowledge of the quantity of coal produced in Virginia; and cannot, therefore, judge precisely how this will affect the question. But persons, who are not prone to be over-sanguine in their anticipations, have calculated, that, of the population of the United States residing upon, or adjacent to tide-water, amounting to about four millions of souls, one half part may be reckoned upon for the consumption of domestic coal, so soon as the market is fully and equally supplied. However this may prove, the economic value of anthracite coal, in its various applications, cannot be too highly rated.

At the present time we are chiefly familiar with anthracite as the means of heating dwellings or manufactories. It is but just beginning to make its way into other uses, for which fuel is needed. Thus in the numerous steam-engines used on our rivers and sounds, and on our rail-roads, wood continues to be generally employed. The Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road Company is the only one, so far as we know, which uses anthracite for its locomotive engines; they continue to be satisfied with the experiment, and will have consumed, the past year, about three thousand tons of the best red ash coal of the Schuylkill. Hence, in our steam-engines, is a vast field for its consumption. In Philadelphia, New York, and Providence, it is understood that very small coal and coal dust, which heretofore could not obtain a market, is employed to some extent in the steam-engines of manufactories. And the same kind of coal is now used by lime-burners in the manufacture of lime; as also, in a few places, for bricks. Experiments have been tried, too, with some success, for the smelting and refining of iron-ore with anthracite. If it should come to be of general application in these and the like processes of art, the demand for it, and the consequent augmentation of the trade, will ren-

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der the mineral treasures of Pennsylvania more and more a public blessing to the whole Union. In the close domestic intercourse of the different States, and their mutual dependance and reliance on each other for the aliment of industry, and the procurement of the comforts and luxuries of life, we have, under the favor of God, a sure safeguard for the preservation of the republican institutions transmitted to us by our fathers. Of the great fabric of the Union, Pennsylvania has been, not unjustly nor unaptly, denominated the key-stone State. It is so, not solely by reason of its geographical position and its magnitude, but on account of its natural resources also, alike needful to all parts of the country. We heartily congratulate that great State, as well for the territorial advantages it possesses, as for the energy which it has displayed in rendering them available; and we hope and believe that its future prosperity will correspond to its natural and acquired resources, and to the industry and enterprise of its people.

NOTE.

In the article in the present number, on the Survey of the Coast of the United States, the invention of the double microscope for verniers, is erroneously attributed to Professor Hassler. He was the first to apply it practically; but the microscope with a system of wires, for dividing in its conjugate focus, had been before used by Ramsden.

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